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OCTOBER, 1831.

From Frazer's Magazine.

"THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

MRS. NORTON.

FAIR Mrs. Norton! Beautiful Bhoddist, as Balaam Bulwer baptizes you, whom can we better choose for a beginner of our illustrious literary portraits, when diverging from the inferior sex, our pencil dares to portray the angels of the craft? Passionately enamoured, as we avowedly are, of L. E. L.—soul-struck by the wonders of Mrs. Hemans's muse—in no slight degree smitten by Mary Ann Browne—venerating such relics of antiquity as Lady Morgan, or Miss Edgeworth—pitying (which is akin to loving) the misfortunes of Mrs. Heber or Miss—— we yet must take Mrs. Norton, the leader of the female band. She writes long poems—she is a sprig of nobility—and she is the granddaughter of that right honourable gentleman whose picture is suspended above her head, and whom the ingenuity of our lithographer has contrived to represent rubicund in the nasal feature, even in spite of the want of colours.

A caricature of this lady appeared in a rival publication which is commonly called by the name of the *New Monthly*. There her characteristic features were lost in a nonsensical straining after effect. What has a lady, the head of a household, to do with staring at the stars, or any other wondrous body stuck over head? We display her as the modest matron, making tea in the morning for the comfort and convenience of her husband. He does not appear, because we had no notion of wasting a lithograph upon any male creature this month. But there she is, with delicate finger, preparing to concoct that fluid, which, in Ireland and France, is called "*thé*," and which the people of England, in obedience to the villanous mincing of the cockneys, dwindle to the name of T.

Authorresses are liable to many rubs. Mrs. Norton, it would appear by her picture, at breakfast, has escaped some. Happy in all the appliances of wealth and fame, there is nothing to alter the beauties of that symmetrical form. And her look, as depicted in the sketch before us, is enough to shew that she has not passed the night in any subliminary matters; but in the contemplation of that divine philosophy and sublime poetry which is best indulged in without intrusion. The consequences are upon her countenance. "Sweet are the sorrows of Rosalie." She is evidently composing a poem which no doubt will be as fluent, as clear, as lucid, and as warm as the liquid distilling from the urn.

Of a life like hers what can be told? Spent in elegant retirement, the grace of her private circle, or blazing forth the ornament of brilliant society; there is no unfeminine display about her which can supply matter for the anecdote monger. We all know that she is Tom Sheridan's daughter—and that she has wooed successfully the muses from her earliest days, beginning with the *Dandies' Ball*, and ending [for the present] with the *Undying One*. If we wished to speak epigrammatically, in the manner of rising young gentlemen in debating societies, we should say that she has married her thoughts to immortal verse, and herself to the Honourable Mr. Norton.

Of her poetry, enough has been said in this, our Magazine, and we hope she has met that gentle usage at our hands which it becomes us to bestow, and her to receive. We shall be always found ready to attend her whenever she makes another expedition into the realms of prose, as we understand she meditates, or of rhyme, with the due devotion of critical cavaliers. We think that a lady ought to be treated, even by Reviewers, with the utmost deference—except she writes politics, which is an enormity equal to wearing breeches.

But we must hasten to an end, conscious that going further would intrude; and wishing the fair theme of our pen every degree of honour and happiness,

"With all humility we make our bow."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AUDUBON'S ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY.—WILSON'S AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

WILSON was a weaver—a Paisley weaver—an useful occupation, and a pleasant place, for which we entertain great regard. He was likewise a pedlar—and the hero of many an excursion. But the plains and braes of Renfrewshire were not to him prolific—and in prime of life, after many difficulties and disappointments, he purchased with his "sair won penny-fee" a passage to America. We say after many difficulties and disappointments, some of which he owed to his own imprudence, for it was not till the ruling passion of his genius found food over fresh and fair, in Ornithology, that his moral and intellectual character settled down into firm formation. In a Journal which he kept of an excursion made in 1789 along the east coast of Scotland with his miscellaneous pack on his shoulders,

"A vagrant merchant, bent beneath his load," and a prospectus of a volume of poems in his pocket, we find these sentences. "I have, this day, I believe, measured the height of an hundred stairs, and explored the recesses of twice that number of miserable habitations; and what have I gained by it?—only two shillings of worldly pelf! but an invaluable treasure of observation. In this elegant dome, wrapped up in glittering silks, and stretched on the downy sofa, recline the fair daughters of wealth and indolence—the ample mirror, flowery floor, and magnificent couch, their surrounding attendants; while, suspended in his wiry habitation above, the shrill-piped canary warbles to enchanting echoes. Within the confines of that sickly hovel, hung round with squadrons of his brother artists, the pale faced weaver plies the resounding lay, or launches the melancholy murmuring shuttle. Lifting this simple-latch, and stooping for entrance to the miserable hut, there sits poverty, and ever moaning disease, clothed in dunghill rags, and ever shivering over the fireless chimney. Ascending this stair, the voice of joy bursts on my ear,—the bridegroom and bride, surrounded by their jocund companions, circle the sparkling glass and humorous joke, or join the raptures of the noisy dance—the squeaking fiddle breaking through the general uproar in sudden intervals, while the sounding floor groans beneath its unruly load. Leaving these happy mortals, and ushering into this silent mansion, a more solemn—a striking object presents itself to my view. The windows, the furniture, and every thing that could lend one cheerful thought, are hung in solemn white; and there, stretched pale and lifeless, lies the awful corpse, while a few weeping friends sit, black and solitary, near the breathless clay. In this other place, the fearless sons of Bacchus

extend their brazen throats, in shouts, like bursting thunder, to the praise of their gorgeous chief. Opening this door, the lonely matron explores, for consolation, her bible; and, in this house, the wife brawls, the children shriek, and the poor husband bids me depart, lest his termagant's fury should vent itself on me. In short, such an inconceivable variety daily occurs to my observation in real life, that would, were they moralized upon, convey more maxims of wisdom, and give a juster knowledge of mankind, than whole volumes of Lives and Adventures, that perhaps never had a being except in the prolific brains of their fantastic authors."

The writer of an excellent memoir of Wilson, in Constable's Miscellany (Mr. Hetherington, author of a poetical volume of much merit—*Dramatic Scenes*—characteristic of Scottish pastoral life and manners) justly observes, "that this, it must be acknowledged, is a somewhat prolix and overstrained summing up of his observations: but it proves Wilson to have been, at the early age of twenty-three, a man of great penetration, and strong native sense; and shows that his mental culture had been much greater than might have been expected from his limited opportunities." At a subsequent period he retraced his steps, taking with him copies of his poems to distribute among subscribers, and endeavour to promote a more extensive circulation. Of this excursion also he has given an account in his journal, from which it appears that his success was far from encouraging. Among amusing incidents, sketches of character, occasional sound and intelligent remarks upon the manners and prospects of the common classes of society into which he found his way, there are not a few severe expressions indicative of deep disappointment, and some that merely bespeak the keener pangs of wounded pride, founded on conscious merit.

"You," says he on one occasion, "whose souls are susceptible of the finest feelings, who are elevated to rapture with the least dawns of hope, and sunk into despondency with the slightest thwartings of your expectations—think what I felt!" Wilson himself attributed his ill fortune, in his attempts to gain the humble patronage of the poor for his poetical pursuits, to his occupation. "A packman is a character which none esteems, and almost every one despises. The idea that people of all ranks entertain of them is, that they are mean-spirited, loquacious liars, cunning and illiterate, watching every opportunity, and using every mean art within their power to cheat." This is a sad account of the estimation in which a trade was then held in Scotland, which the greatest of our living poets has attributed to the chief character in a poem comprehensive of philosophical discussions on all the highest interests of humanity. But both Wilson and Wordsworth are in the right; both saw, and have spoken

truth. Most small packmen must be, in some measure, what Wilson says they were generally esteemed to be—peddling pilferers, and insignificant swindlers. Poverty sent them swarming over bank and brae, and the “sma’ kintra touns”—and for a plack people will forget principle who have—as we say in Scotland—missed the world. Wilson knew, that to a man like himself, there was degradation in such a calling—and he latterly vented his contemptuous sense of it, exaggerating the baseness of the name and nature of *packman*. But suppose such a man as Wilson to have been one of but a few packmen travelling regularly for years over the same country, each within his own district or domain—and there can be no doubt that he would have been an object both of interest and of respect—his opportunities of seeing the very best and the very happiest of humble life—in itself very various—would have been very great; and with his original genius, he would have become, like Wordsworth's Pedlar, a good Moral Philosopher.

Wilson, on the breaking out of the flames of the French revolution, like many other ardent spirits, thought they were fires kindled by a light from heaven. He associated himself with the Friends of the People—most of whom soon proved themselves to be the Enemies of the Human Race. His biographer in Constable's Miscellany—unlike one or two others elsewhere—saw Wilson's conduct, in all things connected with “this passage in his life,” in its true light. That gentleman does not calumniate the respectable townsmen of the misguided Poet—and a Poet he was—for bringing him to legal punishment for an unprincipled act, (an attempt to extort money for the suppression of satire, or rather gross and false abuse of private character,) which he committed at a time when his moral sense—in after time firm, clear, and pure—was weakened, disturbed, and darkened by dangerous dreams and delusions, which his own reason soon afterwards dispelled. “His conduct had given umbrage to those in power, and he was marked as a dangerous character. In this condition, foiled in his efforts to acquire a poet's name; depressed by poverty; hated by those who had smarted beneath his lash, and suspected on account of his politics; it is not to be wondered at that Wilson listened willingly to the flattering accounts regarding America, and speedily resolved to seek that abode of Utopian excellence.” His determination was high-hearted and heroic, for the means were so which enabled him to carry it into execution. “When he finally determined on emigration, he was not possessed of funds sufficient to pay his passage. In order to surmount that obstacle, he adopted a plan of extreme diligence at his loom and rigid personal economy; by which means he amassed the necessary sum. After living for a period of four months at the rate of

one shilling per week, he paid farewell visits to several of his most intimate friends, re-traced some of his old favourite haunts, and bidding adieu to his native land, set out on foot for Port-Patrick,”—thence sailed to Belfast, and then embarked on board an American ship bound to Newcastle, in the state of Delaware, where he arrived on the 14th of July, 1794, “with no specific object, without a single letter of introduction, and with only a few shillings in his pocket. He had then just completed his twenty-eighth year.

For eight years, Wilson struggled on—now a copperplate-printer—now a weaver—now a pedlar—now a land-measurer—now a school-master—and now of a composite occupation and nondescript. But he was never idle in mind nor body—always held fast his integrity; and having some reason to think angrily—though we doubt not, lovingly—of Scotland—he persisted resolutely, if not in thinking, in speaking and writing highly of American life and character—also of “every kind of peaches, apples, walnuts, and wild grapes, not enclosed by high walls, nor guarded by traps and mastiffs.” He adds, “When I see them sit down to a table loaded with roasted and boiled fruits of different kinds, and plenty of good cider, and this only the common fare of the common people, I think of my poor countrymen, and cannot help feeling sorrowful at the contrast.” These and other lamentations of his over the wretchedness of “cauld kail in Aberdeen and custocks in Strathbogie,” have too much in them of bile and spleen, nor does it appear that, with all his extraordinary talents, at the end of eight years, he was better off—or so well—in the New World as he would probably have been, with equally proper and prudent conduct in the Old. Philadelphia was not a kinder mother to him than Paisley had been—and in the land of liberty it appears that he had led the life of a slave. Man does not live by bread alone, and certainly not by peaches, apples, walnuts, and wild grapes—with plenty of good cider. There were enjoyments partaken of by the poor all over Scotland, during those eight years, which few or none knew better how to appreciate than this highly gifted man, utterly unknown to the people of America; nor, in the nature of things, could they have had existence. But Wilson, in spite of his vainly-cherished dissatisfaction with the state of things in his native country, loved it tenderly, and tenderly did he love the friends there whom he never expected again to see; for his heart, though it was not addicted to outward overflowings, was full of the holiest feelings and affections, and it was deep. Its depth sometimes seems sullen—but the time was near when it was to be revisited with sunshine, and to murmur music. In a letter to his father, from Milestown, Philadelphia, August, 1798, he shows every disposition that best becomes a man. “I should be

very happy, dear parents, to hear from you, and how my brother and sisters are. I hope David will be a good lad, and take his father's advice in every difficulty. If he does I can tell him he will never repent it; if he does not, he may regret it bitterly with tears. This is the advice of a brother with whom he has not yet had time to be much acquainted, but who loves him sincerely. I should wish, also, that he would endeavour to improve himself in some useful parts of learning, to read books of information and taste, without which a man, in any country, is but a clodpole; but, beyond every thing else, let him cherish the deepest gratitude to God, and affectionate respect for his parents. I have thought it my duty, David, to recommend these amiable virtues to you, because I am your brother, and very probably I may never see you. In the experience I have had among mankind, I can assure you that such conduct will secure you many friends, and support you under your misfortunes; for, if you live, you must meet with them—they are the lot of life."

During his residence at Milestown, it appears that he performed a journey on foot, in twenty-eight days, of nearly eight hundred miles, into the state of New York, for the purpose of visiting and assisting a family of relatives from Scotland.

In the year 1802, he became a teacher in a seminary* in the township of Kingess, near Gray's Ferry, on the river Schuylkill, a few miles from Philadelphia. Here he became acquainted with that excellent man and naturalist, William Bartram, and with Lawson, the engraver, from whom he took lessons in drawing, and who afterwards greatly improved his delineations of his darling birds. Here, too, he became acquainted with the books on Natural History of Edwards and Catesby; nor do we believe that up to that time had he any knowledge of ornithological science. His poems, written before he left Scotland, do not, as far as we remember, discover any unusually strong symptoms of a passion for plumage; and probably he knew no more about the "Birds of Scotland," than what he had gathered from involuntary notices in his delight, when taking his evening walks on the Braes of Balwidder, or among the woods of Crookstone, or when trudging with his pack among solitary places, where the linnet sang from the broom or brier thickets. It is true that he took a fowling-piece with him to America, and his very first act, as Mr. Hetherington says, on his arrival there, was shooting a red-headed woodpecker, on his way from Newcastle to Philadelphia. During an excursion, too, in the autumn of 1795, as a pedlar, through a considerable part of the state of

New Jersey, he kept a journal, in which there are notices of the principal natural productions and sketches of the indigenous quadrupeds and birds. His passion for ornithology, soon as fairly awakened, rose up like a slumbering fire blown on by a strong wind; and in 1802, when cheered and encouraged by Bartram, Lawson, and others, he began no doubt to indulge in daydreams, which were soon nobly realized. At this period he appeared subject to deep despondency and depression; for his mind was constantly working and brooding over dim and indefinite plans and systems for the future. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and he was wrestling with doubt, fear, and hope, and a strange host of phantoms, indicating to him the paths of his destined vocation.

Writing to a friend in Paisley, in June 1803, he says, "Close application to the duties of my profession, which I have followed since 1795, has deeply injured my constitution; the more so that my rambling disposition was the worst calculated of any one's in the world for the austere regularity of a teacher's life. I have had many pursuits since I left Scotland—mathematics, the German language, music, drawing, and I am now about to make a collection of all our finest birds." And in a letter to Bartram, written about this time, he says finely, "I sometimes smile to think, that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandizement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience, or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of Nature's works that are for ever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls; opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c. &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me; and, though they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny bits, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy, not long ago, brought me a large basketful of crows. I expect his next load will be bullfrogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening; and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but, happening to spill a few drops of water near

* A mere country school, in which were taught the veriest rudiments of an English education.—*Ed. Mss.*

where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

In 1804, accompanied by two friends, Wilson set out on a pedestrian journey to the falls of Niagara; and having dropped them, (not the Falls,) after an absence of fifty-nine days, he returned home, having with gun and baggage traversed nearly 1300 miles—to use his own words—"through trackless snows, and uninhabited forests—over stupendous mountains, and down dangerous rivers—passing over as great a variety of men and modes of living, as the same extent of country can exhibit in any part of North America. Though in this tour I have had every disadvantage of deep roads and rough weather—hurried marches and many other inconveniences to encounter,—yet so far am I from being satisfied with what I have seen, or discouraged by the fatigues which every traveller must submit to, that I feel more eager than ever to commence some more extensive expedition, where scenes and subjects, entirely new and generally unknown, might reward my curiosity; and where, perhaps, my humble acquisitions might add something to the stores of knowledge. For all the hazards and privations incident to such an undertaking, I feel confident in my own spirit and resolution. With no family to enchain my affections; no ties but those of friendship; with the most ardent love to my adopted country; with a constitution which hardens amidst fatigues; and with a disposition sociable and open, which can find itself at home by an Indian fire in the depth of the woods, as well as in the best apartment of the civilized; for these, and some other reasons that invite me away, I am determined to become a traveller. But I am miserably deficient in many acquirements absolutely necessary for such a character. Botany, mineralogy, and drawing, I most ardently wish to be instructed in. Can I yet make any progress in botany, sufficient to enable me to be useful? and what would be the most proper way to proceed? I have many leisure moments that should be devoted to this pursuit, provided I could have hopes of succeeding. Your opinion on this subject will confer an additional obligation on your affectionate friend."

In the spring of 1805, he had made many drawings of the birds to be found in Pennsylvania, and endeavoured to acquire the art of etching under the instructions of Mr. Lawson, but with no very distinguished success.

He had planned his great work, "American Ornithology;" and was anxious that Mr. Lawson should engage in it as a joint concern; but on his declining to do so, Wilson declared with solemn emphasis, his unalterable resolution to proceed alone in the undertaking, if it should cost him his life. "I shall at least leave a small beacon to point out where I perished." He now became Editor of an edition of Rees's New Cyclopædia, published by Mr. Bradford, bookseller in Philadelphia, and relinquished the life of a school-master. He proceeded with vast energy in his great work—his fame had already waxed great—and now Wilson must have enjoyed happiness. In 1807, he made a pedestrian excursion through part of Pennsylvania, collecting new specimens, and procuring additional information. And in September, 1808, the first volume of the American Ornithology made its appearance.

"When," quoth his American biographer, "the superb volume was presented to the public, their delight was equalled only by their astonishment, that America, as yet in its infancy, should produce an original work in science, which could vie in its essentials with the proudest productions of a similar nature of the European world." All that is very fine. But it appears that to a letter written by Wilson in 1806, about his proposed work, and other schemes, to Jefferson, the President, no answer was returned; and in giving existence to this great work, Wilson says, "I have expended all I have been saving since my arrival in America. Whether I shall be able to realize a fortune by this publication, or receive first costs, or suffer the sacrifice of my little all, is doubtful." He speaks with pride, in a letter to his father, "of the favourable reception he met with among many of the first characters in the United States;" but we cannot see on what ground his American biographer chuckles over the notion that his country, "yet in its infancy," produced a work which struck the Transatlantic public and republic with equal delight and astonishment. Wilson, a Scotch weaver and pack-man, produced the said work—America produced but the birds—and for having done so we give her all due credit. But we must not forget that Paisley, not Philadelphia, produced Wilson.

The first volume of the Ornithology having been produced by hook and crook, we leave you to judge whether by Wilson or by America, pray did the New World with a maternal eye regard her offspring? Did she exult to behold the bantling, suckle it at her own breast, or hire a wet nurse as bounteous as Cybele? We are sorry to say that she did all she could in an honest underhand way to commit infanticide. She adopted starvation, cold, and neglect, as the means of murder—but the vigorous offspring of the heart and brain of a Paisley weaver outlived the withering treat-

ment—and as it is only in infancy that such creatures ever die—it is now immortal. In September 1808, Wilson journeyed eastward—and during winter he visited the southern states, exhibiting his book, and trying to procure subscribers. He was almost everywhere discountenanced, or sneered at, or frowned upon; but not

“Chill penury repress'd his noble rage,
Nor froze the genial current of his soul.”

The man who had lived so long in his native town on a *shilling* a-week, that he might raise the means of emigrating to America when without any specific purpose at all, was not likely to faint or fail now that he knew he was on the path of glory. “Whatever be the result of these matters,” said he, “I shall not sit down with folded hands, whilst any thing can be done to carry my point, since God helps them who help themselves.” He more than suspected that he “had been mistaken in publishing a book too good for the country.” But though we cannot but smile at the silly boast of Wilson's American biographer, we have no wish to blame America for her behaviour to her adopted citizen. It deserves neither praise nor blame. It was natural, and perhaps inevitable behaviour, in such a personage as she who still rejoices in the strong name—United States. She had something else to do—we need not be more explicit—than to delight in Ornithology. It must have appeared to her very absurd, all this bustle about birds.

“I am fixing correspondents,” saith Wilson, “in every corner of these northern regions, like so many pickets and outposts; so that scarcely a wren or tit shall be able to pass along from York to Canada but I shall get intelligence of it.” The man must have seemed crazy; and then, *dollars were dollars*. Literary patronage depends entirely on the state of the currency. But let it depend on what it may, Europe is as bad as America, and worse, in her neglect of genius—and no country in Europe so bad as England. She has given stones to a greater number of men who asked for bread, than any other corn-growing country extant—and yet, with Bloomfield's death at her door but yesterday, she blusters about Scotland's usage of Burns, who has been dead half a century. That poor Scotland should starve her poets to death, is more her misfortune than her sin. For of a country “where half-starved spiders feed on half-starved flies,” where nothing edible in the shape of animal food is to be found, but sheep's-heads singed in smithies, who but a big blustering Englishman, with his paunch with fat capon lined, and bacon, and all manner of grease, would abuse the Noblemen and Gentlemen for having allowed the Devil to run away with an Exciseman? It would be easy to burst out in indignant declamation against the ignorance and insensibility of Bro-

ther Jonathan. But we eschew such satire, when we think how “he laid his axe thick trees upon”—how he built up cities—and how in good time he constructed ships—and such ships! Lord bless ye! did you ever see them sail? Why, “her tackling rich and her apparel high,”—a fifteen-hundred tonner works as easy on the swell of the Atlantic, as the Victory or Endeavour on the smooth of Windermere! No straining—no creaking—no lumbering—no lurching; merely murmuring in her majesty, light and bright she goes, as if she were indeed a Creature of the Element. At such a sight, the idea of a dock-yard never enters your mind—if you have a soul for the sea. You look aloft, and you cannot help blessing “the bit of striped bunting”—and the fair—thank Heaven now—the friendly stars. True, that the Shannon smashed the Chesapeake in eleven minutes—boarded and took her in about the time we take to eat an egg; and immortal fame be to Brooke, nor forgotten ever the gallant, but on that day luckless Lawrence! But more formidable frigates—“if they will allow us to call them so”—never fought or flew—than American single-deckers of the line. What else are they? At long bows they know right well how to play—and at close quarters 'tis dangerous to bring an action against them for assault and battery. The truth is, they fought as well as we did—to fight better, we defy the whole race of men or devils. Therefore their Frigates took ours—and they always will take ours—as long as the present constitution of the British navy endures, and of the present earth, air, fire, and water. When a British Forty-four takes an American Seventy-four—and that was somewhere about the proportion of the force in all cases where we were captured—we shall be on the lookout for some great change in the nature of things in general, and prepare for emigration to a land from whose bourne no traveller returns, except Hamlet's Father, and a few other thin Ghosts.

Having thus vindicated the New World to her heart's satisfaction, we may observe, that Wilson, walking with his book under his arm, was justly one of the proudest of men. In New York, the Professors of Columbia College “expressed much esteem for his performance.” What could they do more? At Hartford, the publisher of a newspaper “expressed the highest admiration of it”—was not that nuts? Wilson cracked them, and ate the kernels; but says, with a sly simplicity, this is a species of currency that will neither purchase plates nor pay the printer; but, nevertheless, it is gratifying to the vanity of an author, when nothing better can be got.” Having gone as far east as Portland, in Maine, where he had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with people from the remotest boundaries of the United States, and received much information from them with regard to

the birds that frequent those northern regions, he directed from Portland his way across the country, "among dreary, savage glens, and mountains covered with pines and hemlocks, amid whose black and half-burnt trunks, and the everlasting rocks and stones, this country 'grinned horribly'—till 150 miles brought him to Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, on the Vermont line, where "he paid his addresses to the Fathers of Literature, and met with a kind and obliging reception. Dr. Weelock, the President, made him eat at his table; and the Professors vied with each other to oblige him"—as all Professors ought to do towards all good men and ornithologists. In Annapolis he passed his Book through both houses of the legislature; where, quoth he, "the wise men of Maryland stared and gaped, from bench to bench; but never having heard of such a thing as 120 dollars for a book; the eyes for subscribing were none; and so it was unanimously determined in the negative."

That was shocking; nor can we read it without a cold shudder—without our flesh crawling and creeping over our bones like a congregation of spiders—we who live in a glorious country with a reforming king, in which ten of our most distinguished literary men, somewhat superannuated or so in their learning or genius—wearied and worn out some of them with drudgery that at last becomes dreary and dismal—all virtuous and honourable, elderly or old poor men—were, t'other day, deprived of their paltry pittance of £100 a-year, while feasts were in the act of being gobbled up in Guildhalls, or gluttony knows where, by persons whose motto is retrenchment, at an expense, and to the tune of thousands upon thousands. We like to call things by their right names—and this was in cold blood robbery and murder.

Through North Carolina Wilson pursued cheerily his unaccompanied way, and found multitudes of birds that never winter in Pennsylvania. He speaks with a stern and sullen delight—as well he might—of its immense and solitary pine savannahs—through which the road winds among stagnant ponds, swarming with alligators—dark, sluggish creeks, of the colour of brandy, over which are thrown high wooden bridges without railings, and so crazed and rotten as not only to alarm one's horse, but also the rider, and to make it a matter of thanksgiving to both when they get fairly over, without going through; enormous cypress swamps, which, to a stranger, have a striking, desolate, and ruinous appearance. He desired the friend to whom he is writing to picture to himself a forest of prodigious trees, rising thick as they can grow from a vast, flat, and impenetrable morass, covered for ten feet from the ground with reeds. The leafless limbs of the cypresses are covered with an extraordinary kind of moss from two to ten feet long, in such quantities, that fifty men might conceal themselves

in one tree. Nothing, he says, struck him with such surprise, as the prospect of several thousand acres of such timber, loaded, as it were, with many million tons of tow waving in the wind. Through solitary pine savannahs and cypress swamps, the enthusiastic Ornithologist thus journeyed on, sometimes thirty miles without seeing a hut or a human being; but on one occasion he found himself all at once in not only civilized, but elegant society. "The company consisted of 237 carrion crows (*vultur atratus*) five or six dogs, and myself, though I only kept order, and left the eating part entirely to others. I sat so near the dead horse, that my feet touched his; and yet, at one time, I counted 39 vultures on and within him, so that hardly an inch of his flesh could be seen for them."

In January, 1810, was published his second volume, and Wilson immediately set out for Pittsburgh, on his route to New Orleans. From Pittsburg he descended the Ohio by himself in a skiff—his stock of provisions consisting of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial—his gun, trunk, and great coat, occupied one end of the boat—he had a small tin to boil her, and to take his beverage from the stream. "I launched into the stream, and soon winded away among the hills that every where enclose this noble river. The weather was warm and serene, and the river like a mirror, except where floating masses of ice spotted its surface, and which required some care to steer clear of; but these, to my surprise, in less than a day's sailing totally disappeared. Far from being concerned at my new situation, I felt my heart expand with joy at the novelties which surrounded me; I listened with pleasure to the whistling of the red bird on the banks as I passed, and contemplated the forest scenery, as it receded, with increasing delight. The smoke of the numerous sugar camps rising lazily among the mountains, gave great effect to the varying landscape; and the grotesque log cabins that here and there opened from the woods, were diminished into mere dog-houses by the sublimity of the impending mountains. If you suppose to yourself two parallel ranges of forest-covered hills, whose irregular summits are seldom more than three or four miles apart, winding through an immense extent of country, and enclosing a river half a mile wide, which alternately washes the steep declivity on one side, and leaves a rich, forest-clad bottom on the other, of a mile or so in breadth, you will have a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the Ohio. The banks of these rich flats are from twenty to sixty and eight feet high; and even these last were within a few feet of being overflowed in December, 1808.

"I now stripped with alacrity to my new avocation. The current went about two and a half miles an hour, and I added about three

and a half miles more to the boat's way with my oars.

"I rowed twenty odd miles the first spell, and found I should be able to stand it perfectly well. About an hour after night, I put up at a miserable cabin, fifty-two miles from Pittsburgh, where I slept on what I supposed to be corn stalks, or something worse; so, preferring the smooth bosom of the Ohio to this brush-heap, I got up long before day, and being under no apprehension of losing my way, I again pushed out into the stream. The landscape on each side lay in one mass of shade; but the grandeur of the projecting headlands and vanishing points, or lines, was charmingly reflected in the smooth glassy surface below. I could only discover when I was passing a clearing by the crowing of cocks, and now and then, in more solitary places, the big-horned owl made a most hideous hollowing, that echoed among the mountains. In this lonesome manner, with full leisure for observation and reflection, exposed to hardships all day, and hard berths all night, to storms of rain, hail, and snow,—for it froze severely almost every night—I persevered, from the 24th of February to Sunday evening, March 17, when I moored my skiff safely in Bear Grass Creek, at the rapids of the Ohio, after a voyage of seven hundred and twenty miles. My hands suffered the most; and it will be some weeks yet before they recover their former feeling and flexibility. It would be the task of a month to detail all the particulars of my numerous excursions in every direction from the river."

This is but a short specimen of this journal. Read the whole, if you would know Wilson.

Pass we on to the year 1812. He was, in it elected a member of the American Philosophical Society; and in 1813 he had completed the literary materials of the eighth volume of his work. "He now enjoyed," Mr. Hetherington says well, "the satisfaction of knowing that his labours had not been vain, and that the value of his work was generally appreciated; for although emanating from a republican country, there was at this period not a crowned head in Europe who had not become a subscriber to the American Ornithology." But the end of his career was at hand. His constitution had been shook and undermined by much bodily fatigue and many mental anxieties. His genius had "o'er-informed its tenement of clay." The dysentery—which had attacked him on his skiff-voyage down the Ohio, and which he had then vanquished by a wild-strawberry diet, at the advice of a wild Indian physician—returned to the charge—and under the assault, Alexander Wilson, the Paisley Poet, and American Ornithologist—having "given the world assurances of a man"—laid down his head and died—on the 23d of August, 1813, in the 48th year of his age.

Such is a slight sketch indeed of the life of this extraordinary and highly-gifted man—

Wilson, the American Ornithologist, as he is, and will continue to be called, *par eminence*.

"To-morrow for fresh fields and pastures new."

was the inspiring feeling with which, on all his journeys, he lay down every night in the wilderness. For "fields and pastures"—though they too abound in the New World—substitute swamps and forests. He was a man of genius—and nature and Scotland had given him an undaunted heart. The Birdery of North America, it may be said, belonged to him who first in their native haunts devoted his prime of life to the study of all their kinds, and who died for Ornithology's sake. Precursor in those woods among the Winged People he had none; none that deserve to have their names written on the same page with his; but he has a successor—as the world, old and new, must be made to know by means of *Maga the Mercurial*—and that successor, who is he but Audubon?

"Alexander Wilson and John James Audubon!" We call on them—and they appear and answer to their names—yes, the one has done so from the dust—the other emerges bright from the living umbrage. But we are not in the least afraid of ghosts—and Wilson is a gracious spirit. He and Audubon stand side by side—they grasp each other's hand—and during that cordial greeting all eyes may see that they are of the same stature—the crowns of their heads touch—to a hair-breadth—the mark six feet—the perfection of altitude—on the standard. They are brothers—and their names will go down together—for "they have writ their annals right"—with pen and pencil—nor will their superiors be found any where—their equals few—in all the highest haunts of Ornithological science. Wilson had the happy fortune to be, with his happy genius—First in Hand. But Audubon has all the natural endowments and acquired accomplishments that could alone enable a man to play the same noble game with the same success—who came—Second; and the two together have skirred the whole continent. The odds are great against the birth of a—Third.

Audubon and Wilson met; but their parting seems mysterious; and some one or other of those strange and inexplicable chances or accidents, which in this world sometimes make much evil, seems to have stepped in between the course of their subsequent lives, (Wilson died three years after this meeting,) and prevented those sympathies, which otherwise must have been kindled, from linking them in the pursuits to which they were with soul and body devoted with equal enthusiasm. Perhaps it was as well or better that it should have been so; for men of great original genius in the same walk, were they to meet often personally on the same path, might clash. We say the same walk; for on that

walk—it being the whole American continent—there are many million paths; and Wilson and Audubon were led by nature along them, far apart, each following his own impulses, indulging his own dreams, and creating his own pictures.

It was at Louisville, in Kentucky, where the great ornithologists met, in March, 1810—Wilson then in the blaze of his European as well as American reputation—Audubon utterly unknown. To Louisville he had removed on his marriage, and much of his time there was employed in his ever favourite pursuit. He drew and noted the habits of every thing he procured; and even at an age when Wilson had never had a pencil in his hand but to jot down his placks, Audubon instructed by the tuition of David, was already a skilful draughtsman. Louisville is a place of much beauty—being situated on the banks of *La Belle Riviere*, just at the commencement of the famed rapids, commonly called the falls of the Ohio. The prospect of the town, Audubon, tells us, is such, that it would please even the eyes of a Swiss. It extends along the river for seven or eight miles, and is bounded on the opposite side by a fine range of low mountains, known by the name of Silver Hills.

But before speaking of the magnificent design of Audubon, now fast being accomplished, let us first acquaint our readers with the Man. In an auto-biographical sketch—would that it had been a finished picture—prefixed to the volume now before us, he exhibits many traits of his simple, single-hearted, enthusiastic, enterprising, and persevering character, which it is impossible to regard without affectionate admiration. He calls himself, in the pride of genius and patriotism, an "American Woodsman." And when, some five years ago, we first set eyes on him in a party of literati, in "stately Edinborough throned on Craggs," he was such an American woodsman as took the shine out of us modern Athenians. Though dressed, of course, somewhat after the fashion of ourselves, his long raven locks hung curling over his shoulders, yet unshorn from the wilderness. They were shaded across his open forehead with a simple elegance, such as a civilized Christian might be supposed to give his "fell of hair," when practising "every man his own perruquier," in some liquid mirror in the forest-glade, employing, perhaps, for a comb, the claw of the Bald Eagle. His sallow, fine-featured face, bespoke a sort of wild independence, and then such an eye—keen as that of the falcon! His foreign accent and broken English speech—for he is of French descent—removed him still farther out of the common-place circle of this every-day world of ours—and his whole demeanour—it might be with us partly imagination—was coloured to our thought by a character of conscious freedom and dignity, which he had habitually acquired in his long

and lonely wanderings among the woods, where he had lived in the unaccompanied love and delight of Nature, and in the studious observation of all the ways of her winged children, that for ever fluttered over his paths, and roosted on the tree at whose feet he lay at night, beholding them still the sole images that haunted his dreams. All this, we admit, must have had over it a strong tincture of imagination; for we had been told of his wandering life and his wonderful pencil; but the entire appearance of the man was most appropriate to what had for so many years been his calling, and bore upon it, not to be mistaken for a moment or overlooked, the impress, not of singularity, but of originality; in one word, of genius—self-nursed, self-ripened, and self-tutored among the inexhaustible treasures of the forest, on which, in one soul-engrossing pursuit, it had lavished its dearest and divinest passion. Nor will this language sound extravagant to those who know Audubon, and that the Man is never for an hour distinct, in his being, from the Ornithologist. But hear him speak of himself—

"I received life and light in the New World. When I had hardly yet learned to walk, and to articulate those first words always so endearing to parents, the productions of Nature that lay spread all around, were constantly pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky, and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on frenzy, must accompany my steps through life;—and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They laid such hold upon me, that, when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aerial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks, to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest. My father generally accompanied my steps—procured birds and flowers for me with great eagerness—pointed out the elegant movements of the former, the beauty and softness of their plumage, the manifestations of their pleasure or sense of danger—and the always perfect forms and splendid attire of the latter. My valued preceptor would then speak of the departure and return of birds with the seasons, would describe their haunts, and, more wonderful than all, their change of livery; thus exciting me to study them, and to raise my mind toward their Creator.

"A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling, that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, whilst I gazed in ecstasy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay imbedded

in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or exposed upon the burning sand or weather-beaten rock of our Atlantic shores. I was taught to look upon them as flowers yet in the bud. I watched their opening, to see how Nature had provided each different species with eyes, either open at birth, or closed for some time after; to trace the slow progress of the young birds toward perfection, or admire the celerity with which some of them, while yet unfledged, removed themselves from danger to security.

"I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. These wishes, kind reader, were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with Nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed, and for ever, doubtless, must I have desires that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted; and although the greatest cares were bestowed on endeavours to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant attention and repeated mendings, while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its Maker. I wished to possess all the productions of Nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible. Then what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of *Illustrations*. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity; and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy Nature. To Nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my childhood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect, before Nature had imparted the vigour necessary for the success of such an undertaking.

"How sorely disappointed did I feel for many years, when I saw that my productions were worse than those which I ventured (perhaps in silence) to regard as bad, in the book given me by my father! My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them, that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle, compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties and disappointments irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of Nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study, would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually; and for a long time, at my request, they made bonfires on the anniversaries of my birth-day."

While yet a boy, he was sent to Paris, and studied drawing under David. "Eyes and noses belonging to giants, and heads of horses represented in ancient sculpture, were my models. These, although fit subjects for men intent on pursuing the higher branches of the art, were immediately laid aside by me;" and at the age of seventeen, he returned from France to the woods of the New World with fresh ardour, and commenced a collection of

drawings under the title of the "Birds of America." His father gave him a beautiful "Plantation" in Pennsylvania, refreshed during the summer heats by the waters of the Schuylkill river, and traversed by a creek named Perkioming. Its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, offered many subjects for his pencil. There too he married—and children were born unto him, whom he did not love the less ardently and deeply because of his love of the flowers of the field and the birds of the air. In all his subsequent struggles with uncertainty, if not with evil fortune, when all other friends frowned, and were too ready to blame his passion for ornithology, by which they saw that money might be lost but not won, his own family still approved of his pursuits, and cheered and cherished his enthusiasm, that was its own reward. His residence at the Pennsylvania Plantation was short as sweet, and for twenty years his life was a succession of vicissitudes. Yet, amidst them all, his ruling passion never ebbed—it flowed on perpetually towards the forests. "Any one unacquainted with the extraordinary desire I felt of seeing and judging for myself, would doubtless have pronounced me callous to every sense of duty, and regardless of every interest. I undertook long and tedious journeys, ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic. Years were spent away from my family. Yet, reader, will you believe it? I had no other object in view, than simply to enjoy the sight of Nature. Never, for a moment, did I conceive the hope of becoming in any degree useful to my kind, until I accidentally formed an acquaintance with the Prince of Musignano (Charles Bonaparte) at Philadelphia, to which place I went, with the view of proceeding eastward along the coast." This was in April, 1824. It does not appear, however, that though

Boston is a pretty town,
And so is Philadelphia;
You shall have a sugar plum,
And I'll have one myself—eh?

that any sweetmeats or crumbs of comfort were bestowed on Audubon, who was soon compelled elsewhere to seek for patronage. He went to New York, where he was received with a kindness well suited to elevate his depressed spirits; and afterwards ascending that noble stream, the Hudson, he glided over the broad lakes, and sought the wildest solitudes of the pathless and gloomy forests.

There it was, he tells us, in these forests, that, for the first time, he communed with himself as to the possible event of his visiting Europe. His drawings had multiplied on his hands, in spite of all disastrous chances—and he began to fancy them under the hands of the graver. We say, in spite of all disastrous chances.

"An accident which happened to two hun-

dred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show you how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call the persevering zeal with which I laboured—may enable the observer of nature to surmount the most disheartening obstacles. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the bank of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to all my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge to a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced, and opened;—but, reader, feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had reared a young family amongst the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a few months before, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured, without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion—until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my notebook, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make much better drawings than before, and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, I had my portfolio filled again.”

That such a heroic adventurer in the pursuit of knowledge should live and die obscure, was not in the power of the most malignant star. But Audubon was born under a lucky conjunction of propitious planets, and already anticipated his fame. “Happy days! and nights of pleasing dreams! I read over the catalogue of my collection, and thought how it might be possible for an unconnected and unaided individual, like myself to accomplish the grand scheme. I improved the whole as much as was in my power; and as I daily retired farther from the haunts of men, determined to leave nothing undone, which my labour, my time, or my purse could accomplish.” Eighteen months elapsed—Audubon returned to his family, then in Louisiana, and having explored every portion of the vast woods around, at last sailed towards the Old World.

As he approached the coast of England, he tells us that the despondency of his spirits became great. True that he had with him letters from American friends, and statesmen of great eminence, but he knew not an individual in the country, and his situation appeared precarious in the extreme. For a few days in Liverpool, “not a glance of sympathy did he meet in his wanderings;” and he sighed for his woods. But very soon all his prospects brightened; for those ardent friends of merit, the Rathbones, the Roscoes, the Trails,

the Chorleys, and the Mellies, and others, too took the stranger by the hand; “and so kind,” says the grateful Audubon, “and beneficent, nay, so generously kind have they all been towards me, that I can never cancel the obligation. My drawings were publicly exhibited and publicly praised. Joy swelled in my heart. The first difficulty was surmounted. Honours, which, on application being made through my friends, Philadelphia had refused, Liverpool fairly awarded.” In Manchester, his reception was equally honourable to the Greggs, the Lloyds, the Sergeants, the Holmes, the Blackwalls, the Bentleys, and many others—names which, as his gratitude delights to record, so is it pleasant to us to name them on this occasion. Had his reception in Liverpool and Manchester been cold or forbidding, in all probability Audubon had returned to America, and the world, perhaps, never have heard of him or his magnificent works. “Friends,” says he with a touching simplicity, “pressed me to accompany them to the pretty villages of Bakewell, Matlock, and Buxton. It was a jaunt of pure enjoyment. Nature was then at her best, at least such was the feeling of our whole party; the summer was full of promise.”

Soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, where he soon found many friends, he opened his Exhibition. Four hundred drawings—paintings in water colours—of about two thousand birds, covered the walls of the Institution-Hall, in the Royal Society Buildings, and the effect was like magic. The spectator imagined himself in the forest. All were of the size of life, from the wren and the humming-bird, to the wild turkey, and the bird of Washington. But what signified the mere size? The colours were all of life too—bright as when borne in beaming beauty through the woods. There, too, were their attitudes and postures, infinite as they are assumed by the restless creatures, in motion or rest, in their glee and their gambols, their loves and their wars, singing, or caressing, or brooding, or preying, or tearing one another into pieces. The trees, too, on which they sat or sported, all true to nature, in bole, branch, spray, and leaf; the flowering-shrubs and the ground flowers, the weeds, and the very grass, all American—so, too, the atmosphere and the skies—all Transatlantic. ‘Twas a wild and poetical vision of the heart of the New World, inhabited, as yet, almost wholly by the lovely or noble creatures that “own not man’s dominion.” There we beheld them all; there was a picture of their various life. How different from stuffed feathers in glass cases, though “they, too, shine well where they stand” in our College Museum! There many a fantastic tumbler played his strange vagaries in the air—there many a cloud-cleaver swept the skies—there living gleams glanced through the forest glades—there

meteor-like plumage shone in the woodland gleam—there strange shapes stalked stately along the shell-bright shores—and there, halcyons all, fair floaters hung in the sunshine on waveless seas. That all this wonderful creation should have been the unassisted work of one man—in his own country almost unknown, and by his own country wholly unbelieved, was a thought that awoke towards “the American woodsman” feelings of more than admiration, of the deepest personal interest; and the hearts of all warmed towards Audubon, who were capable of conceiving the difficulties, and dangers, and sacrifices, that must have been encountered, endured, and overcome, before genius had thus embodied these, the glory of its innumerable triumphs.

The impression produced on all minds, learned and unlearned, by this exhibition, was such as to encourage Audubon to venture on the dangerous design of having the whole engraved. Dangerous it might well be called, seeing that the work was to contain Four Hundred Plates, and Two Thousand Figures. “A work,” says Cuvier, “conceived and executed on so vast a plan, has but one fault, that its expense must render it inaccessible to the greatest number of those to whom it will be the most necessary. Yet is the price far from being exorbitant. One *livraison* of five plates costs two guineas; and thus the five *livraisons* can be had at no very great annual expense. Most desirable at least it is, as well for the interests of art as of science, that all the great public bodies, and all persons of wealth who love to enrich their libraries with works of splendour, should provide themselves with that of Audubon.” “It will depend,” says Swainson, in the same spirit, “on the powerful and the wealthy, whether Britain shall have the honour of fostering such a magnificent undertaking. It will be a lasting monument, not only to the memory of its author, but to those who employ their wealth in patronising genius, and in supporting the national credit. If any publication deserves such a distinction, it is surely this; inasmuch as it exhibits a perfection in the higher attributes of zoological painting, never before attempted. To represent the passions and the feelings of birds might, until now, have been well deemed chimerical. Rarely, indeed, do we see their outward forms represented with any thing like nature. In my estimation, *not more than three painters ever lived who could draw a bird*. Of these, the lamented Barrabaud, of whom France may be justly proud, was the chief. He has long passed away; but his mantle has, at length, been recovered in the forests of America.”

Generous and eloquent—but, in the line printed in italics, obscure as an oracle. Barrabaud and Audubon are two—why not have told us who is the third? Can Mr. Swainson

mean himself? We have heard as much hinted; if so we cannot but admire his modesty in thus remaining the anonymous hero of his own panegyric. If not so, then has he done himself great injustice, for he is a beautiful bird-painter and drawer, as all the world knows, though assuredly in genius far inferior to Audubon. Is the third Bewick? If so, why shun to name “the genius that dwelt on the banks of the Tyne?” If not so, Mr. Swainson may live and die assured, that in spite of this sentence of exclusion from the trio, that Bewick will, in *saccula sæculorum* sit on the top of the tree of fame, on the same branch with the most illustrious, nor is there any fear of its breaking, for it is strong, and the company destined to bestride it, *select*.

Audubon speaks modestly of his great work, but with the enthusiasm and confidence, natural and becoming, in a man of such extraordinary genius. We cannot do better than employ, when they come to us, his own words. Not only, then, is every object, as a whole, of the natural size, but also every portion of each object. The compass aided him in its delineation, regulated and corrected each part, even to the very fore-shortening. The bill, feet, legs, and claws, the very feathers, as they project one beyond another, have been accurately measured. The birds, almost all of them, were killed by himself, and were regularly drawn, on or near the spot. The positions, he observes, may, perhaps, in some instances appear *outré*; but such supposed exaggerations can afford subjects of criticism only to persons unacquainted with the feathered tribes, for nothing can be more transient or varied than the attitudes of birds. For example, the heron, when warming itself in the sun, will sometimes drop its wings several inches, as if they were dislocated; the swan may often be seen floating, with one foot extended from the body; and some pigeons turn quite over when playing in the air. The flowers, plants, or portions of the trees which are attached to the principal objects, have always been chosen from amongst those in the vicinity of which the birds were found, and are not, as some persons have thought, the trees or plants on which they always feed or perch. We may mention, too, that Audubon invented ways of placing birds, dead or alive, before him while he was drawing them, so that he saw them still in the very attitudes he had admired when they were free in the air, or on the bough; and, indeed, without such most ingenious apparatus of wires and threads as he employs, it was not in mortal man to have caught, as he has done, and fixed them on paper, all the characteristic but evanescent varieties of their motion and their repose. His ingenuity is equal to his genius.

“There are persons,” he says, “whose desire of obtaining celebrity induces them to suppress the knowledge of the assistance which

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they have received in the composition of their works. In many cases, in fact, the real author of the drawings or the descriptions in books on Natural History is not so much as mentioned, while the pretended author assumes to himself all the merit which the world is willing to allow him. This sort of candour I could never endure. On the contrary, I feel pleasure in here acknowledging the assistance which I have received from a friend, Mr. William Magillivray, who being possessed of a liberal education, and a strong taste for the study of the natural sciences, has aided me, not in drawing the figures of my illustrations, nor in writing the book in your hand, although fully competent for both tasks, but in completing the descriptive details and smoothing down the asperities of my Ornithological Biographies."

To render more pleasant the task—as our friend is pleased to call it—of following him through the mazes of descriptive ornithology, he endeavours—and most successfully—to relieve our tedium by occasional descriptions of the scenery and manners of the land which has furnished the objects that engage our attention. The natural features of that land are not less remarkable than the moral character of her inhabitants; and we cannot find a better subject with which to begin "than one of those magnificent rivers that roll the collected waters of her extensive territories to the ocean."

Wilson went down the Ohio from Pittsburg to the falls, alone in a skiff. But Audubon, though as fond of a solitary life as any man that ever bawled before he got out of the wood, had early discovered that it was by no means good for a man to be alone *always*; and had therefore provided himself with a wife.

"When my wife, my eldest son (then an infant), and myself were returning from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, we found it expedient, the waters being unusually low, and to provide ourselves with a *skiff*, to enable us to proceed to our abode at Henderson. I purchased a large, commodious, and light boat of that denomination. We procured a mattress, and our friends furnished us with ready prepared viands. We had two stout negro rowers, and in this trim we left the village of Shippingport, in expectation of reaching the place of our destination in a very few days.

"It was in the month of October, the autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine, mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or poet imagined.

"The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the 'Indian Summer.' The moon had

rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

"Now and then, a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws, seized the stragglers, and with a splash of his tail disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for on casting our net from the bow we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

"Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side, is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface, while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

"As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the Great Owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

"Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed: some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts in search of a new home. Furer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

"The margins of the shores and of the river
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were at this season amply supplied with game. A wild turkey, a grouse, or a blue-winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for, whenever we pleased, we landed, struck up a fire, and, provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

"Several of these happy days passed, and we neared our home, when one evening, not far from Pigeon Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio, from the State of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side as fast and as quietly as possible. The sounds increased, we imagined we heard cries of 'murder;' and as we knew that some depredations had lately been committed in the country by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for a while extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed, and we plainly discovered that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastic set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp meetings, under the shade of a beech forest. Without meeting with any other interruption we reached Henderson, distant from Shippingport by water about two hundred miles.

"When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that every where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses; when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

"Whether these changes are for the better or for the worse, I shall not pretend to say; but in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with regret that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country, from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our Irvings and our

Coopers have proved themselves fully competent for the task. It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity, as almost to rival the movements of their pen. However, it is not too late yet; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions which they are so well qualified to give, of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire under the influence of increasing population. Yes; I hope to read, ere I close my earthly career, accounts, from those delightful writers, of the progress of civilization in our western country. They will speak of the Clarks, the Croghans, the Boons, and many other men of great and daring enterprise. They will analyze, as it were, into each component part, the country as it once existed, and will render the picture, as it ought to be, immortal."

There are about a dozen passages in the volume of the same kind—all excellent—and some sublime. The following is so.

"THE HURRICANE.

"Various portions of our country have at different periods suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena, in all its grandeur, I shall attempt to describe it for your sake, kind reader, and for your sake only, the recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element, even now bringing with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected by a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

"I had left the village of Shawanay, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when, on a sudden, I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismount to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

"I was leaning on my knees with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, where I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart

breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively towards the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise; then went the upper part of the massy trunks: and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage, that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewed in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it was impossible to describe.

"The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments, I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and

tangled branches, as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

"Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire-sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But, as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I shall not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briars and bushes, thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding districts. I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and, again, four hundred miles farther off, in the State of Ohio. Lastly I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all these different parts, it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth."

During all Wilson's journeying amongst the woods, he does not tell us of any danger of life or limb encountered—except on one occasion—and even then it was but a dream. Neither does Audubon—except on one occasion—which, however, seems to have been closer on a catastrophe. We shall quote both descriptions—and first Wilson's.

"Between this and Red River, the country had a bare and desolate appearance. Caves continued to be numerous; and report made some of them places of concealment for the dead bodies of certain strangers who had disappeared there. One of these lies near the banks of the Red River, and belongs to a person of the name of —, a man of notoriously bad character, and strongly suspected, even by his neighbours, of having committed a foul murder of this kind, which was related to me, with all its minutiae of horrors. As this man's house stands by the roadside, I was induced, by motives of curiosity, to stop and take a peep of him. On my arrival, I found two persons in conversation under the piazza, one of whom informed me that he was the landlord. He was a dark mulatto, rather above the common size, inclining to corpulency, with legs small in proportion to his size, and walked lame. His countenance bespoke a soul capable of deeds of darkness. I had not been three minutes in company, when he invited the other man—who I understood was a traveller—and myself, to walk back and see his cave, to which I im-

mediately consented. The entrance is in the perpendicular front of a rock, behind the house; has a door with lock and key to it, and was crowded with pots of milk, placed near the running stream. The roof and sides, of solid rock, were wet and dropping with water. Desiring — to walk before with the lights, I followed, with my hand on my pistol, reconnoitering on every side, and listening to his description of its length and extent. After examining this horrible vault for forty or fifty yards, he declined going any farther, complaining of a rheumatism; and I now first perceived that the other person had staid behind, and that we two were alone together. Confident in my means of self-defence, whatever mischief the devil might suggest to him, I fixed my eyes steadily on him and observed to him, that he could not be ignorant of the reports circulated about the country relative to this cave. 'I suppose,' said I, 'you know what I mean?'—'Yes, I understand you,' returned he, without appearing the least embarrassed,—'that I killed somebody, and threw them into this cave. I can tell you the whole beginning of that damned lie,' said he; and, without moving from the spot, he detailed to me a long story, which would fill half my letter, to little purpose, and which, with other particulars, I shall reserve for your amusement when we meet. I asked him why he did not get the cave examined by three or four reputable neighbours, whose report might rescue his character from the suspicion of having committed so horrid a crime? He acknowledged it would be well enough to do so, but did not seem to think it worth the trouble; and we returned as we advanced, — walking before with the lights. Whether this man be guilty or not of the transaction laid to his charge, I know not; but his manners and aspect are such as by no means to allay suspicion."

AUDUBON—"THE PRAIRIE."

"On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies, which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger, as I felt myself.

"My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

"I did so, and almost at the same instant a

fire-light attracted my eye. I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken:—I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

"I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three racoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighbourhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a racoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it for ever.

"Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

"The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy

scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us.

"Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

"I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favourable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, make a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

"A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eye alternately fixed on me and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

"The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat*: and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to a grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in spite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished she walked to her reeling sons, and said, 'There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill you ———, and then for the watch.'

"I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged

with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising, and shooting her on the spot:—but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounded up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

"They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

"During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

"Will you believe, good-natured reader, that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, and where, fifteen years ago, no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, and very few ever seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort, is to be met with? So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country."

Audubon gives us the following amusing account of the gentlemen mentioned in the above extract—the Regulators. Here it is.

"THE REGULATORS."

"The population of many parts of America is derived from the refuse of every other country. I hope I shall elsewhere prove to you, kind reader, that even in this we have reason to feel a certain degree of pride, as we often see our worst denizens becoming gradually freed from error, and at length changing to useful and respectable citizens. The most depraved of these emigrants are forced to retreat farther and farther from the society of the virtuous, the restraints imposed by which they find incompatible with their habits, and gratification of their unbridled passions. On the extreme verge of civilization, however, their evil propensities find more free scope, and the dread of punishment for their deeds, or

the infliction of that punishment, are the only means that prove effectual in reforming them.

"In those remote parts, no sooner is it discovered that an individual has conducted himself in a notoriously vicious manner, or has committed some outrage upon society, than a conclave of the honest citizens takes place, for the purpose of investigating the case, with a rigour without which no good result could be expected. These honest citizens, selected from among the most respectable persons in the district, and vested with powers suited to the necessity of preserving order on the frontiers, are named *Regulators*. The accused person is arrested, his conduct laid open, and if he is found guilty of a first crime, he is warned to leave the country, and go farther from society, within an appointed time. Should the individual prove so callous as to disregard the sentence, and remain in the same neighbourhood, to commit new crimes, then we be to him; for the Regulators, after proving him guilty a second time, pass and execute a sentence, which, if not enough to make him perish under the infliction, is at least forever impressed upon his memory. The punishment inflicted is generally a severe castigation, and the destruction by fire of his cabin. Sometimes, in cases of reiterated theft or murder, death is considered necessary; and, in some instances, delinquents of the worst species have been shot, after which their heads have been stuck on poles, to deter others from following their example. I shall give you an account of one of these desperadoes, as I received it from a person who had been instrumental in bringing him to punishment.

"The name of Mason is still familiar to many of the navigators of the Lower Ohio and Mississippi. By dint of industry in bad deeds he became a notorious horse-stealer, formed a line of worthless associates from the eastern parts of Virginia (a state greatly celebrated for its fine breed of horses) to New Orleans, and had a settlement on Wolf Island, not far from the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, from which he issued to stop the flat-boats, and rifle them of such provisions and other articles as he and his party needed. His depredations became the talk of the whole western country; and to pass Wolf Island was not less to be dreaded than to anchor under the walls of Algiers. The horses, the negroes, and the cargoes, his gang carried off and sold. At last, a body of Regulators undertook, at great peril, and for the sake of the country, to bring the villain to punishment.

"Mason was as cunning and watchful as he was active and daring. Many of his haunts were successively found out and searched, but the numerous spies in his employ enabled him to escape in time. One day, however, as he was riding a beautiful horse in the woods, he was met by one of the Regulators, who immediately recognised him, but passed him as if an utter stranger. Mason, not dreaming of danger, pursued his way leisurely, as if he had not no one. But he was dogged by the Regulator, and in such a manner, as proved fatal to him. At dusk, Mason having reached the lowest part of a ravine, no doubt well known to him, hopped (tied together the fore legs of)

his stolen horse, to enable it to feed during the night without chance of straying far, and concealed himself in a hollow log to spend the night. The plan was good, but proved his ruin.

"The Regulator, who knew every hill and hollow of the woods, marked the place and the log with the eye of an experienced hunter, and as he remarked that Mason was most efficiently armed, he galloped off to the nearest house, where he knew he should find assistance. This was easily procured, and the party proceeded to the spot. Mason, on being attacked, defended himself with desperate valour; and as it proved impossible to secure him alive, he was brought to the ground with a rifle ball. His head was cut off, and stuck on the end of a broken branch of a tree, by the nearest road to the place where the affray happened. The gang soon dispersed, in consequence of the loss of their leader; and this infliction of merited punishment proved beneficial in deterring others from following a similar predatory life.

"The punishment by castigation is performed in the following manner. The individual convicted of an offence is led to some remote part of the woods, under the escort of sometimes forty or fifty Regulators. When arrived at the chosen spot, the criminal is made fast to a tree, and a few of the Regulators remain with him, whilst the rest scour the forest, to assure themselves that no strangers are within reach; after which they form an extensive ring, arranging themselves on their horses, well armed with rifles and pistols, at equal distances, and in each other's sight. At a given signal that 'all's ready,' those about the culprit, having provided themselves with young twigs of hickory, administer the number of lashes prescribed by the sentence, untie the sufferer, and order him to leave the country immediately.

"One of these castigations which took place more within my immediate knowledge, was performed on a fellow who was neither a thief nor a murderer, but who had misbehaved otherwise sufficiently to bring himself under the sentence, with mitigation. He was taken to a place where nettles were known to grow in great luxuriance, completely stripped, and so lashed with them, that although not materially hurt, he took it as a hint not be neglected, left the country, and was never again heard of by any of the party concerned.

"Probably at the moment when I am copying these notes respecting the early laws of our frontier people, few or no Regulating Parties exist, the terrible examples that were made having impressed upon the new settlers a salutary dread, which restrains them from the commission of flagrant crimes."

The Loves of the Birds are as good a subject for Poetry as the Loves of the Poets themselves, or even of the Angels, nay of the Triangles. No other naturalist has spoken so well about them as Audubon. Many a happy honey-moon he celebrates. The wild American Turkey makes love, if possible, more absurdly than the tame Glasgow Gander. Early in spring, the sexes separate, which is a signal for courtship. When a female utters a call-note, all the gobblers within hearing return

the sound, in peals of grotesque thunder. They then rush to the spot whence the call-note seemed to proceed, and whether the lady be in sight or not, they spread out and erect their tail, draw the head back on the shoulders, depress the wings with a quivering motion, and strut pompously about, emitting every now and then, at the same time, a succession of puffs from the lungs, and stopping now and then to look and listen. But whether they spy the female or not, they continue to puff and strut about, moving with as much celerity as their ideas of ceremony seem to admit. Some scores behaving after this fashion must present an imposing aspect both in front and rear; and there is often a succession of bloody combats. Audubon says he has often been much diverted while watching the males in fierce conflict, by seeing them move alternately backwards and forwards, as either had obtained a better hold, their wings drooping and their tails partly raised, and their heads covered with blood. If, as they thus struggle and gasp for breath, one of them should lose his hold, his chance is over; for the other, still holding fast, hits him violently with his spurs and wings, and in a few minutes brings him to the ground. The moment he is dead, the conqueror treads him under foot, but what is strange, not with hatred, but with all the motions which he employs in caressing the female. Towards very young ladies—pouts—the old gobbler alters his mode of procedure. He struts less pompously and more energetically, moves with rapidity, sometimes rises from the ground, taking a short flight round the hen, as is the manner of some pigeons—the red-breasted thrush and many other birds—and on alighting, runs with all his might, at the same time rubbing his tail and wings along the ground, for the space of perhaps ten yards. He then draws near the timorous female—allays her fears by purring—and wins her assent. As soon as the lady begins to lay, she hides herself from her lord, who would break her eggs if he could find them; and soon after he becomes a sloven, sneaking about without a gobble in him, craven and crest-fallen, emaciated and *ticky*—from which wretched condition he in due time is restored by the judicious use of gentle purgatives, with which he provides himself in a particular species of grass, growing in the neighbourhood. So much for the intrigues of the turkeys. Turn to the loves of the chaste connubial Carolina turtle dove. Their marriage-bliss affords a subject for one of Audubon's most exquisite paintings. But he describes it in words.

"I have tried, kind reader, to give you a faithful representation of two as gentle pairs of turtles as ever cooed their loves in the green woods. I have placed them on a branch of *Stuartia*, which you see ornamented with a profusion of white blossoms, emblematic of purity and chastity.

"Look at the female, as she assiduously sits on her eggs, 'embosomed among the thick foliage, receiving food from the bill of her mate, and listening with delight to his assurances of devoted affection. Nothing is wanting to render the moment as happy as could be desired by any couple on a similar occasion.

"On the branch above, a love scene is just commencing. The female, still coy and undetermined, seems doubtful of the truth of her lover, and, virgin-like, resolves to put his sincerity to the test, by delaying the gratification of his wishes. She has reached the extremity of the branch, her wings and tail are already opening, and she will fly off to some more sequestered spot, where, if her lover should follow her with the same assiduous devotion, they will doubtless become as blessed as the pair beneath them.

"The dove announces the approach of spring. Nay, she does more:—she forces us to forget the chilling blasts of winter, by the soft and melancholy sound of her cooing. Her heart is already so warmed and so swelled by the ardour of her passion, that it feels as ready to expand as the buds on the trees are, under the genial influence of returning heat.

"The flight of this bird is extremely rapid, and of long duration. Whenever it starts from a tree or the ground, on being unexpectedly approached, its wings produce a whistling noise, heard at a considerable distance. On such occasions, it frequently makes several curious windings through the air, as if to prove its capability of efficient flight. It seldom rises far above the trees, and as seldom passes through dense woods or forests, but prefers following their margins, or flying about the fences and fields. Yet, during spring, and particularly whilst the female is sitting on her eggs, the male rises as if about to ascend to a great height in the air, flapping his wings, but all of a sudden comes downwards again, describing a large circle, and sailing smoothly with wings and tail expanded, until in this manner he alights on the tree where his mate is, or on one very near it. These manoeuvres are frequently repeated, during the days of incubation, and occasionally when the male bird is courting the female. No sooner do they alight than they jerk out their tail in a very graceful manner, and balance their neck and head."

The loves of the Turkey and Turtle are not more different than are those of the Great-horned Owl and the Humming-bird. The curious evolutions of the male Owl in the air, or his motions when he has alighted near his beloved, Audubon confesses his inability to describe. The bowings and the snappings of his bill are extremely ludicrous; and no sooner is the female assured that the attentions paid her by her lover are the result of a sincere affection, than she joins in the motions of her future mate. At this juncture both may be said to be *dancing-mad*; little dreaming, saith our "American Woodsman," like most owls on such occasions, of the possibility of their being one day *horn-mad*. But look on that picture, and on this. They are Humming-birds.

"I wish it were in my power at this moment to impart to you, kind reader, the pleasures which I have felt whilst watching the movements, and viewing the manifestation of feelings displayed by a single pair of these most favourite little creatures, when engaged in the demonstration of their love to each other:—how the male swells his plumage and throat, and, dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female; how quickly he dives towards a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels desirous of being united; how full of ecstasy he seems to be, when his caresses are kindly received; how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey which he has procured with a view to please her; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction; how, soon after, the blissful compact is sealed; how, then, the courage and care of the male are redoubled! how he even dares to give chase to the tyrant fly-catcher, hurries the blue-bird and the martin to their boxes; and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to the side of his lovely mate. Reader, all these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage, with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while sitting on her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be portrayed or described.

"Could you, kind reader, cast a momentary glance on the nest of the Humming-bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly-hatched pair of young, little larger than humble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bills to receive food from the parents; and could you see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair,—you could not fail to be impressed with the deepest pangs which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child. Then how pleasing is it, on your leaving the spot, to see the returning hope of the parents, when, after examining the nest, they find their nurslings untouched! you might then judge how pleasing it is to a mother of another kind, to hear the physician who has attended her sick child assure her that the crisis is over, and that her babe is saved. These are the scenes best fitted to enable us to partake of sorrow and joy, and to determine every one who views them to make it his study to contribute to the happiness of others, and to refrain from wantonly or maliciously giving them pain."

Birds are as jealous in love as men—all but the Golden-winged Woodpecker. No fightings occur, no jealousies seem to exist among these bright beaux and belles, who, for many reasons, are darlings of Audubon. "It is generally agreeable," says he, "to be in the company of individuals who are naturally animated and pleasant. For this reason, nothing can be more gratifying than the society of woodpeckers in the forests. No sooner has spring called them to the pleasant duty of making love, as it is called, than their

voice, which, by the way, is not at all disagreeable to the ear of man, is heard from the tops of high, decayed trees, proclaiming with delight the opening of the welcome season. Their note, at this period, is merriment itself, as it intimates a prolonged and jovial laugh, heard at a considerable distance. Several males pursue a female, reach her, and, to prove the force and truth of their love, bow their heads, spread their tail, and move sideways, backwards, and forwards, performing such antics as might induce any one witnessing them, if not of a most morose temper, to join his laugh to theirs. The female flies to another tree, where she is closely followed by one, two, or even half-a-dozen of these gay suitors, and where again the same ceremonies are gone through. No fightings occur, no jealousies seem to exist among these beaux until a marked preference is shown to some individual, when the rejected proceed in search of another female. In this manner all the Golden-winged Woodpeckers are soon happily mated. Each pair immediately proceed to excavate the trunk of a tree, and finish a hole in it sufficient to contain themselves and their young. They both work with great industry and apparent pleasure. Should the male, for instance, be employed, the female is close to him, and congratulates him on the removal of every chip which his bill sends through the air. While he rests, he appears to be speaking to her on the most tender subjects, and when fatigued, is at once assisted by her. In this manner, by the alternate exertions of each, the hole is dug and finished. They caress each other on the branches, climb about and around the tree with apparent delight—rattle with their bill against the tops of the dead branches—chase all their cousins the Red-head—defy the Purple Grackles to enter their nest—feed plentifully on ants, beetles, and larvæ, cackling at intervals, and, ere two weeks have elapsed the female lays either four or six eggs, the whiteness and transparency of which are doubtless the delight of her heart. If to raise a numerous progeny may contribute to happiness, these Woodpeckers are in this respect happy enough, for they have two broods each season; and as this might induce you to imagine Woodpeckers extremely abundant in America, I may tell you at once that they are so."

But perhaps the most beautiful passage in the volume is Audubon's description of the matrimonial delights of the Mocking Bird.

"It is where the Great Magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden Orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where Bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the White-flowered

Stuartia, and mounting still higher, cover the summit of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable Vines, that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step;—in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused as she passed over the Earth, and opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand, the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the Mocking Bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

"But where is that favoured land?—It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the Mocking Bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! his tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his, and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upwards, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest he has made.

"They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

"No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that, to enrich her hopes, he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

"For a while each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note of the female he ceases his song, and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The Orange, the Fig, the Pear-tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick brier patches are also visit-

ed. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances, are picked up, carried to a forked branch and there arranged. The female has laid an egg, and the male redoubles his caresses. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male, having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

"When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of Mocking Birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dew-berries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigour, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do."

There is every excuse for people in general falling into all manner of misconceptions regarding the character of birds. Indeed, it may be asked by the judicious hooker, why should they be more rational on that subject than any other? But independently of that query, birds often appear to such persons, judging from, of, and by themselves, to be in mind and manners the reverse of their real characters. They judge the inner bird by outward circumstances inaccurately observed. There is the owl. How little do the people of England know of him—even of him the barn-door and domestic owl—yea, even at this day—we had almost said the Poets? Shakspeare, of course, and his freres, knew him to be a merry fellow—quite a mad-cap—and so do now all the Lakers. But Cowper had his doubts about it; and Gray, as every schoolboy knows, speaks of him like an old wife, or rather like an uninspired idiot. The force of folly can go no farther, than to imagine an owl complaining to the moon of being disturbed by people walking in a country churchyard. And among all our present bardlings, the owl is supposed to be constantly on the eve of suicide. If it were really so, he ought in a Christian country to be pitied, not pelted, as he is sure to be, when accidentally seen in sunlight—for melancholy is a misfortune, especially when hereditary and constitutional, as it is popularly believed to be in the Black-billed Bubo, and certainly was in Dr. Johnson. In young masters and misses,

we can pardon any childishness; but we cannot pardon the antipathy to the owl entertained by the manly minds of grown-up English clod-hoppers, ploughmen, and threshers. They keep terriers to kill rats and mice in barns, and they shoot the owls, any one of whom we would cheerfully back against the famous Billy. "The very commonest observation teaches us," says the author of the "Gardens of the Menagerie," "that they are in reality the best and most efficient protectors of our corn-fields and granaries from the devastating pillage of the swarms of mice and other small rodents." Nay, by their constant destruction of these petty but dangerous enemies, the owls, he says, "earn an unquestionable title to be regarded as among the most active of the friends of man; a title which only one or two among them occasionally forfeit by their aggressions on the defenceless poultry." Roger or Dolly behold him in the act of murdering a duckling, and, like other light-headed, giddy, unthinking creatures, they forget all the service he has done the farm, the parish, and the state; he is shot *in flagranti delicto*, and nailed, wide-extended in cruel spread-eagle, on the barn-door. Others again call them dull and shortsighted—nay, go the length of asserting that they are stupid—as stupid as an owl. Why, our excellent fellow, when you have the tithe of the talent of the common owl, and know half as well how to use it, you may borrow the medal. The ancients saw the owl in a true light—as they did almost every thing else—and knew the Bird of Wisdom. Audubon delights in owls, and carried one—the Mottled, or Little Screech Owl—in his coat pocket, alternately travelling by land and water, from Philadelphia to New York—and he unluckily lost it at sea, in the course of his last (his second) voyage to England. On alighting, our friend immediately bends his body, turns his head to look behind him, performs a curious nod, shakes and plumes himself, and then resumes his flight in search of prey. He now and then, while on wing, produces a *clicking* sound with his mandibles, to manifest his courage, as Audubon thinks, and "let the hearer know that he is not to be meddled with." His notes are uttered in a tremulous, doleful manner, and somewhat resemble the chattering of the teeth of a person under the influence of extreme cold, although much louder. On the roofs of houses the little fellow will utter his ditty for hours, as if he were in a state of great suffering, whereas he is the happiest of Yankees, the song of all birds being an indication of content and happiness. The Barred Owl, again, is one of Audubon's most esteemed friends. "How often, when snugly tented under the boughs of my temporary encampment, and preparing to roast a venison steak, or the body of a squirrel, on a wooden spit, have I been saluted with the exulting bursts of this nightly disturber of the peace,

that, but for him, would have prevailed around me, as well as in my lonely retreat! How often have I seen this nocturnal marauder alight within a few yards of me, exposing his whole body to the glare of my fire, and eye me in such a curious manner, that, had it been reasonable to do so, I would gladly have invited him to walk in and join me in my repast, that I might have enjoyed the pleasure of forming a better acquaintance with him! The liveliness of his motions, joined to their oddness, have often made me think that his society would be at least as agreeable as that of many of the buffoons we meet with in this world. But as such opportunities of forming acquaintance, have not existed, be content, kind reader, with the important information which I can give you of the habits of this Sancho Panza of the woods." The discordant screams of this owl—its *whah! whah! whah!* may be compared, he says, "to the affected bursts of laughter which you may have heard from some of the fashionable members of our species,"—such, for example, as "Joanna's laugh"—the laugh of the "fair Joanna," celebrated by Wordsworth. That young lady laughed so far beyond the *whah! whah! whah!* of the Barred Owl, that the peal awakened all the echoes of the three northern counties. Had the ghost of the Lord Chesterfield been in the north what would he have said? Nay, what else could any Christian have supposed, but that an orang-outang had escaped from Pidcock or Wombwell, and gone mad among the mountains—or that Christopher North, or the Ettrick Shepherd, or Pan himself, had given the Glaramara-shaking guffaw? The woods of Louisiana swarm with these owls. Should the weather be lowering, and indicative of the approach of rain, their cries are so multiplied during the day, and towards evening, and they respond to each other in notes so strange, that one might imagine some extraordinary *fête* about to take place among them. On approaching one of them, its gesticulations, position and appearance, are funny enough. It lowers its head, throws forward the lateral feathers thereof, which has thus the appearance of being surrounded by a broad ruff, looks towards you as if half-blind, and moves its head to and fro in so extraordinary a manner, as almost to induce you to fancy that part dislocated from the body. It follows all your motions with its eyes; and should it suspect any treacherous intentions, flies off to a short distance, alighting with its back to the person, and immediately turning about with a single jump, to recommence its scrutiny. If you shoot at and miss it, then, and not till then, for it cares not about your hallooing, it removes to a considerable distance, after which its *whah!—whah!—whah!* is uttered with considerable pomposity. He flies in silent, simple, and sublime style. Often has Audubon "discovered one passing over him,

and only a few yards distant, by first seeing its shadow on the ground, during clear moonlight nights, when not the faintest rustling of their wings could be heard." He once saw one, annoyed by crows, soar up into the air, describing small circles, eagle-fashion, till it disappeared in the zenith. You often see Barred Owls by day—but their imperfect power of sight then, like that of their other brethren, leads them into scrapes. Audubon once saw one alight on the back of a cow, which it left so suddenly on Brucky walking on, as to convince him that it had mistaken the animal for something lifeless. At other times, he has observed that the approach of the grey squirrel intimidated them, though the owl destroys great numbers of them during the twilight. For this reason, in one of his drawings which we remember puzzled us, he has represented the Barred Owl gazing in amazement, as on something miraculous, on one of these squirrels, placed only a few inches from him; had it been twilight, he had swallowed him like winking. What would Dr. Shaw have said on seeing such a picture!

But of all the owls that we do see, the *facile princeps* is the Great Horned Owl. He is the owl of owls. Were you to see him flying, you would either forget or remember the Eagle. He sails high aloft, and in large circles, rising and falling, by means of the slightest inclination, almost imperceptible, of tail or wings. Swift as light he glides, and as silent, over the earth, dropping on his prey as suddenly, as if himself were shot dead on the spot. At other times he alights in a moment on a stump, and shaking and arranging his feathers, "utters a shriek so horrid, that the woods echo to the dismal sound. Now it seems as if you heard the barking of a cur-dog; again, the notes are so rough and mingled together, that they might be mistaken for the last gurglings of a murdered person, striving in vain to call for assistance; at another time, when not more than fifty yards distant, it utters its more usual *hoo! hoo! hoo!* in so peculiar an under tone, that a person unacquainted with the notes of this species, might easily conceive them to be produced by an owl more than a mile distant?" He is a more wonderful ventriloquist than even Mons. Alexander. During the utterance of all these cries, it moves its body, and more particularly its head, in various ways, putting them into positions, all of which appear to please it much, however grotesque they may seem to the eye of man. In the interval following each cry, it snaps its bill, as if by way of amusement; or, like the wild boar sharpening the edges of its tusks, it perhaps expects that the action will whet its mandibles; and in that expectation, probably, is not disappointed. It lives upon wild turkeys, pheasants, poultry, ducks, squirrels, hares, and opossums, and on dead fish flung up on the shores. In an article on our friend Selby's

splendid book, some years ago, we are inclined to believe we wrote something or other not much amiss about owls. But let Christopher North hide his dumb and diminished head, and let the world hear Audubon:—

"It is during the placid serenity of a beautiful summer night, when the current of the waters moves silently along, reflecting from its smooth surface the silver radiance of the moon, and when all else of animated nature seems sunk in repose, that the great horned owl, one of the Nimrods of the feathered tribes of our forests, may be seen sailing silently and yet rapidly on, intent on the destruction of the objects destined to form his food. The lone steersman of the descending boat observes the nocturnal hunter, gliding on extended pinions across the river, sailing over one hill and then another, or suddenly sweeping downwards, and again rising in the air like a moving shadow, now distinctly seen, and again mingling with the sombre shades of the surrounding woods, fading into obscurity. The bark has now floated to some distance, and is opposite the newly cleared patch of ground, the result of a squatter's first attempt at cultivation, in a place lately shaded by the trees of the forest. The moon shines brightly on his hut, his slight fence, the newly planted orchard, and a tree, which, spared by the axe, serves as a roosting-place for the scanty stock of poultry which the new comer has procured from some liberal neighbour. Amongst them rests a turkey-hen, covering her offspring with extended wings. The great owl, with eyes keen as those of any falcon, is now seen hovering above the place. He has already espied the quarry, and is sailing in wide circles meditating his plan of attack. The turkey-hen, which at another time might be sound asleep, is now, however, so intent on the care of her young brood, that she rises on her legs and purs so loudly, as she opens her wings and spreads her tail, that she rouses her neighbours, the hens, together with their protector. The cacklings which they at first emit, soon become a general clamour. The squatter hears the uproar, and is on his feet in an instant, rifle in hand; the priming examined, he gently pushes open his half closed door, and peeps out cautiously, to ascertain the cause by which his repose has been disturbed. He observes the murderous owl just alighting on the dead branch of a tall tree, when, raising his never-failing rifle, he takes aim, touches the trigger, and the next instant sees the foe falling dead to the ground. The bird is unworthy of his farther attention, and is left a prey to some prowling opossum or other carnivorous quadruped. Again, all around is tranquillity. In this manner falls many a great horned owl on our frontiers, where the species abounds."

The transition from owl to eagle is easy and natural—and therefore one more quotation from Audubon—"alike, but oh! how different." The bald-headed-eagle!

"The figure of this noble bird is well known throughout the civilized world, emblazoned, as it is on our national standard, which waves in the breeze of every clime, bearing to distant

lands the remembrance of a great people living in a state of peaceful freedom. May that peaceful freedom last for ever!

"The great strength, daring and cool courage of the white-headed eagle, joined to his unequalled power of flight, render him highly conspicuous among his brethren. To these qualities did he add a generous disposition towards others, he might be looked up to as a model of nobility. The ferocious, overbearing, and tyrannical temper which is ever and anon displaying itself in his actions, is, nevertheless, best adapted to his state, and was wisely given him by the Creator to enable him to perform the office assigned to him.

"To give you, kind reader, some idea of the nature of this bird, permit me to place you on the Mississippi, on which you may float gently along, while approaching winter brings millions of water-fowl on whistling wings, from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season. The eagle is seen perched, in an erect attitude, on the highest summit of the tallest tree, by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but stern eye looks over the vast expanse. He listens attentively to every sound that comes to his quick ear from afar, glancing now and then on the earth beneath, lest even the light tread of the fawn may pass unheard. His mate is perched on the opposite side, and should all be tranquil and silent, warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call, the male partly opens his broad wings, inclines his body a little downwards, and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a maniac. The next moment, he resumes his erect attitude, and again all around is silent. Ducks of many species, the teal, the wigeon, the mallard, and others, are seen passing with great rapidity, and following the course of the current; but the eagle heeds them not: they are at that time beneath his attention. The next moment, however, the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. A shriek from the female eagle comes across the stream,—for, kind reader, she is fully as alert as her mate. The latter suddenly shakes the whole of his body, and with a few touches of his bill, aided by the action of his cuticular muscles, arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight: her long neck is stretched forward, her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her very legs are spread beneath her tail, to aid her in her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing the dreaded pair, starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, the male bird, with an awful scream, that to the swan's ear brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun.

"Now is the moment to witness the display of the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manœuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel ta-

lons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with his talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under side of its wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

"It is then, reader, that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race, whilst, exulting over his prey, he for the first time breathes at ease. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deeper than ever into the heart of the dying swan. He shrieks with delight, as he feels the last convulsions of his prey, which has now sunk under his unceasing efforts to render death as painfully felt as it can possibly be. The female has watched every movement of her mate; and if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was not from want of will, but merely that she felt full assurance that the power and courage of her lord were quite sufficient for the deed. She now sails to the spot where he eagerly awaits her, and when she has arrived, they together turn the breast of the luckless swan upwards, and gorge themselves with gore."

From these pictures of birds of prey, how pleasant to turn—had we room—to others equally admirable of birds of peace, his woodpeckers, thrushes, and orioles! But we shall find room in many other numbers to bring forward into light some of his loveliest portraits. All the great ornithologists, indeed, Lévillant, Bewick, Vigors, Richardson, Swainson, et ceteri, must come under inspection and review, each having a field-day to his own corps.

Let us conclude with a few words more about Wilson and Audubon. For they are the Two Great American Woodsmen.

We have seen, that till he was between thirty and forty years of age, Wilson had not only never studied ornithology as a science, but that he had paid no greater attention to the habits of birds than almost any other poetical observer of nature. All at once he plunged both into the theory and practice—and soon became, in the highest and most extensive sense of the term, an ornithologist. Audubon, again, was a bird-fancier before he was even a boy—when a mere child—an infant. The feeling and the knowledge, too, of those earliest days, however vague, dim, and imperfect, must have had influence on all his subsequent studies, when pursued with all the enthusiasm and devotion of manhood. He had been familiar with a thousand delightful things, for many and many a year before he ever once dreamt of deriving from them any advantage but pure delight. Fame or fortune

was not in his visions; "he loved what he looked on," and was happy in the woods. Wilson, almost as soon as he gave way to his passion for this "living knowledge," conceived the grand plan of an American Ornithology—and he began to carry it into effect at a time when it may be said, without detracting from his transcendent merit, nay, it cannot be said without showing that merit in more striking colours, that he was deficient in some acquirements essential to its successful completion. The truth is, that Wilson never was a first-rate—nay, he never was even a second—never a third-rate draughtsman. How could he be? The fingers of a man's hand, at forty, are strong and sinewy—and his were so; but not then can they acquire the fine ductility demanded by a fine process, entirely new to the operator. His perception of the beauty of birds was as intense as any man's could be; and he knew well their lives and characters. But to draw them in all their attitudes and postures, "when motion or rest in a place is signified," in a man at his time of life, and with his previous pursuits, would have implied the possession of a power little short of miraculous. He never attempted to do so, nor, we dare say, did he ever believe it possible; for we are apt to bound our imaginations in such matters by our own powers; and Wilson had a high opinion of himself—without which, indeed, he had never achieved immortality. It is astonishing how well he did draw, under such disadvantages; and Lawson, the engraver, who had the specimens before him, it is well known, greatly improved upon the spirited but somewhat rude sketches from which he had to work. The work is a splendid one; but compare the birds there, bright and beautiful as they are, and wonderfully true, too, to nature, with the birds of Audubon, and you feel at one glance the immeasurable and mysterious difference between the living and the dead.

Audubon's birds fly before you—or you are tempted to steal upon them unawares in their repose, and catch them on the bough they beautify. As one of his falcons goes by, you hear the *suck* of his wings, and his shrilly cry. There is one picture particularly, of a pair of hawks dining on teals, on which we defy you to look without seeing the large fiery-eyed heads of the hook-beaks moving as they tear the bloody and fleshy feathers, meat and drink in one, the gore-gouts of carnal plumage dropping from, or sticking in the murderous sharpness of their wide-gaping jaws of destruction; if, indeed, you can keep your eyes off their yellow iron legs, stamping and clutching in maddened strides and outstretchings, in the drunken delirium of their famine that quaffs and gobbles up the savage zest of its gratified passion. "The Bill—the whole Bill—and nothing but the Bill"—even with "all the Talents"—is a poor, frigid, foolish concern; but the "Beak—the whole Beak—and no-

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thing but the Beak"—to which add all "the Talons"—shows Audubon to be such a Radical Reformer as could only burst out upon us from an American wilderness, steeped in its spirit, and familiar with secret murder. He may not thank us for the compliment; but with suspicious and alarming mastery doth he paint all Birds of Prey.

If we are grossly mistaken, and blinded by national prejudice and pride, we trust to the often-experienced kindness of our English critics to correct our ignorant error; but we confess, that we cannot help expressing our belief, that in no country in the whole world do the lower orders exhibit such enlightenment as in Scotland. In England, a superior country to ours in many things, do you often meet with weavers, packmen, and so forth, who write prose and verse better than yourself, who have been educated at Rugby and Oxford? No—seldom—or never. Now, in Scotland, we never took a week's walk without "foregathering" with several such worthies. Don't suppose we are speaking of Burns's and Hoggs, and Cunninghames—we might travel far and wide before we met them or their "likes"—and you have your men of genius to show too, whose heads from humble shades "star-bright appeared." We beg leave to direct your attention to the people in general—at large—in town or country—the labouring poor. Did you ever know one among them at all to be compared with Alexander Wilson, as he showed himself even before his emigration to America? We doubt it. Now, we have known hundreds—hundreds who never were worth twenty pounds over their debts in their lives, who were clothed in coarse raiment, and fared wretchedly every day, who could and did write as well, either in prose or verse, as either you or we could do for our souls. This may not be saying very much after all—but still their attainments must have been respectable—beyond and above what you, at least, could have expected from persons in their station.

Wilson, though he spoke and wrote so excellently, was not looked on at all in the light of a prodigy—nor, though he had a good opinion of himself, did he use to stand still and admire his shadow in the sun—saying, "that is the shadow of a phenomenon." Why? Because he walked to and fro among men, who, though certainly his inferiors, were not so entirely so as to feel it very sensibly; in short, he every where found his admitted equals. This Paisley Packman then carried to America a mind not only strong by nature, but well cultivated by education. His feelings, and his imagination, and his intellect, were all enlightened; and he was, absolutely, a man of literature. He added greatly to his knowledge by serious study in America; but his soul was strung to the same high tone that it sounded there in his beautiful descriptions of the woods of the New World and their wing-

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ed inhabitants, during his toilsome trudgings about with his pack, among the scenery of his native Renfrewshire. He wrote always well; as well at first as at last; more practice merely gave him more facility; and the many new objects submitted to his senses, inspired his fancy, and awoke all the poetry of his nature. Had he been from boyhood a draughtsman, we should not have had from his genius such written pictures. But the pen was an instrument he knew the use of early; the pencil he took up after he had become a powerful writer; and as for the engraver's tools—over them he had never acquired mastery—how should he?

With Audubon, as we have hinted, it was the reverse. The son of a gentleman, he enjoyed some advantages which Wilson did not; but Wilson, being a Scotchman, enjoyed others, which, as we have hinted, fell not to the lot of Audubon. The American was not bred up among a book-loving people, (very different from the reading public,) and he was a naturalist of the woods before he was a philosopher of the study. So far from being illiterate, he has read all that is worth reading, in his own science, and much beside; but we do not believe that, till within these few years, he had any practice in composition. With his magical pencil what use had he for the pen? Yet Genius, if from circumstances behind hand in any common accomplishment, soon supplies it—soon makes up its lee-way—or rather, it has only to try to do what it had never done before, and it succeeds in it to admiration. Audubon, who had written but little even in his native tongue—French—under a powerful motive, took to writing English; and he was not long of learning to write it well, not only with fluency, but eloquence, as the fine extracts we have quoted show in unfading colours.

Here then lies, we shall not say the superiority of Audubon over Wilson; but here lies his strength which constitutes and preserves his equality with that great Ornithologist. Wilson, on the whole, is the better writer of the two—indeed he is the best painter in words of birds that the world has yet seen, or may ever see—when or where the world ever saw or may see, we know not—a painter of birds in water colours or in oils superior, or equal to Audubon. And as Wilson likewise paints with his pencil birds most beautifully, and far indeed above the common run, so doth Audubon with his pen; and farther, as Wilson's exquisite feeling of the beauty of birds enabled him to paint them with the pencil in a style far beyond what he could ever have reached without it, on account of his deficiencies as a late-taught draughtsman to the last imperfectly skilled in the art; so hath Audubon's equally exquisite sense of their beauty enabled him to paint them with his pen in a style far beyond what he could ever have done without it, on account of his want of practice

in writing, an art which—except in his love-letters to the excellent lady who, for twenty happy years and upwards, has been his wife, and which neither we nor the world have any thing to do with,—he had not much cultivated in the woods. Finally, each in his own peculiar walk is unexcelled—we think unequalled; while both are good—nay, we might safely say, comparing them with other Ornithologists, both are great—in all the other endowments and accomplishments we look for in Ornithologists of the first order.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EGLANTINE.

BY DELTA.

THE sun was setting in the summer west
With golden glory, mid pavilions vast
Of purple and gold; scarcely a zephyr breathed;
The woods in their umbrageous beauty slept;
The river with a soft sound murmured on;
Sweetly the wild birds sang; and far away
The azure-shouldered mountains, softly lined,
Seemed like the boundaries of Paradise.

From early morn the day had o'er me passed
In occupied perplexity, the cares
Which seem inseparate from the lot of one
Who breathes in bustling scenes—the crowded walks

Of man encountering man in daily life,
Where interest jars with interest, and each
Has ends to serve with all. But now the eve
Brought on its dewy pinions peace; the stir
Died on my ear; its memory from my mind
(Longing for quiet and tranquillity)
Departed half; and, in the golden glow
Of the descending sun, my spirit drank
Oblivion to the discords and the cares,
That, while they fall on, petrify the heart.

It is a melancholy thing, ('twas thus
The tenor of my meditations ran.)
That such a separation should exist
Between our present and our by-past thoughts,
That scarcely seem the extremities of life
Parts of the self-same being.

Time and Fate

Year after year such alteration find
Or make, that, when we measure infancy
With boyhood—boyhood with maturer youth—
And with each other manhood's ripened years,—
Our own selves with our own selves—there is
seen

Less difference 'tween the acorn and the oak,
Than that which was, with that which is; but
yet,
So melt insensibly day into day,
Month into month, the summers mellowing
heat

To yellow autumn—a vicissitude
Unjarring, though continuous, that we seem
To know not of Life's onward voyage, until
Earth's headlands are lost sight of in the deaths
Of those we prized—rocks interrupt our
paths—

Or shipwreck threatens in fate's lowering
storm.

Thus pondering as I paced, my wanderings
led

To a lone river bank of yellow sand,—
The loved haunt of the ouzel, whose blithe
wing
Wanted'd from stone to stone,—and on a
mound

Of verdurous turf with wild-flowers diamonded,
(Harebell and lychnis, thyme and chamomile,)
Sprang in the majesty of natural pride
An Eglantine—the red rose of the wood—
Its cany boughs with threatening prickles
arm'd,

Rich in its blossoms and sweet-scented leaves.

The wild-rose has a nameless spell for me;
And never on the road-side do mine eyes
Behold it, but at once my thoughts revert
To schoolboy days: why so, I scarcely know—
Except that once, while wandering with my
mates,

One gorgeous afternoon, when holiday
To Nature lent new charms—a thunder-storm
O'ertook us, cloud on cloud—a mass of black,
Dashing at once the blue sky from my view,
And spreading o'er the dim and dreary hills
A lurid mantle.

To a leafy screen

We fled, of elms; and from the rushing rain
And hail found shelter, though at every flash
Of the red lightning, brightly heralding
The thunder-peal, within each bosom died
The young heart, and the day of doom seemed
come.

At length the rent battalia cleared away,
The tempest-cloven clouds; and sudden fell
A streak of joyful sunshine: On a bush
Of wild-rose fell its beauty:—All was dark
Around it still, and dismal; but the beam
(Like Hope sent down to reillumine Despair)
Burned on the bush, displaying every leaf,
And bud, and blossom, with such perfect light
And exquisite splendour, that since then my
heart

Hath deem'd it Nature's favourite, and mine
eyes

Fall on it never, but that thought recurs,
And memories of the by-past, sad and sweet.

From the Monthly Review.

GALT'S LIVES OF THE PLAYERS.*

MR. GALT has the modesty to introduce these volumes to the world, by assuring it that "they will probably be among the most amusing books in the language." For once we are not disinclined to agree with an author in his estimate of his own labours, particularly as in this case, they have been principally confined to the abridgment of larger works, and derive but a small portion of their merit from his own intellectual power. Undoubtedly there is not in the whole range of biography any class of characters that is at all to be compared with that of the actors. The profession

being seldom one of choice, and being only adopted in most instances as a *dernier ressort*, those who follow it are a set of adventurers, alternately raised to the summit of prosperity, or plunged in the abyss of despair. They command our best sympathies, because they have at some time or other afforded us entertainment by the exercise of their talents, eliciting the exquisite tear or the loud laugh, as the scene varied from grave to gay, and often even when their capabilities are not of a high order, leaving upon our minds impressions that are not easy to be removed. For our own parts we never see a poor devil of a shabby genteel player in town or country, off the stage, without feeling, that of all mankind he is the most to be pitied. In his countenance misery would appear to have taken up her permanent abode, and yet night after night, it is to be wreathed in smiles for the amusement of his more fortunate fellow-beings. A certain degree of mental cultivation he must have reached, which only renders his sensibilities more acute, and constantly stimulates him to a course of action, which, in the lapse of a few years, fills his life with an abundance of strange, and often of highly interesting events.

The first personage commemorated in these volumes is Charles Hart, the grand nephew of Shakspeare. Few particulars have been preserved of his career beyond the fact, that he was distinguished by eminent professional merit. A somewhat more extended notice is given of Betterton, whose Hamlet is supposed to be the best that ever appeared on the stage. Colley Cibber does not hesitate to declare, that he was as an actor, what Shakspeare was as an author. It was usual at the period in which Betterton lived to have the female characters performed by men. One of the most celebrated of these representatives of the softer sex was Edward Kynaston, who was so beautiful, that ladies of high rank frequently used to take him in their coaches to Hyde Park in his stage dress after the play was over—a gratification which they might then have easily enjoyed, as dramatic performances occupied a much shorter time at that period than they do now, and were commenced at a much earlier hour. From his constant imitation of the female voice, he contracted a whining tone, which, in his latter days, became very disagreeable. To the last, however, he was distinguished for the beauty of his person, of which he was not a little vain, and that rather to his inconvenience on one occasion. Believing himself, as he was generally supposed to be, very like the celebrated Sir Charles Sedley, he dressed one day in a suit of clothes, copied in every particular after the style of Sir Charles, which offended the latter so much, that he hired a bravo to pick a quarrel with Kynaston in the character which he had chosen to assume. In vain did the actor protest that he was not

* The Lives of the Players. By John Galt, Esq. author of "The Life of Byron," &c. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley, 1831.

the baronet; the ruffian would hear of no defence of that kind, while he bastinadoed him most unmercifully. Sir Charles wickedly enjoyed this most unpleasant of practical jokes, assuring those who remonstrated with him upon it, that he had suffered in his character much more than the other had in his bones, as the whole town believed that the disgraceful chastisement had been inflicted upon himself. Kynaston quitted the stage rich, about the year 1706.

The life of Joe Haynes, as he was familiarly called, is a curious medley. Born of obscure parents in Westminster, the brilliant talents which he displayed at St. Martin's school, induced several gentlemen to join in sending him to Oxford, where he completed his education. He was next employed by Sir Joseph Williamson, then member for that university, who, on becoming one of the ministry made him his private secretary. Being, however, rather indiscreet in talking to his companions of the secrets of office, he was again restored to Oxford, where he took the degree of master of arts. But his native turn for the stage became irresistible upon the appearance of a strolling company in that city. He joined them, and wandered with them for some time through the country. In due course he obtained an engagement at Drury Lane, where he was raised at once to the pinnacle of fame by his performance of *Bays*, in the *Rehearsal*. He thus won the patronage of its author, the Duke of Buckingham, who took him in his suite when he went upon his embassy to France, and treated him in every respect as a pleasant companion. Haynes became enamoured of his new situation, and was delighted with the French, to whom his volatile manners were particularly acceptable. So, when the Duke returned to England, Joe set up in the world as a count, and lived for some months, upon borrowed money, in great splendour. But his resources being at length exhausted, he was obliged to fly, and returned to the London stage where he was exceedingly well received. He now figured as a dancer, but growing tired of flinging his legs about, he had again recourse to the borrowing system; but that again failing, he turned fortune-teller. Having been sent by Hart to Paris, for the purpose of gaining some insight into the machinery of the French stage, Joe spent, before leaving London, all the money that was given to him for his expenses; he went to Paris, however, raising the wind on the way, as secretary to the Duke of Monmouth, engaged upon an important confidential mission! But the cidevant count was recognised by his creditors there, and he was obliged to decamp, as ignorant of French dramatic machinery as he was when he left England. One or two anecdotes connected with this incident in Joe's career, are highly amusing.

"Hart, who was a person of respectable

conduct, and had not been too well pleased with Joe's negotiations in France, and with his having squandered so much money in Paris to no purpose, had some natural anger against him, and this was cause enough for Joe to cherish spite in return. In the play of *Cataline's Conspiracy*, acted about this time, a great number of senators of Rome were wanted, and Hart made Joe one, although his salary, being fifty shillings a week, freed him from any obligation to accept the dignity. Joe, however, after some symptoms of rebellion, complied. He got a scaremouch dress, a large full ruff, made himself whiskers from ear to ear, put on his head a merry-andrew's cap, and with a short pipe in his mouth, bearing a three-legged stool in his hand, he followed Hart on the stage, set himself down behind him, and began to laugh and point at him. This ludicrous figure put the whole theatre in a roar of laughter. Hart, who was a man of such self-possession and equanimity, that, happen what might, he never decomposed himself, continued his part without being aware of Joe's behaviour, wondering, however, at the seemingly unaccountable mirth. At last, happening to turn his head, he beheld Joe, and in great wrath instantly made his exit, swearing he never would set his foot on the stage unless Joe were instantly dismissed. Joe was accordingly sent off, but nothing down-hearted, he instantly joined a company of strollers at Greenwich, where he acted and danced for some time; but tiring soon, he lampooned them all and came to London.

"Joe had not forgotten that Hart had been the cause of his dismissal, and resolved to be revenged; accordingly, as he was one day walking in the street, he met a parson of an odd, simple appearance, whom he accosted in a friendly manner, as if they had been formerly acquainted, although he had never seen him before, and they adjourned together to a tavern, where the parson informed Joe that he had been chaplain to the ship *Monke*, but was then in lack of employment. Joe expressed great satisfaction at hearing the news, as it was in his power to help him to a place of sixty pounds a year, bed, board, and washing, besides gifts at Christmas and Easter, only for officiating one hour in the four-and-twenty, from nine to ten o'clock in the forenoon. The marine priest was delighted, and, returning his warmest thanks, entreated Joe to inform him of the particulars. Upon which Joe told him that his name was Haynes, that he was one of the patentees of Drury Lane theatre, and that he would make him chaplain to the play-house.

"'Against to-morrow,' said Joe, 'I would have you provide yourself with a bell, and there is half-a-crown to buy one; and at nine o'clock go to the play-house and ring your bell and call them all to prayers, saying, in an audible voice, 'Players, come to prayers! players, come to prayers.' This you must do, lest they mistake you for the dustman, both bells being so much alike. But there is one that I particularly desire you to take care of; on the third door on the left lives one Mr. Hart. That gentleman, whether he be delirious or frantic, or whether he be possessed of

some notions of atheism, if you mention prayers, will laugh at you, perhaps swear, curse, and abuse you. If it proceed from the first, the poor unhappy gentleman ought to be pitied; but if from the latter, he shall quit the house, for I will never suffer such wickedness in any playhouse where I am concerned; and do, my good Sir, let it be your earnest endeavour to find out the cause, and by your ghostly exhortations to remove the effects,—such weeds must not be permitted to grow in a vineyard where you are the gardener; abuse you must expect, but your reward will be great gain—go to his house and oblige him to come along with you to prayers.

"Being thus advised, the parson, after a parting cup, withdrew and bought the bell.

"Next morning, according to orders, his reverence went to the theatre, ringing his bell, and calling aloud, 'Players, come to prayers! players, come to prayers!' Finding Hart's door open, he went in bawling, 'Players, come to prayers.' Hart came down in a violent passion, and demanded to know why he was so disturbed.

"The parson replied, 'Players, come to prayers!'

"Hart, seeing no help, bridled his passion, and said, 'that he wondered how a gentleman of his gown and seeming sense, could make himself so ridiculous.' The parson looked at him with an eye of doubt, then rang his bell again, and bawled to the pitch of his voice, 'Players, come to prayers!' Hart, in desperation, now began to swear; but the other informed him, 'I have been told of your cursing and swearing, and atheistical blasphemies; but, nevertheless, I will do my duty; and accordingly laid hands on Hart to drag him away, bawling, 'Players come to prayers!'

"At this new absurdity, Hart began to suspect that his reverence was mad, or that some trick was played upon him, and asked him to walk into his room, when, after they had drunk a cup of sack together, the parson told the whole story of his engagement. The poor man was soon undeceived; the story, taking wings, reached the ears of King Charles, who was so mightily pleased with the joke, that he sent for Joe, and had him reinstated in the theatre."—vol. i. pp. 33—36.

This was not all. A scene followed that would have cut a capital figure in the part of *Bob Acres*. The son of the deceived parson, who was reputed to be a dangerous swordsman, and conducted himself in consequence as a swaggering bully, declared that he must have satisfaction for the insult which Haynes had offered to his father. Meeting Joe in the street, they came to high words, and adjourned to a tavern to end the dispute. Before they fell to fighting, Joe required a few minutes to say his prayers, for which purpose he adjourned to an adjacent room, where, in language sufficiently loud to be heard by his opponent, he fervently besought forgiveness for having killed seventeen men in different duels, and for being just about to add another to that formidable number. The parson's son was per-

fectly satisfied, and took to his heels without further ceremony.

Joe, in his most eccentric course, next figured as Signor Salmatius, (a mountebank, according to his own report, celebrated all over Europe,) and proceeded into the country, attended by a numerous retinue of tumblers and dancers. His adventures in this new capacity are of the most ludicrous description, as, indeed, are all those in which he is subsequently concerned, he being at one time obliged to enlist as a soldier, now resuming the sock, now figuring as a dancer, in which quality we find him at Florence, teaching the Grand Duke's family; now acting the great count once more, and that, too, under the auspices of the Pope at Rome, who had his portrait painted. Returning to England he next became successively an attorney, a puritan, and a quaker, and, finally, died, as an actor.

Of a different, less varied, but more romantic description is the biography of Robert Wilks, in whose character we perceive many traces of high feeling and generosity. He commenced his career with a clandestine marriage, and for some years laboured on the Irish stage at a miserable pittance. There he became acquainted with the well-known George Farquhar, whose dramatic productions formed by their wit and pleasantry, so striking a contrast to the miseries of his life. Wilks, upon coming to England, joined the Drury-lane company under Betterton, and performed with great eclat, *Roebuck*, in *Love and a Bottle*, written by Farquhar, *Palamede in Marriage à la Mode*, and *Sir Harry Wildham*, in *The Trip to the Jubilee*—a character which his friend drew purposely for him. He was so attentive to the study of his parts, that he is said not to have misplaced so much as an article in any one of them during a period of forty years. He is highly praised by Sir Richard Steele, and by Davies, in his *Dramatic Miscellanies*. His *Castalio* was particularly admired. It is said of him that in delicacy of address to ladies, he surpassed the best actors of his own time. In *Hamlet*, also, he displayed great power. He became joint manager of the Haymarket theatre, and also of Drury-lane, in which office he is said to have performed many acts of the most generous kindness. One of these, of which the ill-starred Farquhar was the object, is worth transcribing. It is necessary to premise that Farquhar, in the vain expectation of receiving higher preferment from the Duke of Ormond, had just reduced himself to ruin by the sale of his commission, as a lieutenant, which he had held for several years in the Earl of Orrery's regiment.

"Wilks endeavoured to cheer him, by representing that the earl was a man of so much honour, that he would not show or even harbour in his breast any resentment upon that account, especially as the fault, if any had been committed, ought to be laid at the door of the Duke of Ormond. He then gave him his best advice in

his kindest manner, and said there was but one way left for him to pursue, viz. 'Write a play, and it shall be got up with all imaginable expedition.'

"'Write!' cried Farquhar, starting from his chair, 'is it possible that a man can write common sense who is heartless and has not one shilling in his pocket?'

"'Come, come, George,' replied Wilks, 'banish melancholy, draw your drama, and bring the sketch with you to-morrow, for I expect you to dine with me. But as an empty pocket may cramp your genius, I desire you to accept my mite, and he presented him with twenty guineas.'

"When Wilks was gone, Farquhar retired to his study, and drew up the plot of *The Beaux' Stratagem*, which he delivered to Wilks next day, and the design being approved, he was desired to proceed and not to lose a day with the composition. This comedy, which is one of the best extant, was begun, finished, and acted in the space of six weeks; but too late, with all that haste, for the advantage of the author. On the third night, which was for his benefit, Farquhar died of a broken heart."—vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

We subjoin one or two more anecdotes, which will place the character of Wilks in an interesting and honourable point of view.

"Another anecdote of a different kind showed that the good-nature and liberality of Wilks was not confined to objects of compassion or of friendship. He originated the proposal, by which a benefit was granted to assist the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields to rebuild their church; and the splendid Corinthian fabric that has been so long one of the principal ornaments of the metropolis, still stands a monument of dramatic munificence. There is something singularly ridiculous in making the playhouse a coadjutor of the church. It is subversive of all our established notions—accustomed to spy with De Foe,

"'Where'er the Lord erects a house of prayer,
The Devil's sure to build a chapel near.'

"But we must go no farther, for in this case, and even in these days of decadence, we fear it must be said,

"'It will be found, upon examination,
That Satan has the largest congregation.'

for whether the preachers are in fault, or the players more attractive, certainly St. Martin's-in-the-Fields cannot boast of being too greatly frequented.

"Among other of the many instances of Wilks's kindheartedness, we should not forget his liberality to the wretched Savage. The life and miseries of that unhappy poet are too well known to be related here, especially as I shall have occasion, in his own life, to speak both of the extraordinary source from which they arose, and the remarkable circumstances by which they were distinguished. In the shifts for shelter, to which this ill-fated man was reduced, he was sometimes obliged to take a dog's bed among the scenes of the play house. When Wilks was made acquainted with this, and the many hardships he had undergone, he went to

the reputed mother of Savage, and so represented his desolate state to her, that she was moved to give him sixty guineas: at the same time, she assured Wilks that Savage was not, indeed, her son; that he was palmed upon her for the child which she had put out to nurse, and that she could never acknowledge him as hers; but as this is a point which Dr. Johnson, in his celebrated life of Savage, has disingenuously slurred over, we shall, in the proper place, treat of that particular more at large.

"The second Mrs. Wilks having followed her predecessor, Wilks married again; and even in his third marriage he was as much ruled by affection and as disinterested, as in the former two. The lady was a gentlewoman in Westminster, whose narrow circumstances compelled her to work with her needle, to support herself and family. Wilks having brought some holland for shirts, desired one of his acquaintance to get them made by a good sempstress, and it happened that they were given to this respectable person. When half a dozen were finished, they were delivered to Wilks, who was so well pleased with the niceness of the work, that he requested the gentlewoman might herself bring the remainder to his lodgings. This she did, and from that day he looked upon her as the only woman that could then make him happy; and, accordingly, he courted her in the most honourable manner.

"A little time after their marriage, one of his acquaintance asked what could induce him, who had realized a plentiful fortune to marry a woman who had none? The reply of Wilks was characteristic. 'Sir, as Providence has been pleased to bless me with a competency sufficient to maintain myself and a family, could I do better than take to my arms one who wanted such a blessing? I assure you, that as love was the only motive that prompted me to marry the gentlewoman, who is now my wife, the unhappy circumstances she was in shall not in the least diminish, but rather serve to increase my affection to her; and I am fully convinced, that as our love is reciprocal, there will be no room for complaint on either side. I shall look upon her children as my own; they shall not want any thing that is necessary or convenient for them, nor am I under any apprehension of their not discharging a filial duty to me, since they have been educated in the best and most virtuous principles.'—vol. i. pp. 65—67.

The too celebrated Nell Gwin, obtains as an actress, a small niche in Mr. Galt's gallery. She is followed by William Mountfort, for aiding in whose murder, the reader will perhaps recollect that Lord Mohun, of duelling memory, was tried by the House of Lords and acquitted;—by Samuel Sandford, once admired for his representation of robbers and murderers; Mrs. Elizabeth Barry, famous for her performance of Monimia and Belvidera, but more so for her licentiousness;—Mrs. Anne Oldfield, of whom Pope has sung—

"Engaging Oldfield! who with grace and ease
Could join the arts to ruin and to please."

Richard Savage, who is too universally known to detain us;—Mrs. Centlivre, and

Colley Cibber, to whom the same observation applies, and by Dogget, Booth, and George Farquhar.

Although the name of Quin is oftener heard of than that of almost any actor who has preceded or followed him, yet, as Mr. Galt properly remarks, there is no good life of him extant. It was therefore a matter of some difficulty and labour to collect from a variety of sources, the numerous and curious facts which constitute his biography in this collection. Contrary to the commonly received impression, Mr. Galt has ascertained that Quin was neither born in Ireland, nor of an Irish family. He was descended from an ancient English family of that name, and was born on the 24th of February, 1693, in King-street, Covent-garden. Some time before his birth his father had been settled as a barrister in Dublin, of which capital, his grandfather, Mark Quin, had been Lord Mayor in 1676, and in which he received the principal part of his education. Being destined for the bar, he came in due time to London, took chambers in the Temple, and studied "Coke on Littleton," with the usual success of volatile minds. Upon the death of his father he had scarcely any means of support, and his talents strongly directing him towards the stage, he obtained an engagement at Drury Lane, in August, 1717, where he continued to act for some time in characters of no sort of importance until, by an accident, fortunate for him, the tragedy of *Tamerlane* was ordered to be revived by the Lord Chamberlain, and the actor who performed Bajazet, happening to be taken ill, Quin was appointed to read the part. This difficult task he executed with so much success, that the following night he made himself perfect master of it, and acquired considerable reputation by his appearance in it. It was, however, in *Falstaff*, which he undertook in 1720, that Quin laid the foundation of his fame. The following year is a sort of Epoch in theatrical annals, as being the first in which that very unseemly practice in a free country, the attendance of soldiers as guards at the doors of the principal theatres was established. The circumstances that gave rise to it are so ludicrously contemptible, that one wonders at the continuance of the usage.

"The next year, 1721, of Quin's performance, is remarkable in dramatic history, as the first in which soldiers appeared as guards in the theatre: an useless pageant, and an event which may be ascribed to the occasional want of common sense, for which the English Government has been of old distinguished. Before that season, the theatres had only been guarded by civil constables. A riot arising in that of Lincoln's Inn Fields, gave an occasion for the military power to be added to the civil, for the protection of the audience and the players from insult. The occasion was this:

"A certain noble earl, whether Scotch or Irish the record does not say, much addicted to the wholesome and inspiring beverage of

whiskey, was behind the scenes, and seeing one of his friends on the other side among the performers, crossed the stage; of course he was hissed by the audience. Rich, who was on the side that the noble earl came to, was so provoked, that he told his lordship 'not to be surprised if he was not allowed again to enter.' The drunken peer struck Mr. Rich a slap on the cheek, which was immediately returned, and his lordship's face being round, and fat, and sleek, resounded with the smack of the blow; a battle royal ensued, the players on the one side, and that part of the aristocracy then behind the scenes on the other. In the end, the players being strongest, either in number or valour, thrashed the gentlemen, and turned them all out into the street, where they drew their swords, stormed the boxes, broke the sconces, cut the hangings, and made a wonderful riot, just as foolish sprigs of quality presume even yet to do. Quin came round with a constable and watchmen from the stage, charged the rioters, and they were all taken into custody, and carried in a body before Justice Hungerford, who then lived in the neighbourhood, and were bound by him over to answer the consequences—they were soon, however, persuaded by their wiser friends to make up the matter, and the manager got ample redress. The king, on hearing of the affair, was indignant, and ordered a guard to attend the theatres, and there it nightly stands ever since, a warning monument of a lord drinking too much whiskey."—vol. i. pp. 187, 188.

It is very well known that the soldiers, though they have arms in their hands, never interfere in putting down a row, when one happens to take place; this duty, if performed at all, is executed by the police. The presence of the military is therefore nothing more or less than a piece of mere idle pageantry, which ought long since to have been dispensed with. At that period, however, riots and disputes at the theatres were much more frequent than they are in our time, as the following anecdotes will show.

"Quin, indeed, never on any occasion, lost his self-command. It is related of him, that there was a riot once at the stage-door, when he wounded slightly in the hand a young fellow who had drawn upon him. The spark presently after came into one of the boxes over the stage-door. The play was *Macbeth*, and in the soliloquy where he sees the dagger, as Quin repeated,

'And on thy blade are drops of reeking blood,'

the young gentleman bawled out—'Ay, reeking indeed—It is my blood.' The actor gave him a severe side-look, and replied, loud enough to be heard, 'D—n your blood!' and then went on with the speech.

"Not long after this affair a circumstance occurred painful to repeat. Notwithstanding the rough fantastic manner which Quin often delighted to assume, no man was of a more humane disposition, or less addicted to revenge, at the same time he would not tamely, in any way, submit to an insult. It happened

that at this period there was a Mr. Williams, a native of Wales, on the stage of Drury Lane, who performed the part of the messenger in the tragedy of *Cato*, and in saying, 'Cæsar sends health to *Cato*,' Quin was so amused at the manner in which he pronounced the last word—'Keeto,' that he replied with his usual coolness, 'Would he had sent a better messenger!' a retort which so stung Williams, that he vowed revenge, and followed him when he came off into the green-room, where after representing the professional injury in making him ridiculous before the audience, he challenged Quin to give him the redress of a gentleman. Quin, with his wonted philosophy and humour, endeavoured to rally him, but it only added fuel to the rage of Williams, who, without further remonstrance, retired, and waited for him under the piazza, where he drew. In the scuffle Williams was killed. Quin was tried for the murder at the Old Bailey, and a verdict brought in against him of manslaughter, which at the time was applauded as just and most equitable."—vol. i. pp. 191, 192.

Unfortunate as this affair was, it did not prevent Quin from rising rapidly to the top of his profession, and after he performed *Cato*, he is said to have no longer had a rival near his throne for nearly ten years. Though sometimes gruff and phlegmatic in his manner, he was always gentlemanly in his habits, and associated with men of high rank and talents. "He was naturally a handsome man, beloved by his friends, and always on joyous terms with himself. Few understood the inclinations of man better, and none could be more indulgent to unpremeditated error. While he cherished a little affectation in himself, to conceal the warmth and mildness of his dispositions, he discerned every degree of it in others with a shrewd eye. He was an accomplished man of the world, of the right sort, for he was more amiable than he really seemed to be." In these few sentences we believe that Mr. Galt has given an accurate picture of Quin's character. Innumerable are the anecdotes which are told of his wit and epicurism. We must however content ourselves with a few of these, which, though not absolutely new, have the merit of being well told.

"Quin had many amusing extravagances of humour, and among others, of making an annual excursion. In these he selected some agreeable lady, and agreed with her to accompany him on his tour as long as one hundred pounds would carry them. Quin gave the lady his name for the journey, and when the money was nearly spent they returned to London, and had a parting supper at the Piazzas, Covent Garden, where he paid her the balance, and dismissed the accommodating gentlewoman in nearly the following words: 'Madam, for our mutual convenience I have given you the name of Quin for this some time past. There is no reason for carrying on this farce here; and now, Madam, give me leave to un-Quin you, and restore you to your own name for the

future.' Thus the ceremony ended, and the damsel went away.

"Since I have broached the jokes and jests of Quin, I may as well go on with a few more. One day, at an auction of pictures, some one pointed out to him old General Guise, adding, 'How very ill he looks!'—'Guise, Sir!' said Quin, 'you're mistaken; he is dead these two years.'—'Nay,' said the other, 'believe your eyes,—there he is.' Quin put on his spectacles, examined him from head to foot for some time, and then exclaimed, 'Why, yes, Sir, I'm right enough; he has been dead these two years, it is very evident, and has now only gotten a day's rule to see the pictures.'"

"Quin was considered by the public as a kind of wholesale dealer in rough fun, and as much attention was paid to his wit sometimes as it probably deserved. Dining one day at a party in Bath, he uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight; a nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, 'What a pity it is, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!' Quin flashed his eye and replied, 'What would your lordship have me to be,—a lord?'

"Some of his sayings had, however, though not often, a playfulness and poetical beauty that merited no common praise. Being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, 'It is,' said he, 'in conformity with the arrangements of nature, Madam; we always see more of heaven than of earth.'

"On another occasion, a lady one day, in speaking of transmigration, inquired of him, 'What creature's form would you hereafter prefer to inhabit?' The lady had a very beautiful neck, Quin looked at it, and said, 'A fly's, Madam, that I might have the pleasure of sometimes resting on your ladyship's neck.'

"He sometimes made occasional visits to Plymouth to eat John Dories, and for some time he lived at hack and manger; on these occasions he resided at one of the inns which happened to be much infested with rats. 'My drains,' said the landlord, 'run down to the quay, and the scents of the kitchen attract the rats.'—'That's a pity,' said Quin; 'at some leisure moment, before I return to town, remind me of the circumstance, and perhaps I may be able to suggest a remedy.' In the mean time he lived expensively, and at the end of eight weeks he called for his bill. 'What!' said he, 'one hundred and fifty pounds for eight weeks, in one of the cheapest towns in England!' However, he paid the bill, and stepped into his chaise. 'Oh, Mr. Quin,' said the landlord, 'I hope you have not forgot the remedy you promised me for the rats.'—'There's your bill,' replied the wit, 'show them that when they come, and if they trouble your house again, I'll be d—d!' "—vol. i. pp. 199–202.

The incursion of Garrick upon the stage introduced altogether a new and more perfect style of acting, which drove Quin rather prematurely from his profession, but not before he had realized an income sufficient to secure him all the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life, and he was thus enabled to spend

the latter sixteen years of his life at Bath, in cheerful society, of which he continued to his last hour to be an ornament. He died in January, 1766.

The lives of Lacy Ryan, the friend of Quin, of Mrs. Woffington, Garrick, Foote, Macklin, and Henderson, the celebrated mimics, occupy many agreeable pages in these volumes. But of all the eccentric biographies we ever read, we think that of Mrs. Charlotte Charke the most extraordinary. She was the youngest daughter of Colley Cibber, and seems to have been born in the possession of strange humours and considerable talents. The stories told of her juvenile vagaries are abundant, we are almost inclined to say incredible. She shot game, superintended her father's horses, cultivated his garden, physicked all the old women in the neighbourhood, and in this way prepared herself to be, at the early age of seventeen, the wife of Mr. Charke, a worthless, though accomplished, prodigal, who was ambitious of being allied with the daughter of Colley Cibber, then a patentee of Drury Lane theatre. This marriage was a most unhappy one, and Mrs. Charke, in order to procure support for herself and her only child, was obliged to direct her natural talents towards the stage. Her debut afforded a high promise of future success, which, however, was not realized; and after trying her fortune at different theatres, she turned oil-woman and grocer, and established herself, with a very slender stock indeed, in a shop in Long Acre. This business failing, as she knew nothing about the mode of conducting it, she next opened a grand puppet show over the Tennis Court, in St. James's-street, which, after doing pretty well for a season or two, also fell to nothing. She then got, of course, into debt, was arrested for the sum of 7*l.*, and thrown into prison, from which she was extricated by the charity of the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes. At this time Mrs. Charke usually appeared in man's attire, and went by the name of Sir Charles, conducting herself in every respect as a mere adventuress on town, her disguise being occasionally varied, in order to elude the vigilance of the many bailiffs who were in quest of her. She was accused of having encountered and robbed her father in Epping forest, a story which mortified her so much, that she nearly killed a fellow whom she heard relate it, he not knowing that the heroine of his tale was so near. Indeed, through all her diversified career of guilt and misfortune, her feelings towards her father were never altogether diverted from their natural channel. In the midst of her miseries she implored his forgiveness; he returned her letter unopened, a circumstance that "did not, as might have been expected, produce a sudden gust of passion, but sank into her heart, and preyed upon it with the slow and eating fire of grief and despair, ending in a fever, which long consumed her

spirits, and was never effectually overcome."

We find her, however, subsequently in the capacities of a valet to a noble lord, a manufacturer and vendor of pork sausages, a beggar in the streets, a singer at Mr. Yeates's New Wells, and an exhibitor at Bartholomew Fair. It is grievous to learn that, even from these miserable employments she was obliged to abscond, in consequence of the pursuit of the bailiffs, although the total of what she owed did not exceed 25*l.* She next assumed the name of Brown, and retired to Petticoat-lane, Whitechapel, where she became a partner in a legerdemain concern. After this, with the assistance of a friend, she set up a public house, failed, became a waiter to a tavern, returned to the stage, again tried at a puppet show, ate the bitter bread of a strolling player for some years, after which she established herself as a pastry-cook at Chepstow, and next at Pill, near Bristol, with similar success. She eventually entered on a literary career, which she commenced with little tales, written for a newspaper, but the printer not being able to pay her, she once more took to the stage, as a prompter, and, in short, attempted, by every means possible, or thought to be possible by a wild imagination, to earn some sort of a maintenance. Her life is a blank for several years, but it appears that in 1755, her literary occupations were not laid by, for in that year, being in possession of a public house at Islington, she was visited by a bookseller, who went to treat with her for a novel which she had just finished. The description of her menage is a curiosity.

"Her house was then a thatched hovel, in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, on the way to Islington, not far from the New River Head. Mr. White and his companions having at last reached her door, they were admitted by a domestic, a tall, meagre, ragged figure with a blue apron before her, who spoke with a solemn voice and a hungry smile. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four delf-plates, and underneath an earthen pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of its mouth. To the right of the dresser sat the mistress of the mansion, on a maimed chair, under the mantelpiece, with a fire sufficient to put her visitors in mind of starvation. On one hob sat a monkey chattering, on the other a tabby cat of a melancholy aspect, and on the founce of his lady's dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost only the skeleton of one. He raised his shaggy head, and staring with bleared eyes, saluted the strangers with a snarl. A magpie was perched on her chair, and on her lap lay a mutilated pair of bellows; their pipe was gone, but they served as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes, in the shape of the manuscript of her novel. Her ink-stand was a broken tea-cup; her pen was worn to the stump—she had but one. A rough deal board, with three supporters, was brought for the convenience of the visitors, and after they

were accommodated, they entered upon business.

The work was read—and she read it beautifully—remarks were made, and thirty guineas demanded for the copyright. The squalid hand-maiden looked with astonishment at the amount of the demand. The extortionate bookseller offered five pounds; some altercation ensued, but after it the man of trade doubled his offer; matters in the end were duly accommodated, the lady stipulating for fifty copies in addition to the money."—vol. ii. pp. 72, 73.

The unfortunate woman died in 1760. The facts here stated are principally derived from her own memoirs, and assuredly they exhibit a most extraordinary picture of the exertions which a mother can make for the support of her offspring!

The character of Mrs. Georgiana Bellamy is so well known from the celebrated letters which pass under her name, though written for her by Alexander Bicknell, the editor of Carver's Travels in Africa, that we need not dwell upon it. Nor need we say more of the remaining lives, consisting of those of Arthur Murphy, Thomas King, Thomas Holcroft, Cooke, Mrs. Baddeley, Miss Farren, Mrs. Jordan, John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, than that they are in general well executed. By a remarkable coincidence, the latter died just as the last sheet of the work was undergoing correction for the press.

The style of these volumes is precisely what it ought to have been, fluent, lively, and devoid of all circumlocution. Occasionally a deep and just reflection upon the errors of human nature, but always leaning to the side of benevolence, is intermingled with the busiest parts of the narrative, which arrests the attention, and apparently without intending it, reminds us of a useful and practical truth. Mr. Galt did not consider it his duty to paint the actors and actresses as all monsters of iniquity. He certainly never throws a veil over their vices, but neither does he exaggerate them. His portraits are in general favourable likenesses, but not more so than all persons who love the stage would wish them to be.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

ADIEU TO SCOTLAND.

LAND of my soul! what meet farewell
Shall trembling lips like mine address thee?
Such struggling thoughts my bosom swell
That words I scarce can find to bless thee!
Fame to thy sons of noble race!
Joy to thy maids of matchless grace!
Peace to my father's dwelling place,
And health to all who love thee!

What child of thine may hope to find,
Amid the climes where fate shall lead him,
The virtues that he leaves behind,
Thy truth, thy honour, and thy freedom?

They shun the blood-stained soil of France,
In Rome they sleep in death-like trance—
Helvetia's mountains knew them once,
And for thy sake—I'll love her!

Yet there, even there—thy heath-clad hill,
Thy clear brown streams—the woods that
 line them,
Thy fairy lakes shall haunt me still,
And mock the lands that would outshine
 them.

In vain shall Alps invade the sky,
And rivers roll majestic by,
And mightier lakes expanded lie—
Like thine, I cannot love them!

Sounds too there are—as all have known,—
Upon the soul resistless stealing,
From voice of friends, the mingled tone
Of Scotia's music—mirth and feeling!
Oh Italy! thy matchless art
A moment's rapture may impart,
Like these, it ne'er can reach the heart
From infancy that lov'd them!

There is a spot, a darling spot,
Whose charms no other scenes can borrow,
Whose smiles can cheer the darkest lot,
Can double joy, and lighten sorrow.
Through marble halls I'll coldly roam,
Unenvious of the princely dome,
And from their state, my lowly home!
Still more I'll learn to love thee.

But for that friend who guides my way,
That tie which Death alone can sever;
Unable or to go, or stay,
My heart would linger on for ever.
But duty calls, the sail is set,
And eyes with friendly tears are wet—
Adieu, adieu! Oh! ne'er forget,
Till I return, to love me!

From the Englishman's Magazine.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY, DUPERRET, AND MARAT.

(From unpublished Memoirs.)

On the 11th of July, 1793, four persons were seated at Duperret's table. The dinner was a melancholy one. The wine had no longer any charms—they all feared its frankness. Anxiety, hesitation, and trouble were depicted on every face. The reign of terror had already commenced by partial acts of democratic fury. At the dessert, Duperret was informed that a female requested an audience; he arose and went to her. He found a fair stranger, whom he had never seen or heard of before; but he felt instantly struck with a sentiment of respect and admiration, on beholding her extraordinary beauty, and her noble and commanding demeanour. "Citizen," said the incognita, "I bring you intelligence from a man who is dear to you."

* Duperret, a patriot member of the Convention; guillotined by the Jacobins.

She presented him a letter from Barbaroux.* Duperret looked round the room with alarm, and whispered, "Madam, speak lower, I entreat you." "No, citizen," was her reply, "on the contrary, speak higher. If you fear to converse boldly to-day, to-morrow your speech may be interdicted. To be silent will be a breach of your duty, as a representative of the nation; and he who passively and tacitly tolerates the crimes of his colleagues, becomes, in a certain degree, their accomplice!" Duperret, after having read the letter of Barbaroux, asked, "What do you require of me, Madam? From the first moment I saw you I felt myself at your disposal; and this letter tells me that you merit my entire confidence." She paused a moment, and then said, "You are, doubtless, able to appreciate what chance of success our friends have. Tell me, then, what may we expect of Vempfen. The result of open resistance is uncertain, Monsieur Duperret; and, moreover, the proscribed are not at all deficient in energy. The departments have received them with open arms; but the people are capricious; their heroes of one day are often their victims the next." After another moment of hesitation, she continued—"I think there are other means of delivering France, and if—" She stopped, and steadily regarded Duperret, whose astonishment was extreme. "My language surprises you, Sir, I perceive. Our interview has, already, been too long; I fear your absence may be remarked. To-morrow, if you love your country, come and see me." She traced a few lines, with a pencil, on a card, and presented it to him. The words were—*Charlotte Corday, rue des Augustins, hotel de la Providence*. Snatching his hand, and placing it on her heart, she exclaimed, "To its last pulsation it belongs to our country! Enter into these feelings, Sir, and the republic will be free." She then retired. The mind of Duperret, on rejoining his guests, was still occupied with the extraordinary woman, whose acquaintance he had just made in so strange a manner. His wandering looks, the paleness of his visage, the incoherency of his excuses, were all remarked, but no one dared directly to interrogate him; and he himself kept silent, for he was in the midst of his friends! At that period every man was feared who had a tongue in his head, for with that he could say, "I heard such an one praise Dumouriez! regret the eloquence of Vergniaud; or assert that Marat was more the friend of England than of the French people;" and even a dumb man might, by a sign, recommend you to the impartial and

prompt justice of the revolutionary tribunal; and that, too, without hatred or malice, but all for the safety and glory of the immortal republic. Duperret, therefore, conversed not; and so far acted prudently; but he was wrong to complain of illness. His sudden fever was neither forgotten nor forgiven; it was construed into the stamp of a conspirator, an accomplice, and, ere long, he was sent to the scaffold.

Duperret passed the night in meditating on the words of Charlotte Corday. She possessed the means of avenging the *Girondins*. What were those means? A solitary female! it would be madness to pay any farther attention to her proposals; no! he would not keep his appointment with her. Might it not be a snare prepared for him? Yet, the letter of Barbaroux, and, also, the noble countenance of the young woman.—With that serene and open brow, with those eyes, beaming forth candour and elevation of soul, perfidy could never exist.

Duperret was faithful to the rendezvous he had made with Charlotte Corday. He found her pacing, with hasty steps, her humble chamber; her features marked by fatigue, and her looks haggard. She promptly recovered her self-possession, and a smile of welcome flashed across her face, which proved to Duperret her delight at seeing him. They remained silent a few moments; Duperret then said, "You perceive, madam, the confidence you have inspired me with; and I would pledge my existence that you amply merit it." "Is it to me, or to the letter of Barbaroux, the citizen Duperret awards it?" "To you, Madam, to you alone. Tell me, I beseech you, who you are, and what are your projects?" "Who I am, citizen? Such as you behold me; a woman, a feeble, helpless woman. What I seek, what I am capable of, you shall know, be assured of it; but it is not from me you will learn it. You say I possess your confidence; give me an instant proof of it: let us go together to the Minister of the Interior." Duperret opened his mouth to demand her motive; she laid her right hand upon his lips. "For the second time, M. Duperret, is it to Charlotte Corday, or to the letter of Barbaroux, that you award your confidence?" "Let us go," replied Duperret.

During their walk, Charlotte replied not a word to the questions her companion addressed to her. The minister refused to grant them an audience; why, it was never explained, although at the convention they endeavoured to penetrate the mystery, but in vain. Duperret reconducted Charlotte to the *hotel de la Providence*, and then took leave of her. "Come again this evening," said she to him; "perhaps I shall have something to communicate to you." He promised to return.

On entering his own house, Duperret found

* Barbaroux was the representative for Mar-seilles; an honest republican. He died on the scaffold, of course.

† Vergniaud, one of the most powerful and eloquent orators of the Convention. He was guillotined during the Reign of Terror.

there the commissaries of the *Comité de Surveillance*, who came to seize his papers, then called a measure of public safety, but a sad presage for him who was the object of it. Duperret comprehended the danger of his situation, and met it manfully. He was a man of coolness and resolution.

In the evening he revisited Charlotte Corday. Seated in an arm-chair, her head leaning back, she held in her hand a miniature-portrait, which she regarded with sadness. Tears stood in her eyes; she showed the picture to Duperret, and asked—"Do you recognise it?" "Yes, it is —" "Silence, M. Duperret, I entreat you, do not pronounce *that name*." She wept much; "Pardon my weakness; a woman, although she may possess courage, is always a woman." "Believe me, I take a lively interest in all that concerns you," said he; "I have been faithful to my word, will you be faithful to yours?" "I scarcely know whether I shall have the strength." "I think I have sufficiently proved my faith in you to merit yours in return." "Yes, M. Duperret, yes, you are right, may you never have reason to repent it; Charlotte Corday brings misfortune to all who regard her with kindness." Then, changing her tone and look, she inquired—"Citizen, what do you think of Marat?" "Is it of the friend of the deputies he has proscribed, you ask this question? Marat —" "Is a tiger, a monster, an assassin?" exclaimed she with fury; then, resuming her coolness, she added, "Do you think he deserves to die?" "Marat?" "Think you it would be a crime to poniard him?" "The hand that should pierce his heart!"—"That hand, Duperret!"—"Would be blessed by all France; death could not disgrace it: that hand would have performed a deed agreeable to earth and to heaven!" "But—(she lowered her eyes) oh! may such a blow not be struck by one who is dear to you." "And wherefore, Madam?" "Your young daughter, M. Duperret, her, whose blue eyes are so full of tenderness, whose affection is so sweet to you, whose talents you are so justly proud of—if you beheld her, armed with the avenging dagger, approaching Marat as if to increase the crowd that surrounds him, and then, accosting him with a smile, and then plunging into his breast a —" "What an idea! such is not a woman's work. It is true that your sex know how to die—we have taught it; but, amongst it, where could one be found, who, without shrinking, dare even to look upon those tigers, panting for human blood? No; Marat, must fall, but it must be by a powerful hand." "Duperret," replied the maiden, "courage is frequently concealed beneath a fragile exterior, and a feeble arm has, before now, performed prodigies. However, you are right, it is not the work of a woman—I wish to see Marat. They say that females find easy access to him; and that he is less ferocious in their presence. Perhaps, after having listen-

ed to me, he might become more alive to pity, more prone to mercy. I know not whether I flatter myself, but it seems to me I could inspire him with regret for the past,—that I could render him better for the future,—that I could soften his heart with compassion for his enemies. Could you introduce me to Marat, M. Duperret?" She pronounced these words in a half serious, half playful mood. Duperret was astonished. "I introduce you to Marat!" he replied; "I, Madam! are you not aware that we are far, very far from being on amicable terms together? Mine would be but a bad introduction for you." "Yes, M. Duperret, I believe so; but, perhaps—no, you are right, I ought to introduce myself alone—alone, do you understand me, M. Duperret; but it is getting late, we must separate, I entreat your forgiveness for having trespassed on your confidence. I wanted some one to—conduct me to the Minister; I was recommended to apply to you. Receive my thanks; adieu, Monsieur, forget that you have known me; it is possible that we may not meet again, adieu! Your daughter is, no doubt, waiting your return; she is very happy, your daughter!" She pressed the hand of Duperret, and withdrew into her inner chamber.

Alone! yes, she would present herself alone; that thought solaced her. Her beautiful features assumed a nobler expression, her looks beamed as with inspiration, her whole appearance seemed to proclaim a mission more than earthly. Nature, however, had not lost all her rights; a deadly chill pervaded her heart; but it was only for a moment. Life is so sweet in the days of youth, that it is not easy to make a voluntary sacrifice of it without shuddering.

How Charlotte passed that terrible night, how she struggled with the feelings of her woman's heart, and with the natural horror of death inwoven with our very existence, it is impossible to say. In her chamber were found many papers nearly reduced to ashes, and on a fragment which the fire had spared, were traced a few tender lines of which she was the theme.

Charlotte Corday had sent the following letter to Marat—"I am just arrived from Caen. Your love for your country must make you ready to receive an account of the plots meditating there. I expect your answer." This letter remaining unanswered, she wrote another, which she determined to deliver herself. She concealed it in her bosom, and by the side of it she hid a poniard.

It was on the Sunday morning, 13th July, 179—, that she went to the residence of Marat. She could not see him, and was told to call again in the evening. She submitted to this delay without the slightest remonstrance.

Whatever feelings might have agitated her inmost soul during this dreadful interval, her exterior was tranquil and untroubled; not a

look, not a step, not a word, betrayed impatience or irresolution. She had made up her mind to free her country and to die! In the evening, when she returned to Marat's, her countenance was serene, and nothing in her manner indicated that she was about to perform the part of a female Brutus, or rather of a Curtius.

Her steps, as they conducted her to Marat, were firm and assured; and, as she passed to the monster's den, she glanced her eyes around, to see if there were any obstacles in the way of her determined purpose. Nothing escaped the searching looks of that young and self-devoted maiden. There was nobody with Marat but an aged female attendant; he ordered her to leave him with the stranger; she obeyed, and Charlotte drew near to this terrific man.

In a bath, his hideous visage turned towards the side opposite the door, his right arm out of the water, resting on a block of wood, on which were a sheet of paper, an inkstand, and a pen, Marat was writing; without lifting his eyes, he desired Charlotte Corday to wait a moment. She stood by the bath, following with her glance, the words he traced upon the paper, as he murmured them in an under tone to himself. He ceased writing, and turned his head towards Charlotte. A frightful smile accompanied the look. She bore his look without shrinking, and Marat, all hideous as he was, inspired her with no terror; she even answered the smile he had deigned to bestow on her with another; and her lips severed but to bestow on him flattering words:—"Citizen," said the maiden, "I had a great desire to see you; I was surprised that a man so renowned for his patriotism, should have made me wait so long for an audience, which I demanded in the name of the republic's safety." "Citizeness," he replied, "Marat is exceedingly sorry; if I could have figured you as you are, it would have been myself who would have solicited an audience of you; but I am so tormented by similar applications, to which I am obliged to submit, because I have popularity to lose—Tell me what you desire.—Speak, you are one of those to whom Marat could never refuse any thing." "Citizen, you have received my letter?" "Ah! it is true, I recollect now the object of your visit. What have you to tell me of the conspirators at Caen? What wrong to avenge? What lover has proved faithless? You wish him to expiate his offence on the scaffold. Truly he well deserves it. Make yourself easy; Marat is the eye of the people, and that eye can discover his enemies in their most hidden retreats. Beautiful citizeness! if I thus take your quarrels to heart, what will you give me for a recompense? With a female, Marat is

not disinterested, and, perhaps, you yourself would not pardon me if I were." "And what recompense wishes the—Marat?" "Not much, *belle Citoyenne*; no, not much; for instance, a kiss from your charming mouth. Oh! don't be alarmed, Marat owes few thanks to nature for his face; and I might say to you, as Polyphontes to Merope—a good *republicaine* will think little of such a trifle." She stooped, as if to obey him; but she had placed her hand in her bosom; and at the moment Marat opened his arms to enfold her, he felt the mortal chill of the steel which pierced his breast. His arms fell, his head sank on his shoulder, his eyes, at first starting from their orbits, closed for ever, and the water was dyed with his blood.

Charlotte quitted the apartment; the servant of Marat had her immediately seized. With a smile she said, "It is useless, I was going to deliver myself up." At the Convention, in the Clubs, and even on the scaffold, she was covered with maledictions by the infuriated Jacobins, but her courage never forsook her. *She died with a rose between her lips.* L.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE EARLY MISSIONARIES; OR, THE DISCOVERY OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA. BY JOHN GALT, Esq.

AMONG the earliest missionaries sent to convert the Indians to the Christian belief, was Joseph Price, a young man who had received directions to penetrate farther into the vast forests which clothe the continent of America towards the north than had been at that time accomplished. In this hazardous undertaking he was accompanied by Henry Wilmington, who, actuated by the same religious motives, had volunteered to attend him. They had been landed at Boston, then a very small but thriving village, about a month previous, where they made the necessary preparations for their expedition, and recruited themselves after a passage of thirteen weeks from Plymouth, for so long a passage was not uncommon in those times in traversing the Atlantic.

It was a fine morning in the latter end of May when they bade adieu to the inhabitants, by whom they had been hospitably entertained, and, accompanied by the good wishes of all, proceeded towards the hitherto unexplored forest.

The buds were now beginning to expand into leaves, and the sun was often darkened by the vast flocks of migratory pigeons, which, when the woods allowed, sometimes flew so close to the ground, that the travellers could beat them down with their sticks. Before sailing from England they had often heard persons who had crossed the Atlantic mention this circumstance, but they suspected them of exaggeration until they witnessed it themselves.

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* David's horribly faithful picture of the death of his friend Marat, is reckoned one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of that celebrated painter.

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It was their intention to visit a distant tract of country, of which nothing was known except vague reports of sheets of water so immense, that, but for the circumstance of their being fresh, might have led them to suppose they were on an island. These reports were for the most part gathered from the Indians, on whose testimony little reliance could be placed, as none of their informers could speak from their own knowledge.

To aid them in their pursuit, they were provided with compasses and armed with fowling-pieces. They, directing their course towards the place to which most of the Indians alluded, had, it is true, but slight grounds on which to rest their hopes of success; animated, however, with the desire of fulfilling what they had undertaken, they thought little of the difficulties which might attend it: accordingly, it was without regret that they were now leaving the settled part of the country.

Having travelled several days without seeing any thing worthy of notice, they arrived at the ultimate farm they could expect to meet with before their return. After remaining there for the night, they continued their journey through the forest, which had most likely never been previously trodden by the feet of civilized man. The startled deer frequently crossed their path, and a few birds were the only objects that varied the silent solitude around.

Guided by their compasses, they continued their progress many days, until they arrived at the banks of a large and rapid river, which they in vain endeavoured to pass, as its breadth and swiftness precluded the hope of their being able to swim across it. After proposing many expedients, all of which they soon found to be impracticable, they determined on trusting themselves to some one of the many fallen trees which lay in every eddy along its banks; and having selected one whose branches lay in such a manner as would prevent it from turning over, they entwined boughs to form a small kind of basket, into which, having provided themselves with stout poles, they entered, taking care that neither their guns nor ammunition suffered from the water; they then steadily pushed it from the shore into the stream, and continued doing so until the water grew so deep that the poles were of no avail, and they were obliged to trust to Providence to carry them to the other side.

For some time they continued in the middle of the river, without inclining to either bank, when they perceived that, by the help of the wind, they were quickly gaining on a large pine, which was slowly floating downwards. On reaching it, they stretched out their poles with a great effort, and succeeded in pushing themselves into water where they could again find bottom. After much labour, our travellers touched the bank, on which

they quickly leaped, after having taken out their arms, and continued their journey rejoicing.

They soon after arrived at a spot where they deemed it fit to wait till the following morning, and, it being their custom, they went out hunting, in order to provide provision for the next day's wants, at that time easily accomplished, as the forests abounded with herds of deer, which, having been seldom disturbed, were exceedingly tame. On this occasion they soon beheld a great number watching a furious encounter between two large bucks, which, with the utmost animosity, were endeavouring to gore each other. Surprised at a sight they had never before seen, they determined to await the result; and after some time, one of the combatants, by an amazing leap, sprang past the other, and, swiftly turning round, drove his horns into the side of his adversary, and instantly killed him.

The missionaries, running to the spot, frightened away the remainder of the herd, while they took possession of the fallen one, and, having taken what would serve them for several days, left the carcass to the wolves.

In about a week after, they reached a chain of mountains, where they rested for the night, and next morning proceeded to ascend their steep and sandy sides, up which they were enabled to drag themselves by grasping the trees; nevertheless, they were several times nearly precipitated into the gulf below. Wilmington, on one occasion in particular, when they were ascending a very dangerous part of the mountain, inadvertently seized a rotten branch, which, giving way, caused him to be hurried downward to the very brink of a precipice, where he saved himself by catching hold of a projecting bough. Thus they advanced, for the remainder of that day, in the evening of which they took advantage of a small space of level ground to remain until the morning. About noon, they succeeded in gaining the summit of the ridge; and in order that they might view the surrounding country, they with some difficulty ascended a barren crag that reared itself high above the others; for, without having met with this, the trees would have excluded every prospect. Having reached its loftiest pinnacle, they turned their eager eyes to see if they could behold any traces of the mighty seas of fresh water which had been described to them by the Indians; but to their sorrow, as far as the sight could stretch, only vast woods met their anxious gaze.

While thus engaged, they sometimes heard the piercing cries of the hawk in pursuit of his prey; far under them, and among the trees, the drumming of the partridge and the tapping of the woodpecker, could be clearly distinguished. Being somewhat disappointed, they silently commenced wending their lonely way down the side of the mountain; but,

notwithstanding their utmost exertions, they could not succeed in descending the range that evening, and were compelled by the approaching darkness to seek a spot where they might safely rest. Early in the morning they awoke, and, continuing their descent with renewed energy, soon surpassed the formidable obstacle which the hills had opposed.

Having rested for the remainder of that day, they again began to cross the level country, and continued doing so for many days, without having seen a single human being since their departure from the farm, when, one day, in a glade of the woods, they saw a band of Indians among the trees, who, having approached, spoke in a pleasant, but to them unknown language. Their gestures betokened their surprise at beholding people so different in colour to themselves, and armed with what appeared to them only polished sticks. While thus employed, a flock of wild geese flew high above their heads, at which the Indians discharged their arrows, but they fell short of their intended mark; when Price and Wilmington, raising their guns, fired, and, to the astonishment of the natives, two of the flock came fluttering to their feet. The spectators crowded round the Europeans, and with much curiosity began to admire the weapons which they had formerly despised. Their wonder was not diminished when they saw what they imagined pounded cinders put into the muzzles of the guns, and then, on pulling a small piece of iron, a flash of fire, accompanied with smoke and a loud report, immediately followed. The chief, by signs, appeared to ask them to accompany him, that the rest of his tribe might see what seemed to them exceedingly wonderful; and, having followed him, they soon arrived at a place where several Indians were engaged in erecting small wigwams of bark. The chief, however, made them understand that this was only their hunting ground, and told them that their village lay far off, in the direction of the sun, which was then sinking behind the trees, and to which they should soon return. From this time the missionaries commenced learning the language of their entertainers, in which they were able to converse with some facility by the time that the Indians returned to their village, which was situated on the Oneida. Having arrived there, Price began to teach them: but they, having patiently listened to his first sermon, to his great sorrow, never assembled to hear him again; and, in consequence, he told Wilmington that he would try to discover whether there was any truth in the reports they had heard at Boston concerning the inland waters, and asked him if he was willing to be his companion. Wilmington assented; and having endeavoured to inform the Indians of their intention, the chief, who had conducted them to the village, made them understand, that the river which flowed past led to an immense basin, which they sup-

posed was formed by the continual running of several large rivers, but that few of his tribe had ever paddled far round its borders. There was, however, an old man, who in his youth had ventured to proceed in his canoe for many suns along it, and returned with the report that he had arrived at an immense river which ran into the fresh sea, where, having landed for the purpose of hunting, he had heard a terrific roaring, as he thought, of waters, and, advancing through the woods towards the sound for some miles, the stream became so rapid that no canoe could go up against it. Being very much alarmed, he had hurried back to his bark, and instantly commenced his return; but he was the only one of the tribe who had ever dared to sail so far, and from his account they supposed it the source of the lake.

Having learnt this, they asked the chief, whose name was Maiook, whether he would allow any of his Indians to accompany them down the river to the lake, and ascertain from whence the sound that had alarmed the aged Indian arose. He at first tried to dissuade them, by every argument in his power; but, finding his endeavours of no avail, he said that he would himself join them in their expedition. It was, therefore, agreed that they should sail down the river the week following; but before the time determined on, an event occurred that considerably delayed their departure.

On rising one morning, they remarked that large clouds of smoke were drifting over their heads, accompanied by an overpowering pressure of heat, which the Indians said was occasioned by the woods being on fire; and as the wind was high, showers of ashes frequently fell around them. To avoid these they took shelter in their wigwams, but the hotness of the air, together with the smoke, increased so much, that, being in danger of suffocation, the chief proposed that they should cast themselves into the Oneida; and as no better proposition could be made, they hurried into it, and remained with only their heads above water, being often obliged to immerse them likewise: they were thus situated many hours, while the water was black with the ashes that fell around them. The wind, at last, to their great joy, changed, and relieved them from their perilous position, by driving the flames in the contrary direction. They did not, however, quit the water, as the ground was still covered with burning embers. On leaving the river, they saw, to their mortification, that the village was on fire in several places, and it was some time before they succeeded in stopping the progress of the burning; the canoes which they had drawn up on the shore were also consumed. After repairing the damage and making other canoes, they began their expedition; and having paddled for several days, one calm and beautiful evening they were astonished at the sight of Lake Ontario.

As far as the eye could reach, they could only see what appeared to them boundless water, which lay without the slightest ripple on its glassy surface, undisturbed by the softest breath of wind. They then continued paddling round the shore, looking out for a place where they might safely moor their canoes during the night, and, among the many small inlets, they soon discovered one fitted for their purpose, which they immediately entered. At sunrise they again advanced on their adventurous expedition. As they coasted along, the deer would sometimes look at them from among the thickets which fringed the borders of the lake; and at other times they saw them swimming across the mouths of the various creeks or rivers which they passed in their progress. They were, however, too much engaged in admiring the lonely magnificence of the surrounding scenery to interrupt the playful gambols of the deer by endeavouring to wound them, which they only did when their necessities compelled. Thus they paddled onward for several days, without perceiving any thing that might lead them to suppose they were approaching the spot to which the old Indian had alluded; when, one hazy morning, having proceeded many miles before the sun had power to dispel the thick mists, they were delighted at seeing themselves, as the air at noon cleared, about to enter a large river, which flowed rapidly into the lake. As this in some measure coincided with the first part of what had been related to them, they determined on entering it; but after paddling up it for some time, the current grew so strong that they were compelled to disembark, and continue their journey by land on the edge of the high precipitous bank.

The wind, softly blowing, rustled among the trees, but sometimes they fancied that a distant rumbling could be distinguished.

Having followed the course of the stream along the edge of the cliff for some distance, Price proposed that one of them should ascend a tree and follow the course of the river upward with his eye, and try if he could discover whence the sound that reached them arose. Maiook, therefore, told one of his Indians to climb up a lofty pine which grew apart from the rest; and he had hardly ascended half-way, when, uttering a cry of astonishment, he hastened to the ground and told his comrades that he had seen immense clouds of spray rising far above the trees, but he could not perceive from what cause they arose. Encouraged by this report, after refreshing themselves (being much wearied by their toilsome march) they hastened along the edge of the cliffs, while the rushing sound that had been gradually increasing, was every instant becoming more and more tremendous, and the velocity of the stream made them imagine that they were in the vicinity of a furious rapid, when, on advancing from the

thick bushes, they suddenly found themselves on a bare ledge of rock which overhung an immense chasm, into which two streams and a mighty river were tumbling, with a noise that drowned all their exclamations of surprise, and which was louder than the voice of the ocean in a storm. Springing back with terror from the edge of the precipice over which they had so nearly plunged, they eyed the thundering and foaming torrent with amazement, not noticing that part of the rock on which they had just been standing, was tottering, and slowly separating itself from the adjoining mass, till roused by the crash with which it was precipitated into the gulf below, shaking the living rock from whence it had been detached, and resounding through the woods, far above the roaring of the stupendous cataract. The missionaries involuntarily leaped back among the trees, not daring to return to the place where they had been, and viewed with more composure the awful prospect before them. The river above the falls was for some distance a furious rapid, rushing with incredible force towards the precipice; but when on its very brink, it, in some parts of the great stream, became calm; other parts were white with foam. While thus engaged, Maiook, with a loud cry, directed their attention to a large deer, which, in vain struggling against the overpowering suction of the falls, was rapidly coming to destruction. They watched its fruitless endeavours to reach the shore; but, on arriving at the deceitful calm, it looked wildly, with distended nostrils and outstretched neck, and seemed to be crying; but the roar of the cataracts drowned its voice, and it was soon precipitated into the boiling abyss.

The French, from the province of Quebec, may have reached as far before, but Price and his companion believed they were the first who had penetrated to that spot; and when they returned back to the settlements, their description of the unparalleled magnificence of the cataracts, to which Maiook gave the name of Niagara, or the thundering waters, was deemed incredible. But the wilderness has now been banished from the scene, and festivity and commerce have there established themselves amidst the simple sublimity that distinguishes this, the most impressive spectacle of the kind to be seen on the whole earth. G.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EXTRACTS FROM A DREAM OF THE HIGHLANDS.

MORVEN.

MORVEN and Morn and Spring and Solitude!
As yet it is scarce sunrise, but the sun
Sends dawn before him, while his dazzling disk
Is soaring from the sea, a gentle light,
Tender and delicate exceedingly,
'Neath which, as if it were a glittering veil,

Lies the new-woke and undisturbed earth,
Conscious once more of the sweet hour of
Prime.

No object in creation now looks dead.
Stones, rocks, knolls, heather, broom, and furze
and fern

Have all a life-like semblance in the hush,
So strong is the expression of their joy;
Alive appears each solitary tree,
Half-tree, half-shrub, birch with its silver stem,
And hazel azure-hued; with feeling smiles,
The feeling of its own fresh loveliness,
That budding brake; and these wild briars en-
wreath'd

With honeysuckles wild, brimful of life,
Now trail along, and clamber up and fill
The air with odours, by short-sleeping bee
Already visited; though not a bird
Within the nested foliage more than stirs,
Or twitters o'er the blissful wilderness.
Life breathes intenser beauty o'er the flowers.
There within one small round of greensward
set

Dew-diamonded daisies, happy all,
In their own sweetness and simplicity;
With lustre burnishing yon mossy nook
An inexhaustible hoard of primroses,
Heap'd up by spring for the delight of morn,
Miser at once and prodigal; here steep'd,
And striped and starred in colours manifold,
Mosses that 'twould be sin to tread upon;
And lo! the white mist lying like a dream,
Motionless almost, yet the while ascending
With gradual revelation of the desert
Brightly and balmily swimming far and wide,
And yet the spirit of its character
Varying, not altering, as the circle spreads
Serenely and more spacious:—Like the Land
Where old songs say the Silent People dwell,
And aye, one Creature with a Christian name
Attends the Fairy Queen, by her beloved
O'er all Elves else, though spite of all that love
Of is her seven years' sojourn dimm'd with
tears,

Shed for their sake who, since the fatal hour
That saw their daughter spirited away,
Have little done but wander up and down,
Wondering and weeping, or upon the brae
Whence she evanished, with their faces
plunged

In both their hopeless hands, sit side by side,
Far from all human ken, from morn till night,
And all on through the moonlight starriness,
Without once knowing that there is a sky.

Morven and Morn and Spring and Solitude!
In front is not the scene magnificent?
Through the mist partly broken into fragments
Fleecelike, and partly roll'd voluminous
Higher and higher up what now is seen
To be a range of mountains, blind-faced cliffs
And hoary crags and blasted stumps look out
Strangely, and all as if they were alive,
From midst of that departing glamour;
While from yon indistinct and dubious gloom,
Even now as sable as a mass of night,
Softening and brightening into woodiness
A shadowy slope with loveliest lights bestrewn,
(For see! the Sun is in ascension.)
Emerges an old Forest. Haunt, no doubt,
Of many a silvan shy, thick-spotted Roe,
And Red-deer vagrant from the stony heights

Below the Eagle's eyry; single trees,
Each in itself a grove, at intervals
Gigantic towering o'er a race of giants,
Illustrious in the yellow glow of Morn.
And now the mists from earth are clouds in
heaven;
Clouds slowly castellating in a calm
Sublimely than a storm; while brighter breathes
O'er the whole firmament the breadth of blue,
Because of that excessive purity
Of all those hanging snow-white palaces,
A gentle contrast, but with power divine.

Morven and Morn and Spring and Solitude!
A multitudinous sea of mountain tops;
And lo! th' uneyeable sun flames up the
heavens.

Broad daylight now through all the winding
glens

Is flowing river-like, but with no sound;
And there are goings on of human life
In hut and shieling and in woodland-bower,
On the green pastures and the yellow sands;
And from the high cliff the deer-stalker sees
And hears the coble of the fisherman
Glancing and clanking, as he scarcely seems
To move o'er the still water sleepily,
From her stern almost level with the light
Letting her long net drop into the sea.

Harmonious all as music! For the soul,
Creative in the power of her delight,
Painter and Poet, though she knows it not,—
Believing all that crowd of images
That o'er the mountains swarm, or on the
main

To appertain by their appropriate right
To dead insensate Nature, while in truth
From the divinity within us born,
From life to death they fluctuate evermore,—
Mistakes her inward thoughts for outward
things,
And erring in her blest simplicity,
By dreams thus glorifies the universe!

Morven! this magic lies upon thee now.
Imagination, she it is who bathes
With blue celestial as an angel's eyes
Thy cloud-sustaining depths which she calls
Heaven!

By many an intermediate link of thought
She joins that frowning Family of Rooks
In strange relationship, till on the edge
Of the flat moor, that moss-enshrouded Cairn,
Where heroes that once fought with Fingal
sleep,

Is felt one with the skyey pinnacle
Round which that speck—it is an eagle—soars.
Silent in nature all thy waterfalls,
For distance makes them dumb as wreaths of
snow;

But in imagination's ear they sound
Thundrous for ever in the wilderness.
Where now are all thy rivers? In black woods
Night-hidden flow they through the blazing
morn,

Or their imprison'd foam is only seen
By the fleet merlin shrieking 'twixt the crags
That topple o'er the turmoil far below.
But she beholdeth, and she heareth all
The dazzling and the din, the flowing peace,
The leaping fury; hers the glory, when
Sunshiny rivers set the straths on fire;

And hers the gloom, when sullen as the grave
 Their blackness bears upon its serpent bulk
 No image, but of the huge thunder-cloud—
 That makes the earth as grim as its own
 heaven.

Morven belongs now wholly to the Morn;
 And morn's sole sovereign, the almighty Sun,
 Surveys his kingdom with a regal eye,
 On the blue, broad, and braided firmament
 Throned, while his cloud-retinue hovering
 hangs

In idol-worship round the fount of light—
 King call him not, he is indeed a God!

Look o'er the edge of the bare precipice!
 Forgotten are the mountains; and your heart
 Quakes and recoils, as dizzying down and
 down

Ventures your eyesight, often shut in fear,
 Nor daring to become familiar
 With that strange world withdrawing from
 your gaze,

Most awful in its still profundity,
 Nor of this steadfast earth! Why tremble so?

Hold by the rock, lest wild imaginings
 Do tempt you headlong o'er the battlements
 Plumb down to undiscoverable death.

Unto the bottom of that blind abyss,
 What a terrific distance from the sky!

There might the floating eagle's self feel fear!
 But look again, and with a steadied gaze;

And lo! the dangerous is the beautiful,
 The beautiful indeed the true sublime.

What an abyss of glorious poetry!

All that seem'd mist and vapour like a shroud
 In the dim dawning and the clearing morn,

In daylight is pure air. No—'tis not air,
 Transparent though it be, and glimmering too

As gossamer by heat spun out of light,
 A fine web yielding to the insect's wing;

The solid earth was ne'er so shadowy—
 It is—it is—the liquid element

An arm of the great Sea!

A Highland Loch!

Loch Sunart! who, when tides and tempests
 roar,
 Comes in among these mountains from the
 main,

'Twixt wooded Ardnamurchan's rocky cape
 And Ardmore's shingly beach of hissing spray;

And while his thunders bid the Sound of Mull
 Be dumb, sweeps onwards past a hundred bays

Hill-sheltered from the wrath that foams along
 The mad mid-channel,—all as quiet they

As little separate worlds of summer dreams,—
 And by storm-loving birds attended up

The mountain-hollow, white in their career
 As are the breaking billows, spurns the Isles

Of craggy Carnich, and green Oronsay
 Drench'd in that sea-born shower o'er tree-tops

driven,
 And ivy'd stones of what was once a tower

Now hardly known from rocks—and gathering
 might

In the long reach between Dungallan caves
 And Point of Arderinis ever fair

With her Elysian groves, bursts through that
 strait

Into another ampler inland sea;
 Till lo! subdued by some sweet influence,—

And potent is she, though so meek the Eve,—
 Down sinketh wearied the Old Ocean

Insensibly into a solemn calm,—
 And all along that ancient burial-ground,
 (Its kirk is gone,) that seemeth now to lend
 Its own eternal quiet to the waves,
 Restless no more, into a perfect peace
 Lulling and lull'd at last, while drop the airs
 Away as they were dead, the first risen Star
 Beholds that lovely archipelago,
 All shadow'd there as in a spiritual world,
 Where time's mutations shall come never more!

In Prime of Day such now Loch-Sunart's sleep,
 The Loch is there, but where the water-line
 Is lying, that mysterious multitude
 Of images in their confusion rich
 Beyond the domes of sleep, pile below pile
 Descending and descending, disarray
 Fantastic were not the whole pomp sublime,
 Conceals from sight, so that the beauty seems
 All of one element, nor Wonder finds
 An end of wondering, nor Love end of love,
 Gazing together down the abyss divine.

Though none on earth, there is a breath in
 heaven.

That airy architecture all at once
 Changes from palaces to ships; a fleet

With all sails set is waiting for the wind,
 A fair wind to the isles of Paradise,

Bound thither for a freight of golden joys,
 On hope's first voyage o'er the untried deep.

That fleet hangs still—but lo! yon single ship
 This moment hath slipped anchor, and with
 flags,

Like flying serpents that devour the air,
 Brightening the blue above her snow-white

wings,
 As if a condor suddenly took flight

Boldly she beareth from the bay, her prow
 Enamour'd of the orient, far away,

Out of sight almost ere you think farewell,
 And now sunk in the sun.

A dream! a dream!

DREAMS.

Our waking is like sleep, our sleep like
 waking,

One undivided undisturb'd delight.
 So let us visionaries on the plumes

Of strong dream descend, and as we sink
 In such sweet fear as only serves to give

A stronger power to fancy, admire the flowers
 Rock-loving Spring doth sprinkle o'er the sides

Of the black precipice all the fathoms down
 That vast abyss, profusely sowing them

In constellations round the merlin's nest.
 The spirit knows no gross impediments

In dreams; but like a thing aerial
 She sinks, and soars, and glides, and floats

away
 Delighted, her delight none witnessing,

O'er heaven and earth; nor doth she fear the
 depths

Of the old sunless sea, but visiteth
 The kingdoms of the coral, whose groves need

Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor any light,
 Alien to their own meteorous waves,

By night as clear as day; where under roofs
 Of purple and of crimson, shining warm

Above the gentle yellow of the sands,
 To Tritons trumpeting on wreathed shells

Their limb-electrifying melodies

The green hair'd Nereid's dance, and dancing
sing
Songs heard by seamen on their midnight
watch,
Who fondly dream it is the Mermaid's voice
Hymning their gallant ship, till fancy sees
The lovely creature sitting on a cape,
Just then a league-long line of moonshine
streaming
All o'er some palmy isle, that, as a cloud
Eclipses the great planet, silently
Unnamed for ever sinks into the main.

NOON.

Meridian reigns o'er heaven, and earth, and
sea;
With a glad voice the streamy valleys sing
Their songs unto the mountains, and the crags
Fling down their joy into the dells profound;
The croaking raven happy up aloft
As on its broomy knoll the bleating lamb.
In their own world of breezy solitude
Float in fair flocks the gentle clouds along,
In changeful beauty of soft-shaded snow
That drops no flake, diffusing o'er the wide
Expanse of air and ether, all one blue,
Coolness delightful, such as ever dwells
Among the glades of an umbrageous wood.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

Lo! down the glen they come, the long blue
glen
Far off enveloped in ærial haze
Almost a mist, smooth gliding without step,
So seems it, o'er the greensward, shadow-like,
With light alternating, till hand in hand
Upon a knoll, distinctly visible,
The sisters stand awhile, then lay them down
Among a weeping birch-tree's whisperings,
Like fawns, and fix their mild eyes steadfastly
Upon the clouded loch!

One face is pale
In its own pensiveness, but paler seems
Beneath the nun-like braidings of that hair
So softly black, accordant with the calm
Divine that on her melancholy brow
Keeps deepening with her dreams! The other
bright,

As if in ecstasies, and brighter glows
In rivalry of all those sun-loved locks,
Like gold wire glittering, in the breath of joy
Afloat, on her smooth forehead momentarily
Kindling with gladder smile-light. Those dark
eyes!

With depths profound, down which the more
you gaze,
Still and stiller seems the spiritual world
That lies sphered in their wondrous orbs, be-
yond

New thoughtful regions opening far beyond,
And all embued with the deep hush of heaven.
There quiet clouds, there glimpses quieter
Of stainless ether in its purity,
There a lone star! But other eyes are swim-
ming

With such a lovely, such a loving light,
Breath'd o'er their surface, imperceptible
The colour of the iris lost awhile
In its own beauty, and then all at once
Perceived to be, as some faint fleeting cloud
Doth for a moment overshadow them,
Of that same hue in which the heaven delights,

And earth religious looking up to heaven
In unwill'd happiness; when Awe retires,
In some dim cave her mute solemnities
To lead along unwitness'd, and abroad
O'er hill and valley hymning as they go,
In worship of glad Nature, Joy and Love
Stand side by side upon the mountain-top.

This is their Birthday. Seventeen years of
peace
Have floated o'er their being—a long time
Felt they, the Orphans, to look back upon,
As their souls, travelling always in the light
Through crowds of happy thoughts and things,
retraced

Life in among the fading memories
Of earliest childhood, meeting all at once
The blank of Infancy's vanished dream.
And yet how short a time for all that growth
Of heart, and mind, and soul, and spirit! All
The flowers and fruitage on the wondrous Tree
Of Being from a germ immortal sprung.
Profound the wisdom is of Innocence.
She taught the Orphans all their knowledge,
high

As are the stars, yet humble as the flowers;
And bathed it all in Feeling, as the light
Of stars, when at their brightest, radiant,
And soft as is the bloom of flowers, when they
Look fearless back upon their earliest spring.
She taught them Pity and the lore of Grief,
Whose language is the inarticulate breath
Of sacred sighs, and written on the air
In purest tears, mysterious characters
Seen in the sun when Nature's self is blest.
She gave unto the Orphans' quiet eyes
The Sense of Beauty that makes all the earth
Without an effort, and unconsciously,
Fair as the sinless soul that looks on it.
She fill'd their spirits with o'erflowing Love,
Till on the flower the peaceful butterfly
Was thought a holy thing, because its life
Appear'd so happy, and the flower itself
Fairer, for that it seemed to feel the joy
Asleep upon its balm. With loftier love
She did their hearts inspire, the love of all
Which in itself is loveliest, and they knew
It must be their own filial piety,
When at their mother's side, at morn and eve,
Knelt all their knees together down at once
Before the Throne of God. And Innocence
It was, none other, who the holy light
Of Conscience gently brought upon their eyes.
And show'd the paths of duty in that light
To be mistaken never, strewn with flowers
That lay as soft as snow beneath their feet.
But ever when into that Oratory
They walk'd, and by their mother's bier knelt
down

Beside the Altar, then did Innocence
Surrender up her trust, and from the skies
Into that Sabbath-calm Religion came,
Descending duly as the Orphans hymn'd
Their Miserere; hers the voice that said,
While their lips linger'd on the Crucifix,
"For His sake, Children, are your sins for-
given!"

HEAVEN'S SHADOW CAST BEFORE IT.

Oh! mourn not, that in nature transitory
Are all her fairest and her loveliest things;
And frail the tenure as a web of dew

By which they hold to life. For therein lies
The might of the refulgent rose, the power
Of the pale lily's leaf. The sweetest smile
That glides along the face of innocence
Is still the saddest, and the sadness comes
From dim forebodings of an early death.
Those sudden goings-down into the grave
Of the young beautiful, do sanctify
The light surviving in the precious orbs
Of eyes permitted yet awhile to shine;
And fathers seeing in their daughters' eyes
A cloudless heaven of sweet affection,
Sometimes will shudder, as they think upon,
They know not why, a Maiden's Funeral!

"BELOVED OF HEAVEN ARE ALL THE INNOCENT."

The Book of Nature and the Book of God
Interpreted by dreadless Piety,—
Pursuing her vocation, unappall'd
By mystery of evil, mid the stars
Whose places are appointed in the sky,
Or mid the goings on of human hearts
A planetary system hard to scan,
But in its strange irregularities
Obeying steadfast laws,—on every page
In lines of light a calm assurance gives
To spiritual Faith of one immortal truth,
"Beloved by Heaven are all the Innocent!"
We see them disappear in sudden death,
And leaving tender spots of sunniness
Darker than if that radiance ne'er had shone.
The beauty of their faces is eclipsed
For ever; and for ever their sweet names
Forgotten, or when read upon their tombs,
We know not what surpassing grace endow'd
The dust that once was life. Sometimes they
wane

Slowly and sadly into dim decay,
Dying by imperceptible degrees
Hourly before our eyes that still must shed
Their foolish tears for them who for themselves
Weep not, but gaze with orbs of joyful light
Upon the coming dawn. The Innocents
Are thus for ever melting from the earth,
Like dewdrops all at once, or like dewdrops
Slowly exhaled. But never in our grief
Lose we our righteous confidence in Heaven.
Long as they live, our spirits cling and cleave
To theirs, unwilling that they should depart
From our home to their own—our chilly clime
To that pure ether where the lily white
Shall never droop nor wither any more,
Perennial by the founts of Paradise.
But when we see the bosom has no breath,
And that indeed the lovely dust is dead,
With faith how surely resignation comes,
And smiles away all mortal sorrowing!
Annihilated is all distance then
Between the blackness of the coffin-lid
And Mercy's Throne of shining chrysolite;
While in the hush, at first so terrible,
As if the spirit sang to comfort them
Their own child's blissful voice both parents
hear

Among the halleluyahs. Death is not,
And nothing is but everlasting life.
"Beloved of Heaven are all the Innocent!"

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Unchain the galley-slave,
Sink his worn oar for ever in the sea,

And let him tread again the war-ship's deck,
Below the flag that rules the world of waves,
Among the equal sons of Liberty!
Let Healing, on a sudden, smooth the bed
Of agonized disease, and carry it
Out to the shadowy sunshine of the morn,
And bid the matron lift her eyes, and see
Kneeling around her all who ought to kneel,
While she arises, and among the flowers
Walks forth restored, nor fears the harmless
dews,

But sheds among them some few pious tears
Deep joys are those and high, and woe-born all;
But far transcends them all the joy that lifts
At once a mother's whole soul from despair,
And sets it on a radiant eminence
Within a heaven beyond the heaven of hope,
With her arms twined for ever round the neck
Of him she had thought dead—her only Son!

GUILT.

Oh! if our eyes could look into the hearts
Of human dwellings standing quietly
Beneath the sunrise in sweet rural spots,
Far from all stir, and haply green and bright
With fragrant growth of dewy leaves and
flowers,

Where bees renew their murmuring morn, and
birds

Begin again to trill their orisons,
Nature and Life exchanging their repose
For music and for motion, happier both
And in their happiness more beautiful
Than sleep with all its dreams,—Oh! if our
eyes

Could penetrate these consecrated walls
Whose stillness seems to hide an inward bliss
Diviner than the Dawn's, what woful sights
Might they behold! Hands clasp'd in hopeless
prayers

By dying beds, or pale cheeks drench'd in tears
Beside cheeks paler far, in death as white
As the shroud-sheets on which the corpses lie;
Or tossings of worse misery far, where Guilt
Implores in vain the peace of Penitence,
Or sinful Passion, struggling with Remorse,
Becomes more sinful, in its mad desire
To reconcile with God's forbidding laws
A life of cherish'd vice, or daringly
Doubts or denies eternal Providence!

Where, then, would be the Beauty—where
the Bliss

Of Dawn that comes to purify the earth
And all that breathes upon it, at the hour
Chosen for her own delight by Innocence!
There would they still be, gracious and benign
And undisturbed all by grief or guilt
Powerful to curl the heart's-blood into ice
That blows may break not, but one drop of dew,
Powerless to stir upon the primrose leaf.
The fairest things in nature sympathize
In our imaginations with our life,
Only as long as we are virtuous;
Nor lovely seems the lily nor the rose,
When our white thoughts have all been streak'd
by sin,

Or guilt hath bathed them in appalling hues
Of its own crimson, such as Nature sheds
On no sweet flowers of hers, though they are
bright
On earth as setting suns are bright in heaven.

IMAGINATION.

Along Imagination's air serene
And on her sea serene we fly or float,
Like Birds of Calm that with the moonlight
glide
Sometimes upon the wing, sometimes with
plumes
Folded amid the murmur of the waves,
Far up among the mountains to the head
Of some great Glen, enamour'd of the green
And flowry solitude of inland peace.
Yet there the birds of calm soon find that mists,
And clouds, and storms, and hurricanes belong
Not to the sea alone: as we have found
That, in the quiet regions of the Soul,
Removed, as we did dream, from sorrow far
And sin, there yet are doleful visitings
Of Sin and Sorrow both. But as the Birds,
Returning to the Ocean, take with them
All the sweet memories only, and forget
The blasts that to their native haunts again
Bore them away reluctant, nor do fear
Another time to let themselves be borne
On the same waftings back to the same place
Where they had wheel'd about so happily,
Or on the greensward walk'd among the lambs;
Even so do we on our return to Life
Tumultuous even far more than is the Sea,
Take with us all the sweetest memories
Of that still place which we had visited
In our calm-loving dreams, forgotten all
Or but remember'd dimly the distress
That even there did come to trouble us;
Nor loath, but earnest, even most passionate
To wing our way back to the solitude
Once more, and there relapse into the bliss
That once so softly breath'd o'er Innocence.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE UNDYING ONE, AND OTHER
POEMS. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Seco.
London: 1830.

SOME persons, of a desponding turn of mind, will have it, that the attendance on Apollo's levees has been, for some time past, on the decline—that the older nobility have been keeping aloof, and that, under cover of a profusion of finery and false ornaments, several suspicious characters have been seen moving about the apartments of late, whom the vigilance of the gentlemen in waiting ought to have excluded. Nevertheless, we see no great reason for despair; for, as to the obnoxious *parvenus*, they have seldom long escaped detection; and, upon their second intrusion, have generally been *inited*, as the French say, when a member of the House of Commons is turned out, to quit the chamber with all celerity. Some of them, indeed, like Mr. Montgomery, have found their way into the street with such emphasis and rapidity, that, on recovering their senses, they have turned round, and, with strange contortions of visage, and frightful appeals, have bitterly reviled the officials, who, in the discharge of their duty, had been obliged to shut the door in their face. Others, like Mr. Reade, who made a very violent attempt the other day to gain

admittance, flourishing the knocker till he disturbed the neighbourhood,—put a more blustering face upon the matter, after their exclusion; affect to say that they never made any such application—that they would not walk in though they had been invited; and, with a 'calm confidence,' enter their appeal, as Swift dedicated his Tale of a Tub, to Prince Posterity. Again, although it cannot be denied that the visits of the old supporters of the court have been less frequent, we, who would wish to look at the cheerful side both of politics and poetry, are inclined to think that, among the recent arrivals, there are several names of no inconsiderable promise; nay, already of very respectable performance. Among the later presentations, it rather strikes us the majority has consisted of ladies; and of these, if report says true, none seems to have made a more successful appearance than Mrs. Norton. She might, indeed, with advantage to herself, have chosen a robe of a more sober and unpretending character; but we are ready to admit, that she wears it gracefully, and are not surprised, on the whole, that her entrance did produce what the newspapers call a sensation.

It was natural, indeed, that the descendant of so gifted a family should be received with attention. But if her poem has been successful—as we are told it has—it assuredly owes extremely little of its interest and attractions to the subject. She has pleased, not in consequence of, but in spite of, the fable on which she has employed her powers.

We really had begun to flatter ourselves—rashly, as it appears—that the reading world had really got quit of the Wandering Jew, who, for centuries past, has occasionally revisited the glimpses of the moon, making polite literature hideous. His scene with the Bleeding Nun, in Lewis's romance, we should have thought would have been his last appearance on the stage, for a century at least; but, instead of discreetly retiring for a time, as might have been expected, after such an exhibition, into the privacy of infinite space, the appearances of this intolerable *revenant* in our lower world have of late become more frequent and alarming than ever. In Germany, Klingemann and Achim von Armin, have not scrupled to introduce him under his true character; and Shelley, and Captain Medwyn, both bold men in their way, have tried a similar experiment with the English public. All this, however, might be borne; for, so long as he chooses to come forward as the veritable Ahasuerus, we should feel inclined with Antonio, to say, "there was much kindness in the Jew,"—in enabling us, we mean, to pass by on the other side, and avoid his society in due time. But the worst and most dangerous feature about his late appearances is this, that he has been assuming various *aliases*, and obtaining admittance into respectable circles under borrowed names; a

device, against which no precaution can avail, for his general manner in the outset resembles so much that of any other gentleman (of the Corsair school,)—he avoids so skilfully any allusion to his reminiscences of Judea, that we only begin to suspect him when about to part company with him; and can hardly even then persuade ourselves that our agreeable companion in the post-chaise is our old Jewry friend, till he vanishes at last, as old Aubrey says, "with a melodious twang," and a sulphureous odour. Nay, to such a remarkable extent have his devices in this way been carried, that he lately prevailed upon a respectable English divine, to introduce him under the euphonious name of Salathiel, in which character, we understand, he swindled the proprietors of some circulating libraries—to a small amount. And here is a second insidious attempt of the same nature, in which this intolerable Jew again comes forward to levy contributions on the public, by the style and title of Isbal, the *Undying One*.

Seriously—Is it not singular that a legend so absurd, and the unfitness of which for poetical narrative appears so obvious, should have been such a favourite with poets and novelists? Not that we mean to deny that the more general conception of the position of a being on whom the curse of immortality on earth has been suddenly imposed, is not in itself a striking, an impressive one. Nothing is more easy to conceive, than that in the hands of a person whose mind combines the philosophical element with the poetical, the picture of such a being—solitary in the centre of a busy world, disconnected from all human hopes, passions, sympathies—longing to die and to rest, to follow where all that made life worth living for had gone before him, may be capable of producing the profoundest emotion. In fact, this has been done by Godwin in his *St. Leon*, where the train of reflection of such an immortal—at first joyous and exulting in the boundless expansion of his powers, gradually sinking into sadness, and at last into an overpowering sensation of loneliness and desolation—is depicted with a deep knowledge of the human heart, and in a strain of touching and mournful eloquence.

But though those prospects of futurity in which the victim of immortality throws forward his views into unborn ages, appear impressive and effective when thus embodied merely in reflection; or although a momentary glimpse of his situation may be one of solemn interest, there are insuperable obstacles to any attempt to pursue the fortunes of such a being through the lapse of centuries, or to exhibit his feelings in successive detail. Not to mention the extreme difficulty of carrying onward our sympathies to the third and fourth generation, even with the assistance of a connecting link in the existence of some one who survives them all, such an attempt invariably leads to one of two things,—either a

dreary monotony, or a variety obtained at the expense of consistency and truth. To represent such a being, labouring under the consciousness that he has nothing in common with those around him, as susceptible and impassioned to the last—loving, hating, grieving on, with the same unabated energy, at the latest stage of his career, as when first he commenced his restless pilgrimage—if it enable the poet to vary the scene, deprives the conception of all which redeems it from the character of absurdity, or gives it a distinctive character. The whole effect of such an idea on the mind, is produced by the simple representation of that state of callous, impassive, unalterable desolation into which such a creature sinks—a state of gloomy, tideless tranquillity, and weatherbeaten hardihood of soul, which nothing can agitate, nothing overpower. What human passion, indeed, should interest him over whom the experience of centuries has passed?—what new grief plough deep where so many old ones have left their furrows!—what attachment bind him who soon feels that he can now love nothing truly, because he now loves nothing with that identity of heart, that abandonment of soul, wherein resides the charm and essence of the feeling? "In the tomb of my wife and children," says *St. Leon*, as he follows out to its dreary consequences the effects of the secret of the stranger, "I felt that my heart would be buried. Never, never, through the countless ages of eternity, should I form another attachment. In the happy age of delusion, happy and auspicious, at least, to the cultivation of the passions, when I felt that I also was a mortal, I was capable of a community of sentiments, of a going forth of the heart. But how could I, an immortal, hope hereafter to feel a serious and expansive feeling for the ephemeron of an hour!"

And yet what *St. Leon* held to be impossible, is exactly what *Mrs. Norton* has attempted to do; and in consequence of this, so completely has she extinguished all that is peculiar in the situation of her hero, that, but for his own information on the subject, which he occasionally volunteers rather needlessly, we should never, in this loving, fighting, marrying Jew, discover that we had to do with the wretched, passionless wanderer on whom the curse had lighted. Susceptible to the last, he wanders on, still falling in love, and vowing eternal constancy to *Edith of England*, *Xarifa of Spain*, *Miriam of Palestine*, and *Linda of Castaly*, and burying them all in succession—filling up the gaps between those piping times of peace by fits of desperate fighting; though it is not always easy to discover for what cause, or under which king, our *Bezonian* draws his sword, except that

"Where'er a voice was rais'd in freedom's name,
There sure and swift, my eager footstep came;"

as if to such a being, absorbed in the selfishness of his own misery, the watchwords of freedom and slavery would not be equally indifferent. We find him lending a hand in the struggles of ancient Rome with her Gothic invaders—in the warfare of Spain with the Moors—and in our own civil wars, not to mention a campaign or two in Ireland; in all of which he behaves with that bravery which might be expected from one who knew that his life was safe, though his head might perchance be broken.

Homer has been celebrated for the variety of the modes in which he despatches his heroes; Mrs. Norton's ingenuity in varying the death of her heroines is scarcely less remarkable. The case of Edith, the first favourite of this Jewish Bluebeard, is distressing; and, in fact, by uncharitable persons would certainly be regarded as a case of murder. Iseal and she have been living a life of great domestic comfort for years, when, like the Ancient Mariner, all of a sudden, *suadente diabolo*,

—“his frame is wrench'd
With a strange agony,
That forces him to tell his tale,
And then it leaves him free.”

That is, free to marry again; for the consequence of this most unnecessary disclosure is the immediate death of his wife. Xarifa, her successor, dies a natural death, expiring, in fact, before he has time to tell her his story, which he is on the point of doing. His third wife he makes quick conveyance with—not feeling himself prepared, at the time, with any satisfactory solution of the question which he saw she was about to put to him, why he exhibited no symptoms of advancing age, as well as herself. The last dies, we hardly know how or when, except that the catastrophe takes place off the Irish coast;—an uncertainty which we share with the person who should know most of the matter, Iseal himself;—for never, it seems,

—“shall his heart discover
The moment her love and her life were over;
Only this much shall the lost one know—
Where she hath departed he may not go.”

Mrs. Norton must really excuse us, if we have freely expressed our sentiments as to the absurdity of the subject on which her powers, and those of no inconsiderable order, have been wasted. If we did not think her poem indicated genius, we should not have noticed it at all; we have done so, because we feel satisfied that, with a more congenial subject—one calmer, commoner, less ambitious—a very different whole would have been the result. It is strange how difficult it is to persuade ladies that their forte does not lie in representations of those dark passions, which, for their own comfort, we hope they have witnessed only in description. And yet none can fail at last to perceive that the concentra-

tion of thought and expression necessary for the drama; the stately steady grandeur required in the epic poem; nay, the knowledge of the worst as well as the best features of the heart, required for the more irregular narrative poem, are hardly ever found in the poetry of women. Would Mrs. Norton only confine herself to simpler themes, instead of plunging beyond the visible diurnal sphere, there is much in this poem that assures us of her complete success; many individual pictures, clear, graphic, picturesque; many passages of tender feeling breaking out into a lyrical form, which we think discover much grace, and a great command of versification. Of this, indeed, there is perhaps too great a variety, since the volume exhibits specimens of every measure in the English language; and perhaps a few more. As a proof how well Mrs. Norton can paint, take the following striking description of the Wanderer looking in at the door of an English cottage on a Sabbath morning, while the inmates are at church:

“A lowly cot
Stood near that calm and consecrated spot.
I enter'd it:—the morning sunshine threw
Its warm bright beams upon the flowers that
grew
Around it and within it—'twas a place
So peaceful and so bright, that you might trace
The tranquil feelings of the dwellers there;
There was no taint of shame, or crime, or care.
On a low humble couch was softly laid
A little slumberer whose rosy head
Was guarded by a watch-dog; *while I stood
In hesitating, half-repentant mood,
My glance still met his large bright watchful eye
Wandering from me to that sweet sleeper nigh.*
Yes, even to that dumb animal I seem'd
A thing of crime; the murderous death-light
gleam'd
Beneath my brow; the noiseless step was mine;
I moved with conscious guilt, and his low
whine
Responded to my sigh, whose echo fell
Heavily—as 'twere loath within that cot to
dwell.”

On the death of Edith, his first love, the Jew engaged with ardour in the struggle between the Spaniards and the Moors; and after a fierce combat in the neighbourhood of Granada, meets with a female figure sitting on the field of battle, and wailing over the dead. This is Xarifa, who, in some very touching stanzas, pours out her lamentations for her husband, who had fallen in the fight:

“My early and my only love, why silent dost thou lie?
When heavy grief is in my heart, and tear-drops in mine eye,
I call thee, but thou answerest not, all lonely though I be,
Wilt thou not burst the bonds of sleep, and rise to comfort me?”

“O wake thee, wake thee from thy rest, upon the tented field,

This faithful breast shall be at once thy pillow
and thy shield;
If thou hast doubted of its truth and constancy before,
O wake thee now, and it shall strive to love
thee even more.

"If ever we have parted, and I wept thee not
as now—
If ever I have seen thee come, and worn a
cloudy brow—
If ever harsh and careless words have caused
thee pain and woe—
Then sleep—in silence sleep—and I will bow
my head and go.

"But if through all the vanish'd years whose
shadowy joys are gone,
Through all the changing scenes of life I
thought of thee alone;
If I have mourn'd for thee when far, and worshipp'd
thee when near,
Then wake thee up, my early love, this weary
heart to cheer!"

These are sweet and natural verses, particularly the latter two; and we can assure Mrs. Norton, far more effective than whole pages of gloomy grandeur and despair. As another specimen of her better powers in these gentle delineations, we shall extract her picture of the close of Xarifa's life, under the conviction that some fatal secret preyed upon her husband's mind, and her parting address as she dies by his side near the Guadalquivir.

"One eve at spring-tide's close we took our
way,

When eve's last beams in soften'd glory fell,
Lighting her faded form with sadden'd ray,
And the sweet spot where we so loved to
dwell.

Faintly and droopingly she sat her down
By the blue waters of the Guadalquivir,
With darkness on her brow, but yet no frown,
Like the deep shadow on that silent river.
She sat her down, I say, with face upturn'd

To the dim sky, which daylight was forsaking,

And in her eyes a light unearthly burn'd—
The light which spirits give whose chains
are breaking!

And a half smile lit up that pallid brow,
As, casting flowers upon the silent stream,
She watch'd the frail sweet blossoms glide and
go,

Like human pleasures in a blissful dream.
And then, with playful force she gently flung
Small shining pebbles from the river's brink,
And o'er the eddying waters sadly hung,
Pleas'd and yet sorrowful, to see them sink.
'And thus,' she said, 'doth human love forget
Its idols—some sweet blessings float away,
Follow'd by one long look of vain regret,
As they are slowly hastening to decay;
And some, with sullen plunge, do mock our
sight.

And suddenly go down into the tomb,
Startling the beating heart, whose fond delight
Chills into tears at that unlook'd-for doom.
And there remains no trace of them save such

As the soft ripple leaves upon the wave,
Or a forgotten flower, whose dewy touch
Reminds us some are withering in the grave!
When all is over, and she is but dust,
Whose heart so long hath held thy form enshrined;

When I go hence, as soon I feel I must,
Oh! let my memory, Isbal, haunt thy mind.
Not for myself—oh! not for me be given
Vain thoughts of vain regret, though that
were sweet;

But for the sake of that all-blissful Heaven,
Where, if thou wilt it, we yet may meet.
When in thy daily musing thou dost bring
Those scenes to mind in which I had a share;
When in thy nightly watch thy heart doth
wring

With thought of me—oh! murmur forth a
prayer!

A prayer for me—for thee—for all who live
Together, yet asunder in one home—
Who their soul's gloomy secret dare not give,
Lest it should blacken all their years to
come.

Yes, Isbal, yes; to thee I owe the shade
That prematurely darkens on my brow;
And never had my lips a murmur made—
But—but that—see! the vision haunts me
now!

She pointed on the river's surface, where
Our forms were pictur'd seated side by side;
I gazed on them, and hers was very fair;
And mine—was as thou seest it now, my
bride.

But hers, though fair, was fading—wan and
pale

The brow whose marble met the parting day.
Time o'er her form had thrown his misty veil,
And all her ebon curls were streak'd with
gray;

But mine was youthful—yes!—such youth as
glows

In the young tree by lightning scathed and
blasted—

That joyless waves its black and leafless
boughs,

On which spring showers and summer
warmth are wasted."

Such passages as these sufficiently show where Mrs. Norton's true field lies, and how likely she is, within her proper department, to attain an elevated place in poetry. Other proofs might easily be selected from the miscellaneous poems which are appended in the *Undying One*; among which that entitled "Recollections," is, perhaps, the most striking. There is a peculiarly graceful flow of versification, and simplicity of expression, in the following stanzas:—

"Do you remember when we first departed
From all the old companions who were round
us,

How very soon again we grew light-hearted,
And talked with smiles of all the links which
bound us?

And after, when our footsteps were returning,
With unfelt weariness o'er hill and plain,
How our young hearts kept boiling up, and
burning,

To think how soon we'd be at home again?

"Do you remember how the dreams of glory
Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure:
How we thought less of being famed in story,
And more of those to whom our fame gave
pleasure?"

Do you remember in far countries weeping,
When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to
mind

Old happy thoughts which, till that hour were
sleeping,

And made us yearn for those we left behind?"

The present volume is an improvement on its predecessor.* The next (for in the glass of futurity we see others) will, we are sure, be a still greater improvement on the present, provided, always, Mrs. Norton eschews the supernatural and the exaggerated, and trusts to her power of depicting the calmer aspects of life, and

"The common thoughts of mother earth,
Its simpler mirth and tears."

From the Tatler.

KOSCIUSKO.

Kosciusko became first known to history in the war that preceded the second partition. On one occasion, the division under his command withstood an enemy three times their number, and after much slaughter made an honourable retreat. From this day the Poles marked him out as a great leader; and when the intrigues of the aristocracy, and the weakness of the king, left the only real affairs of the country in the hands of the patriots, he became their head, and was declared Generalissimo and Dictator.

"His power was absolute: he had the command of the armies, and the regulation of all affairs, political and civil. He was commissioned, however, to appoint a national council, the choice being left to his own will. He was also empowered to nominate a successor, but he was to be subordinate to the national council.

"Never before," says Mr. Fletcher, "was confidence so fully and so scrupulously reposed by a nation in a single individual, and never were expectations better grounded than in the present instance. Thaddeus Kosciusko was born of a noble but not very illustrious Lithuanian family, and was early initiated in the science of war at the military school of Warsaw. In his youth his affections were firmly engaged to a young lady, the daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania, but it was his fate to see his love crossed, and his innamorato married to another, Prince Lubomirski. He then went to France, and on his return applied to Stanislaus for a military appointment, but was refused because he was a favourite of Adam Czartoryski's whom Stanislaus hated. Kosciusko sought to dispel his disappointment in the labours of war. The British colonies of Ame-

rica were then throwing off the yoke of their unnatural mother country—their cause was that of justice and liberty, and one dear to the heart of a young proud-spirited Pole. Our young hero served in the patriotic ranks of Gates and Washington, and was appointed aide-de-camp to the latter great general. When the glorious struggle in the new world was crowned with success, he returned to his own country, where he found an equally glorious field for his exertions."—p. 327."

It is delightful to see Kosciusko issuing out of the same voluntary fires of experience and the love of liberty as Lafayette, and serving in the ranks of Washington! Good and great men help to make others. Washington, in the plains of America, was fighting the future battles of France and Poland; the old generals of the latter countries were his ensigns and his aides-de-camp.

It is not our intention to go through the particulars of Kosciusko's campaigns. We must refer for those to the book. Our object is to lay before our readers the *morale* of his history; and therefore it will be sufficient to say, that no man behaved better than he did, either as a general or a statesman. It was not only in one battle, that he fought against multitudes. It was his custom. The invaders were astonished at seeing a man with a comparative handful of followers, armed with the first things that came to hand, perpetually reappearing in different quarters, sometimes retreating like a wounded lion, sometimes overthrowing them with a bloody slaughter, at all times apparently invincible, even when vanquished. And nothing could be more just than his civil government. He repressed abuses; he would have no injustice, even against the cruel enemy; he acted always upon the noblest and purest principles, the only real strength of a good cause: and he showed in his own person and manners the modesty and tranquillity of it. Count Oginski, one of his fellow-patriots, in giving a narrative of his interview with him in his camp near Warsaw, where he was awaiting the Russians and Prussians, found him sleeping upon straw. He dined with almost equal simplicity:—

"We passed," says the count, "from Kosciusko's tent to a table prepared under some trees. The frugal repast which we made here, among about a dozen guests, will never be effaced from my memory. The presence of this great man, who has excited the admiration of all Europe; who was the terror of his enemies and the idol of the nation; who, raised to the rank of generalissimo, had no ambition but to serve his country and fight for it; who always preserved an unassuming, affable, and

* *The Sorrows of Rosalie*, written, we believe, when Mrs. Norton was very young.

* *The History of Poland, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time*. By James Fletcher, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge. With a Narrative of the Recent Events, obtained from a Polish Patriot Nobleman. 8vo. pp. 428.

mild demeanour; who never wore any distinguished mark of the supreme authority with which he was invested; who was contented with a surtout of coarse grey cloth, and whose table was as plainly furnished as that of a subaltern officer; could not fail to awaken in me every sentiment of esteem, admiration and veneration, which I have sincerely felt for him at every period of my life."—p. 335.

The enemy failed before Warsaw; and had the other nobles been as noble as this great man, and felt as truly in the cause of freedom, all might have gone well; but he was one of that advanced guard of martyrs, who of necessity make their appearance when their example is of more future than immediate value; and for a time, numbers and iniquity prevailed.

Suwarow, the Empress of Russia's fanatical slaughter-man, had arrived in Poland at the head of an immense multitude, to overpower the little bands of patriots. He had laid open the road to Warsaw by a defeat of one of them; and Poland hastened to fight another Russian general, before Suwarow and he should effect a junction.

"The 10th of October (1794) was the decisive day; Kosciusko attacked Fersen, near Maciejowice. The battle was bloody and fatal to the patriots; victory was wavering, and Poninski, who was expected every minute with a reinforcement, not arriving, Kosciusko, at the head of his principal officers, made a grand charge into the midst of the enemy. He fell covered with wounds, and all his companions were killed or taken prisoners. His inseparable friend, the amiable poet, Niemcewicz, was among the latter number. The great man lay senseless among the dead; but at length he was recognised, notwithstanding the plainness of his uniform, and was found still breathing. His name even now commanded respect from the Cossacks, some of whom had been going to plunder him; they immediately formed a litter with their lances, to carry him to their general, who ordered his wounds to be dressed, and treated him with the respect he merited. As soon as he was able to travel, he was conveyed to Petersburg, where Catherine condemned this noble patriot to end his days in prison. Clemency, indeed, was not to be expected from a woman who had murdered her husband.

"Such was the termination of Kosciusko's glorious career. The news of his captivity spread like lightning to Warsaw, and every one received it as the announcement of the country's fall. It may appear incredible," says Count Oginski, "but I can attest what I have seen, and what a number of witnesses can certify with me, that many women miscarried at the tidings; many invalids were seized with burning fevers; some fell into fits of madness which never afterwards left them; and men and women were seen in the streets wringing their hands, beating their heads against the walls, and exclaiming in tones of despair, 'Kosciusko is no more; the country is lost!'"—P. 340.

The poet may well have exclaimed, in his fine line, that

"Freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell."

Suwarow, having effected his junction with Fersen, proceeded to Warsaw, which, after dreadful work in the suburb of Praga, capitulated. The garrison in Praga was composed of the flower of the Polish army, now of no avail, since Kosciusko was gone.

"Eight thousand Poles perished sword in hand, and the Russians having set fire to the bridge, cut off the retreat of the inhabitants. Above 12,000 townspeople, old men, women and children, were murdered in cold blood, and to fill the measure of the iniquity and barbarity, the Russians fired the place in four different parts, and in a few hours the whole of Praga, inhabitants as well as houses, was a heap of ashes.

"The council, finding that Warsaw could not be defended any longer, capitulated on the 6th of November; many of the soldiers were obliged to lay down their arms, and the Russian troops entered the city. The authors of the revolution, the generals and soldiers who refused to disarm, had quitted Warsaw, but being pursued by Fersen, many were killed or dispersed, and the rest surrendered on the 18th.

"All the patriots, of consequence, who fell into the hands of the Russians, were immured in the prisons of Petersburg, or sent to Siberia. Ignatius Potocki, Mostowski, Kapustas, and Kalinski, were among the captives. Their treatment, however, was not so cruel as it has been frequently represented; Kosciusko's prison, for instance, was a comfortable suite of rooms, where he beguiled his time with reading and drawing; Potocki was equally well lodged, and amused himself with gazing at the passers by from his windows. This was not, indeed, an exact observance of the article of capitulation, 'We promise a general amnesty for all that is passed,' but it was the very acme of honour, compared with the general tenor of Russia's conduct towards Poland."—P. 342.

The third infamous partition now took place. Kosciusko remained in prison till the death of Catherine, and then came to England on his way to America. The king accepted a Russian pension, and on the death of the same empress, went to Petersburg, "where he ended," says the historian, "his unhappy and dishonourable life."

While the immortal Pole was in durance, we learn from Peter Pindar's works, that he became acquainted with the writings of that facetious person, and expressed himself much pleased with them; which Peter, after his style of self-gratulation, justly makes a boast of. George III. was no friend to the Poles, or to Washington; and Kosciusko perhaps was not disagreeably surprised to find at what a low pitch that monarch's understanding was rated by the satirist.

Dr. Warner, in his "Literary Recollections," not long since published, has given the following account of an interview with him at Bristol, which Mr. Fletcher quotes in the work before us:—

"I never contemplated," says the Doctor, "a more interesting human figure than Kosciusko stretched upon his couch. His wounds were still unhealed, and he was unable to sit upright. He appeared to be a small man, spare and delicate. A black silk bandage, crossed his fair and high, but somewhat wrinkled, forehead. Beneath it, his dark eagle eye sent forth a stream of light, that indicated the steady flame of patriotism which still burned within his soul; unquenched by disaster and wounds, weakness, poverty, and exile. Contrasted with its brightness was the paleness of his countenance, and the wan cast of every feature. He spoke very tolerable English, though in a low and feeble tone; but his conversation, replete with fine sense, lively remark, and sagacious answers, evinced a noble understanding, and a cultivated mind. On rising to depart, I offered him my hand; he took it. My eyes filled with tears; and he gave it a warm grasp. I muttered something about 'brighter prospects and happier days!' He faintly smiled and said, (they were his last words to me,) 'Ah, Sir, he who devotes himself for his country, must not look for his reward on this side the grave.'"—p. 355.

The public have been made familiar with the appearance of Kosciusko on his couch, by several prints of him in that condition, one of those from a picture by the late Mr. West. We have heard Mrs. West describe with enthusiasm the effect which the sight of him had upon her, and the additional grace thrown upon it by the entrance of the late Duke of Bedford into the room, in all the bloom of his rank and good looks. This was Francis, Duke of Bedford, whose statue is in the square. He approached Kosciusko, she said, with all the deference of a courtier, and bending towards him as he reclined, took his hand and kissed it.

"And what did you think of his Grace, when he did that?" asked a gentleman.

"Think!" cried the enthusiastic old lady; "I felt in love with him."

But no anecdote of this great man is more touching than the one related by Miss Williams, in her account of the events that took place in France after Napoleon's downfall. From England, Kosciusko went to America, and afterwards to France, whence he finally removed to Switzerland, where he died in 1817, "fuller," says Miss Porter, "of glory than of years." During the occupation of France by the allied troops, some Polish soldiers, in their search after forage, had come upon the grounds of a farm, the fences of which they were treating with little ceremony. The occupant of the farm came forward, and remonstrated. They laughed at him and persisted; but finding themselves more sternly rebuked, and in their own language, they began to consider the man. Suddenly, astonishment seizes upon some of the older ones: they gaze, they colour, the tears come into their eyes; and the word "Kosci-

usko" bursting from them, the next moment the soldiers are on the ground, prostrating themselves, and kissing the stranger's feet.

This is one of the most affecting anecdotes we ever met with.

Kosciusko's inaction, covered as he was with wounds, and conscious that his example could not die, became almost as glorious to him as the greatest days of his strength; nor did fortune refuse him the satisfaction of being able to continue the proofs of his patriotism in the most triumphant manner. He refused to fight either for Napoleon or the Allies: he would not lend Napoleon his name; he had wedded himself to the cause of truth and liberty, and he knew that it was the business of a genuine humanist to set mankind an example of perseverance. He would pave the way neither for Napoleon into Russia, nor for *Constantine into Poland*. He knew that real regeneration accompanied neither of them, and that a principle maintained in adversity was better in the long run than a cause made equivocal in success.

Kosciusko's noble nature at one time thought it had found something corresponding to it in the character of the Emperor Alexander; he wrote him a letter requesting him to declare a general amnesty for his countrymen, to make all the serfs free on their returning home, and to become sovereign of an independent kingdom in Poland. He concluded with expressing a wish he could have preceded him thither. He even honoured Alexander by asking a favour of him for a friend. The imperial male-coquet of virtue answered the patriot's letter in good holiday terms, granting all his requests. But this unequal intercourse did not last long. Kosciusko wrote the Emperor, who was at Vienna, another letter a year afterwards (June, 1815,) in which he reminded him of certain "magnanimous promises." To this no answer was returned; and Kosciusko expressing to Prince Adam Czartorisky his prophetic anticipations of what afterwards took place, retired to Soleure in Switzerland, where he died on the 16th of October, 1817. His remains were taken to Poland, (we are not told when,) and deposited in the cathedral of Cracow, in the same chapel with those of Sobieski.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.*

WE have read this book with the greatest pleasure. Considered merely as a composition, it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. It contains, indeed, no single passage equal to two or three, which we could

* Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. London: 1830.

select from the *Life of Sheridan*. But, as a whole, it is immeasurably superior to that work. The style is agreeable, clear, and manly; and, when it rises into eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation. Nor is the matter inferior to the manner.

It would be difficult to name a book which exhibits more of kindness, fairness, and modesty. It has evidently been written, not for the purpose of showing, what, however, it often shows, how well its author can write; but for the purpose of vindicating as far as truth will permit, the memory of a celebrated man who can no longer vindicate himself. Mr. Moore never thrusts himself between Lord Byron and the public. With the strongest temptations to egotism, he has said no more about himself than the subject absolutely required. A great part—indeed the greater part of these volumes, consists of extracts from the *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron*; and it is difficult to speak too highly of the skill which has been shown in the selection and arrangement. We will not say that we have not occasionally remarked in these two large quartos an anecdote which should have been omitted, a letter which should have been suppressed, a name which should have been concealed by asterisks; or asterisks which do not answer the purpose of concealing the name. But it is impossible, on a general survey, to deny that the task has been executed with great judgment and great humanity. When we consider the life which Lord Byron had led, his petulance, his irritability and his communicativeness, we cannot but admire the dexterity with which Mr. Moore has contrived to exhibit so much of the character and opinions of his friend, with so little pain to the feelings of the living.

The extracts from the journals and correspondence of Lord Byron, are in the highest degree valuable—not merely on account of the information which they contain respecting the distinguished man by whom they were written, but on account, also, of their rare merit as compositions. The *Letters*—at least those which were sent from Italy—are among the best in our language. They are less affected than those of Pope and Walpole;—they have more matter in them than those of Cowper. Knowing that many of them were not written merely for the person to whom they were directed, but were general epistles, meant to be read by a large circle, we expected to find them clever and spirited, but deficient in ease. We looked with vigilance for instances of stiffness in the language, and awkwardness in the transitions. We have been agreeably disappointed; and we must confess, that if the epistolary style of Lord Byron was artificial, it was a rare and admirable instance of that highest art, which cannot be distinguished from nature.

Of the deep and painful interest which this book excites, no abstract can give a just no-

tion. So sad and dark a story is scarcely to be found in any work of fiction; and we are little disposed to envy the moralist who can read it without being softened.

The pretty fable by which the Duchess of Orleans illustrates the character of her son the regent, might, with little change, be applied to Byron. All the fairies, save one, had been bidden to his cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One had bestowed nobility, another genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf who had been uninvited, came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favourite, had mixed up a curse with every blessing. In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his character, in his very person, there was a strange union of opposite extremes. He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others, there was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient indeed and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies, which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he succeeded had died poor, and, but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had great intellectual powers, yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and tender heart; but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuary loved to copy, and a foot, the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked. Distinguished at once by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect, affectionate yet perverse, a poor lord, and a handsome cripple, he required, if ever man required, the firmest and the most judicious training. But, capriciously as nature had dealt with him, the relative to whom the office of forming his character was intrusted, was more capricious still. She passed from paroxysms of rage to paroxysms of fondness. At one time she stifled him with her caresses—at another time she insulted his deformity. He came into the world, and the world treated him as his mother treated him—sometimes with kindness, sometimes with severity, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination, and punished him without discrimination. He was truly a spoiled child,—not merely the spoiled child of his parent, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society. His first poems were received with a contempt which, feeble as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. The poem which he published on his return from his travels, was, on the other hand, extolled far above its merit. At twenty-four he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers, beneath his feet. There is scarcely

an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence.

Every thing that could stimulate, and every thing that could gratify the strongest propensities of our nature—the gaze of a hundred drawing-rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of the loveliest women—all this world, and all the glory of it, were at once offered to a young man to whom nature had given violent passions, and whom education had never taught to control them. He lived as many men live who have no similar excuses to plead for their faults. But his countrymen and his countrywomen would love him and admire him. They were resolved to see in his excesses only the flash and outbreak of that same fiery mind which glowed in his poetry. He attacked religion; yet in religious circles his name was mentioned with fondness, and in many religious publications his works were censured with singular tenderness. He lampooned the prince regent; yet he could not alienate the Tories. Every thing, it seemed, was to be forgiven to youth, rank, and genius.

Then came the reaction. Society, capricious in its indignation as it had been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and petted darling. He had been worshipped with an irrational idolatry. He was persecuted with an irrational fury. Much has been written about those unhappy domestic occurrences which decided the fate of his life. Yet nothing is, nothing ever was positively known to the public but this,—that he quarrelled with his lady, and that she refused to live with him. There have been hints in abundance, and shrugs and shakings of the head, and “Well, well, we know,” and “We could an if we would,” and “If we list to speak,” and “There be that might an they list.” But we are not aware that there is before the world, substantiated by credible, or even by tangible evidence, a single fact indicating that Lord Byron was more to blame than any other man who is on bad terms with his wife. The professional men whom Lady Byron consulted, were undoubtedly of opinion that she ought not to live with her husband. But it is to be remembered that they formed that opinion without hearing both sides. We do not say, we do not mean to insinuate, that Lady Byron was in any respect to blame. We think that those who condemn her on the evidence which is now before the public, are as rash as those who condemn her husband. We will not pronounce any judgment; we cannot, even in our own minds, form any judgment on a transaction which is so imperfectly known to us. It would have been well if, at the time of the separation, all those who knew as little about the matter then as we know about it now, had shown that forbearance, which, under such circumstances, is but common justice.

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces, and family quarrels, pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years, our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. We must teach libertines, that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies, all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England, with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heart-broken. And our virtue goes quietly asleep for seven years more.

It is clear that those vices which destroy domestic happiness, ought to be as much as possible repressed. It is equally clear that they cannot be repressed by penal legislation. It is therefore right and desirable that public opinion should be directed against them. But it should be directed against them uniformly, steadily, and temperately, not by sudden fits and starts. There should be one weight and one measure. Decimation is always an objectionable mode of punishment. It is the resource of judges too indolent and hasty to investigate facts, and to discriminate nicely between shades of guilt. It is an irrational practice, even when adopted by military tribunals. When adopted by the tribunal of public opinion, it is infinitely more irrational. It is good that a certain portion of disgrace should constantly attend on certain bad actions. But it is not good that the offenders merely have to stand the risks of a lottery of infamy; that ninety-nine out of every hundred should escape; and that the hundredth, perhaps the most innocent of the hundred, should pay for all. We remember to have seen a mob assembled in Lincoln's Inn to hoot a gentleman, against whom the most oppressive proceeding known to the English law was then in progress. He was hooted because he had been an indifferent and unfaithful husband, as if some of the most popular men of the age—Lord Nelson, for example—had not been indifferent and unfaithful husbands. We remember a still stronger case. Will posterity believe, that in an age in which men, whose gallantries were universally known, and had been legally proved, filled

some of the highest offices in the state, and in the army, presided at the meetings of religious and benevolent institutions—were the delight of every society, and the favourites of the multitude—a crowd of moralists went to the theatre, in order to pelt a poor actor for disturbing the conjugal felicity of an alderman? What there was in the circumstances, either of the offender, or of the sufferer, to vindicate the zeal of the audience, we could never conceive. It has never been supposed that the situation of an actor is peculiarly favourable to the rigid virtues, or that an alderman enjoys any special immunity from injuries such as that which on this occasion roused the anger of the public. But such is the justice of mankind.

In these cases, the punishment was excessive; but the offence was known and proved. The case of Lord Byron was harder. True Jedwood justice was dealt out to him. First came the execution, then the investigation, and last of all, or rather not at all, the accusation. The public, without knowing any thing whatever about the transactions in his family, flew into a violent passion with him, and proceeded to invent stories which might justify its anger. Ten or twenty different accounts of the separation, inconsistent with each other, with themselves, and with common sense, circulated at the same time. What evidence there might be for any one of these, the virtuous people who repeated them neither knew nor cared. For in fact these stories were not the causes, but the effects of the public indignation. They resembled those loathsome slanders which Goldsmith, and other abject libellers of the same class, were in the habit of publishing about Bonaparte,—how he poisoned a girl with arsenic when he was at the military school,—how he hired a grenadier to shoot Dessaix at Marengo,—how he filled St. Cloud with all the pollutions of Caprea. There was a time when anecdotes like these obtained some credence from persons, who, hating the French emperor, without knowing why, were eager to believe any thing which might justify their hatred. Lord Byron fared in the same way. His countrymen were in a bad humour with him. His writings and his character had lost the charm of novelty. He had been guilty of the offence which, of all offences, is punished most severely; he had been over-praised; he had excited too warm an interest; and the public, with its usual justice, chastised him for its own folly. The attachments of the multitude bear no small resemblance to those of the wanton enchantress in the Arabian Tales, who, when the forty days of her fondness were over, was not content with dismissing her lovers, but condemned them to expiate, in loathsome shapes, and under severe punishments, the crime of having once pleased her too well.

The obloquy which Byron had to endure,

was such as might well have shaken a more constant mind. The newspapers were filled with lampoons. The theatres shook with execrations. He was excluded from circles where he had lately been the observed of all observers. All those creeping things that riot in the decay of noble natures, hastened to their repast; and they were right;—they did after their kind. It is not every day that the savage envy of aspiring dunces is gratified by the agonies of such a spirit, and the degradation of such a name.

The unhappy man left his country for ever. The howl of contumely followed him across the sea, up the Rhine, over the Alps; it gradually waxed fainter; it died away. Those who had raised it began to ask each other, what, after all, was the matter about which they had been so clamorous; and wished to invite back the criminal whom they had just chased from them. His poetry became more popular than it had ever been; and his complaints were read with tears by thousands and tens of thousands who had never seen his face.

He had fixed his home on the shores of the Adriatic, in the most picturesque and interesting of cities, beneath the brightest of skies, and by the brightest of seas. Censoriousness was not the vice of the neighbours whom he had chosen. They were a race corrupted by a bad government and a bad religion; long renowned for skill in the arts of voluptuousness, and tolerant of all the caprices of sensuality. From the public opinion of the country of his adoption, he had nothing to dread. With the public opinion of the country of his birth, he was at open war. He plunged into wild and desperate excesses, enabled by no generous or tender sentiment. From his Venetian harem he sent forth volume after volume, full of eloquence, of wit, of pathos, of ribaldry, and of bitter disdain. His health sank under the effects of his intemperance. His hair turned gray. His food ceased to nourish him. A hectic fever withered him up. It seemed that his body and mind were about to perish together.

From this wretched degradation he was in some measure rescued by an attachment, culpable indeed, yet such as, judged by the standard of morality established in the country where he lived, might be called virtuous. But an imagination polluted by vice, a temper embittered by misfortune, and a frame habituated to the fatal excitement of intoxication, prevented him from fully enjoying the happiness which he might have derived from the purest and most tranquil of his many attachments. Midnight draughts of ardent spirits and Rhenish wines had begun to work the ruin of his fine intellect. His verse lost much of the energy and condensation which had distinguished it. But he would not resign, without a struggle, the empire which he had exercised over the men of his generation.

A new dream of ambition arose before him—to be the centre of a literary party; the great mover of an intellectual revolution;—to guide the public mind of England from his Italian retreat, as Voltaire had guided the public mind of France, from the villa of Ferney. With this hope, as it should seem, he established *The Liberal*. But, powerfully as he had affected the imaginations of his contemporaries, he mistook his own powers, if he hoped to direct their opinions; and he still more grossly mistook his own disposition, if he thought that he could long act in concert with other men of letters. The plan failed, and failed ignominiously: angry with himself, angry with his coadjutors, he relinquished it; and turned to another project, the last and the noblest of his life.

A nation, once the first among the nations, pre-eminent in knowledge, pre-eminent in military glory, the cradle of philosophy, of eloquence, and of the fine arts, had been for ages bowed down under a cruel yoke. All the vices which tyranny generates—the abject vices which it generates in those who submit to it—the ferocious vices which it generates in those who struggle against it—had deformed the character of that miserable race. The valour which had won the great battle of human civilization,—which had saved Europe, and subjugated Asia, lingered only among pirates and robbers. The ingenuity, once so conspicuously displayed in every department of physical and moral science, had been depraved into a timid and servile cunning. On a sudden this degraded people had risen on their oppressors. Discouraged or betrayed by the surrounding potentates, they had found in themselves something of that which might well supply the place of all foreign assistance,—something of the energy of their fathers.

As a man of letters, Lord Byron could not but be interested in the event of this contest. His political opinions, though, like all his opinions, unsettled, leaned strongly towards the side of liberty. He had assisted the Italian insurgents with his purse; and if their struggle against the Austrian government had been prolonged, would probably have assisted them with his sword. But to Greece he was attached by peculiar ties. He had, when young, resided in that country. Much of his most splendid and popular poetry had been inspired by its scenery and by its history. Sick of inaction,—degraded in his own eyes by his private vices, and by his literary failures,—pining for untried excitement and honourable distinction,—he carried his exhausted body and his wounded spirit to the Grecian camp.

His conduct in his new situation showed so much vigour and good sense as to justify us in believing, that, if his life had been prolonged, he might have distinguished himself as a soldier and a politician. But pleasure and sorrow had done the work of seventy years upon

his delicate frame. The hand of death was on him: he knew it; and the only wish which he uttered was that he might die sword in hand.

This was denied to him. Anxiety, exertion, exposure, and those fatal stimulants which had become indispensable to him, soon stretched him on a sick bed, in a strange land, amidst strange faces, without one human being that he loved near him. There, at thirty-six, the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century closed his brilliant and miserable career.

We cannot even now retrace those events without feeling something of what was felt by the nation, when it was first known that the grave had closed over so much sorrow and so much glory;—something of what was felt by those who saw the hearse, with its long train of coaches, turn slowly northward, leaving behind it that cemetery, which had been consecrated by the dust of so many great poets, but of which the doors were closed against all that remained of Byron. We well remember that, on that day, rigid moralists could not refrain from weeping for one so young, so illustrious, so unhappy, gifted with such rare gifts, and tried by such strong temptations. It is unnecessary to make any reflections. The history carries its moral with it. Our age has indeed been fruitful of warnings to the eminent, and of consolations to the obscure. Two men have died within our recollection, who, at a time of life at which few people have completed their education, had raised themselves, each in his own department, to the height of glory. One of them died at Longwood, the other at Missolonghi.

It is always difficult to separate the literary character of a man who lives in our own time from his personal character. It is peculiarly difficult to make this separation in the case of Lord Byron. For it is scarcely too much to say, that Lord Byron never wrote without some reference, direct or indirect, to himself. The interest excited by the events of his life, mingles itself in our minds, and probably in the minds of almost all our readers, with the interest which properly belongs to his works. A generation must pass away before it will be possible to form a fair judgment of his books, considered merely as books. At present they are not only books but relics. We will, however, venture, though with unfeigned diffidence, to offer some desultory remarks on his poetry.

His lot was cast in the time of a great literary revolution. That poetical dynasty which had dethroned the successors of Shakspeare and Spenser was, in its turn, dethroned by a race who represented themselves as heirs of the ancient line, so long dispossessed by usurpers. The real nature of this revolution has not, we think, been comprehended by the great majority of those who concurred in it.

If this question were proposed—wherein especially does the poetry of our time differ

from that of the last century?—ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would answer that the poetry of the last century was correct, but cold and mechanical, and that the poetry of our time, though wild and irregular, presented far more vivid images, and excited the passions far more strongly than that of Parnell, of Addison, or of Pope. In the same manner we constantly hear it said, that the poets of the age of Elizabeth had far more genius, but far less correctness, than those of the age of Anne. It seems to be taken for granted, that there is some necessary incompatibility, some antithesis between correctness and creative power. We rather suspect that this notion arises merely from an abuse of words; and that it has been the parent of many of the fallacies which perplex the science of criticism.

What is meant by correctness in poetry? If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules which have their foundation in truth, and in the principles of human nature, then correctness is only another name for excellence. If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules purely arbitrary, correctness may be another name for dullness and absurdity.

A writer who describes visible objects falsely, and violates the propriety of character,—a writer who makes the mountains 'nod their drowsy heads' at night, or a dying man take leave of the world with a rant like that of Maximin, may be said, in the high and just sense of the phrase, to write incorrectly. He violates the first great law of his art. His imitation is altogether unlike the thing imitated. The four poets who are most eminently free from incorrectness of this description are Homer, Dante, Shakspeare and Milton. They are, therefore, in one sense, and that the best sense, the most correct of poets.

When it is said that Virgil, though he had less genius than Homer, was a more correct writer, what sense is attached to the word correctness? Is it meant that the story of the *Æneid* is developed more skilfully than that of the *Odyssey*?—that the Roman describes the face of the external world, or the emotions of the mind, more accurately than the Greek?—that the characters of Achates and Mnestheus are more nicely discriminated, and more consistently supported than those of Achilles, of Nestor, and of Ulysses? The fact incontestably is, that for every violation of the fundamental laws of poetry, which can be found in Homer, it would be easy to find twenty in Virgil.

Troilus and Cressida is perhaps of all the plays of Shakspeare that which is commonly considered as the most incorrect. Yet it seems to us infinitely more correct, in the sound sense of the term, than what are called the most correct plays of the most correct dramatists. Compare it, for example, with the *Iphigénie* of Racine. We are sure that the Greeks of Shakspeare are a far greater resemblance than

the Greeks of Racine to the real Greeks who besieged Troy; and for this reason, that the Greeks of Shakspeare are human beings, and the Greeks of Racine mere names;—mere words printed in capitals at the head of paragraphs of declamation. Racine, it is true, would have shuddered at the thought of making Agamemnon quote Aristotle. But of what use is it to avoid a single anachronism, when the whole play is one anachronism,—the topics and phrases of Versailles in the camp of Aulis?

In the sense in which we are now using the word correctness, we think that Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Coleridge, are far more correct writers than those who are commonly extolled as the models of correctness—Pope, for example, and Addison. The single description of a moonlight night in Pope's *Iliad* contains more inaccuracies than can be found in all the *Excursion*. There is not a single scene in Cato, in which every thing that conduces to poetical illusion,—the propriety of character, of language, of situation, is not more grossly violated than in any part of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. No man can possibly think that the Romans of Addison resemble the real Romans so closely as the moss-troopers of Scott resemble the real moss-troopers. Watt Tinnin and William of Deloraine are not, it is true, persons of so much dignity as Cato. But the dignity of the persons represented, has as little to do with the correctness of poetry as with the correctness of painting. We prefer a gypsey by Reynolds to his Majesty's head on a signpost, and a Borderer by Scott to a senator by Addison.

In what sense then is the word correctness used by those who say, with the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, that Pope was the most correct of English Poets, and, that next to Pope, came the late Mr. Gifford? What is the nature and value of that correctness, the praise of which is denied to Macbeth, to Lear, and to Othello, and given to Hoole's translations and to all the Seatonian prize-poems? We can discover no eternal rule—no rule founded in reason and in the nature of things—which Shakspeare does not observe much more strictly than Pope. But if by correctness be meant the conforming to a narrow legislation, which, while lenient to the *mala in se*, multiplies, without the shadow of a reason, the *mala prohibita*,—if by correctness be meant a strict attention to certain ceremonious observances, which are no more essential to poetry than etiquette to good government, or than the washings of a Pharisee to devotion,—then, assuredly, Pope may be a more correct poet than Shakspeare; and, if the code were a little altered, Colley Cibber might be a more correct poet than Pope. But it may well be doubted whether this kind of correctness be a merit—nay, whether it be not an absolute fault.

It would be amusing to make a digest of the irrational laws which bad critics have framed

for the government of poets. First in celebrity and in absurdity stand the dramatic unities of place and time. No human being has ever been able to find any thing that could, even by courtesy, be called an argument for these unities, except that they have been deduced from the general practice of the Greeks. It requires no very profound examination to discover that the Greek dramas, often admirable as compositions, are, as exhibitions of human character and human life, far inferior to the English plays of the age of Elizabeth. Every scholar knows that the dramatic part of the Athenian tragedies was at first subordinate to the lyrical part. It would, therefore, have been little less than a miracle if the laws of the Athenian stage had been found to suit plays in which there was no chorus. All the greatest master-pieces of the dramatic art have been composed in direct violation of the unities, and could never have been composed if the unities had not been violated. It is clear, for example, that such a character as that of Hamlet could never have been developed within the limits to which Alfieri confined himself. Yet such was the reverence of literary men during the last century for these unities, that Johnson, who, much to his honour, took the opposite side, was, as he says, "frighted at his own temerity;" and "afraid to stand against the authorities which might be produced against him."

There are other rules of the same kind without end. "Shakespeare," says Rymer, "ought not to have made Othello black; for the hero of a tragedy ought always to be white." "Milton," says another critic, "ought not to have taken Adam for his hero; for the hero of an epic poem ought always to be victorious." "Milton," says another, "ought not to have put so many similes into his first book; for the first book of an epic poem ought always to be the most unadorned. There are no similes in the first book of the Iliad." "Milton," says another, "ought not to have placed in an epic poem such lines as these:—

"I also erred in overmuch admiring."

And why not? The critic is ready with a reason—a lady's reason. "Such lines," says he, "are not, it must be allowed, displeasing to the ear; but the redundant syllable ought to be confined to the drama, and not admitted into epic poetry." As to the redundant syllable in heroic rhyme, on serious subjects, it has been, from the time of Pope downward, proscribed by the general consent of all the correct school. No magazine would have admitted so incorrect a couplet as that of Drayton—

"As when we lived untouch'd with these disgraces,
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces."

Another law of heroic poetry, which, fifty years ago, was considered as fundamental, was

that there should be a pause—a comma at least, at the end of every couplet. It was also provided that there should never be a full stop except at the end of a couplet. Well do we remember to have heard a most correct judge of poetry revile Mr. Rogers for the incorrectness of that most sweet and graceful passage—

"'Twas thine, Maria, thine, without a sigh,
At midnight in a sister's arms to die,
Nursing the young to health."

Sir Roger Newdigate is fairly entitled, we think, to be ranked among the great critics of this school. He made a law that none of the poems written for the Prize which he established at Oxford should exceed fifty lines. This law seems to us to have at least as much foundation in reason as any of those which we have mentioned—nay, much more, for the world, we believe, is pretty well agreed in thinking that the shorter a prize-poem is, the better.

We do not see why we should not make a few more rules of the same kind,—why we should not enact that the number of scenes in every act shall be three, or some multiple of three,—that the number of lines in every scene shall be an exact square,—that the *dramatis personæ* shall never be more or fewer than sixteen,—and that, in heroic rhymes, every thirty-sixth line shall have twelve syllables. If we were to lay down these canons, and to call Pope, Goldsmith, and Addison, incorrect writers for not having complied with our whims, we should act precisely as those critics act who find incorrectness in the magnificent imagery and the varied music of Coleridge and Shelley.

The correctness which the last century prized so much, resembled the correctness of those pictures of the garden of Eden which we see in old Bibles,—an exact square, enclosed by the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, each with a convenient bridge in the centre—rectangular beds of flowers—a long canal, neatly bricked and railed in—the tree of knowledge, clipped like one of the limes behind the Tuilleries, standing in the centre of the grand alley—the snake twined round it—the man on the right hand, the woman on the left, and the beasts drawn up in an exact circle round them. In one sense the picture is correct enough. That is to say, the squares are correct; the circles are correct; the man and the woman are in a most correct line with the tree; and the snake forms a most correct spiral.

But if there was a painter so gifted, that he should place in the canvass that glorious paradise, seen by the interior eye of him whose outward sight had failed with long watching and labouring for liberty and truth,—if there were a painter who could set before us the mazes of the sapphire brook, the lake with its fringe of myrtles, the flowery meadows, the grottoes overhung by vines, the forests shining

with Hesperian fruit, and with the plumage of gorgeous birds, the massy shade of that nuptial bower which showered down roses on the sleeping lovers,—what should we think of a connoisseur who should tell us that this painting, though finer than the absurd picture in the old Bible, was not so correct? Surely we should answer—it is both finer and more correct; and it is finer because it is more correct. It is not made up of correctly drawn diagrams; but it is a correct painting—a worthy representation of that which it is intended to represent.

It is not in the fine arts alone that this false correctness is prized by narrow-minded men, by men who cannot distinguish means from ends, or what is accidental from what is essential. M. Jourdain admired correctness in fencing. "You had no business to hit me then. You must never thrust in *quart* till you have thrust in *tierce*." M. Tomès liked correctness in medical practice. "I stand up for Artemius. That he killed his patient is plain enough. But still he acted quite according to rule. A man dead is a man dead; and there is an end of the matter. But if rules are to be broken, there is no saying what consequences may follow." We have heard of an old German officer, who was a great admirer of correctness in military operations. He used to revile Bonaparte for spoiling the science of war, which had been carried to such exquisite perfection by Marshal Daun. "In my youth we used to march and counter-march all the summer without gaining or losing a square league, and then we went into winter quarters. And now comes an ignorant hotheaded young man, who flies about from Boulogne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fights battles in December. The whole system of his tactics is monstrously incorrect." The world is of opinion, in spite of critics like these, that the end of fencing is to hit, that the end of medicine is to cure, that the end of war is to conquer, and that those means are the most correct which best accomplish the ends.

And has poetry no end,—no eternal and immutable principles? Is poetry, like heraldry, mere matter of arbitrary regulation? The heralds tell us that certain scutcheons and bearings denote certain conditions, and that to put colours on colours, or metals on metals, is false blazonry. If all this were reversed,—if every coat of arms in Europe were new fashioned,—if it were decreed that *or* should never be placed but on *argent*, or *argent* but on *or*,—that illegitimacy should be denoted by a *lozenge*, and widowhood by a *bend*,—the new science would be just as good as the old science, because both the new and the old would be good for nothing. The mummery of Portcullis and Rouge Dragon, as it has no other value than that which caprice has assigned to it, may well submit to any laws which caprice may impose on it. But it is not so with that

great imitative art, to the power of which, all ages, the rudest and the most enlightened, bear witness. Since its first great masterpieces were produced, every thing that is changeable in this world has been changed. Civilization has been gained, lost, gained again. Religions, and languages, and forms of government, and usages of private life, and modes of thinking, all have undergone a succession of revolutions. Every thing has passed away but the great features of nature, the heart of man, and the miracles of that art, of which it is the office to reflect back the heart of man and the features of nature. Those two strange old poems, the wonder of ninety generations, still retain all their freshness. They still command the veneration of minds, enriched by the literature of many nations and ages. They are still, even in wretched translations, the delight of school-boys. Having survived ten thousand capricious fashions, having seen successive codes of criticism become obsolete, they still remain, immortal with the immortality of truth,—the same when perused in the study of an English scholar, as when they were first chanted at the banquets of the Ionian princes.

Poetry is, as that most acute of human beings Aristotle said, more than two thousand years ago, imitation. It is an art analogous in many respects to the arts of painting, sculpture, and acting. The imitations of the painter, the sculptor, and the actor, are, indeed, within certain limits, more perfect than those of the poet. The machinery which the poet employs, consists merely of words; and words cannot, even when employed by such an artist as Homer or Dante, present to the mind images of visible objects quite so lively and exact as those which we carry away from looking on the works of the brush and the chisel. But, on the other hand, the range of poetry is infinitely wider than that of any other imitative art, or than that of all the other imitative arts together. The sculptor can imitate only form; the painter only form and colour; the actor, until the poet supplies him with words, only form, colour, and motion. Poetry holds the outer world in common with the other arts. The heart of man is the province of poetry, and of poetry alone. The painter, the sculptor, and the actor, when the actor is unassisted by the poet, can exhibit no more of human passion and character than that small portion which overflows into the gesture and the face—always an imperfect, often a deceitful sign—of that which is within. The deeper and more complex parts of human nature can be exhibited by means of words alone. Thus the objects of the imitation of poetry are the whole external and the whole internal universe, the face of nature, the vicissitudes of fortune, man as he is in himself, man as he appears in society, all things of which we can form an image in our minds, by combining together parts of things which really exist. The domain of this im-

perial art is commensurate with the imaginative faculty.

An art essentially imitative ought not surely to be subjected to rules which tend to make its imitations less perfect than they would otherwise be; and those who obey such rules ought to be called, not correct, but incorrect artists. The true way to judge of the rules by which English poetry was governed during the last century, is to look at the effects which they produced.

It was in 1780 that Johnson completed his *Lives of the Poets*. He tells us in that work, that since the time of Dryden, English poetry had shown no tendency to relapse into its original savageness; that its language had been refined, its numbers tuned, and its sentiments improved. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether the nation had any great reason to exult in the refinements and improvements, which gave it Douglas for *Othello*, and the *Triumphs of Temper* for the *Fairy Queen*.

It was during the thirty years which preceded the appearance of Johnson's *Lives*, that the diction and versification of English poetry were, in the sense in which the word is commonly used, most correct. Those thirty years form the most deplorable part of our literary history. They have bequeathed to us scarcely any poetry which deserves to be remembered. Two or three hundred lines of Gray, twice as many of Goldsmith, a few stanzas of Beattie and Collins, a few strophes of Mason, and a few clever prologues and satires, were the masterpieces of this age of consummate excellence. They may all be printed in one volume, and that volume would be by no means a volume of extraordinary merit. It would contain no poetry of the highest class, and little which could be placed very high in the second class. The *Paradise regained*, or *Comus*, would outweigh it all.

At last, when poetry had fallen into such utter decay that Mr. Hayley was thought a great poet, it began to appear that the excess of the evil was about to work the cure. Men became tired of an insipid conformity to a standard which derived no authority from nature or reason. A shallow criticism had taught them to ascribe a superstitious value to the spurious correctness of poetasters. A deeper criticism brought them back to the free correctness of the first great masters. The eternal laws of poetry regained their power, and the temporary fashions which had superseded those laws went after the wig of *Lovelace* and the hoop of *Clarissa*.

It was in a cold and barren season that the seeds of that rich harvest which we have reaped, were first sown. While poetry was every year becoming more feeble and more mechanical,—while the monotonous versification which Pope had introduced, no longer redeemed by his brilliant wit and his compactness of expression, palled on the ear of the public,—the great works of the dead were

every day attracting more and more of the admiration which they deserved. The plays of Shakspeare were better acted, better edited, and better known than they had ever been. Our noble old ballads were again read with pleasure, and it became a fashion to imitate them. Many of the imitations were altogether contemptible. But they showed that men had at least begun to admire the excellence which they could not rival. A literary revolution was evidently at hand. There was a ferment in the minds of men,—a vague craving for something new; a disposition to hail with delight any thing which might at first sight wear the appearance of originality. A reforming age is always fertile of impostors. The same excited state of public feeling which produced the great separation from the see of Rome, produced also the excesses of the Anabaptists. The same stir in the public mind of Europe, which overthrew the abuses of the old French government, produced the Jacobins and Theophilanthropists: Macpherson and the *Della Cruscas* were to the true reformers of English poetry, what Knipperdolling was to Luther, or what Cloutz was to Turgot. The public was never more disposed to believe stories without evidence, and to admire books without merit. Any thing which could break the dull monotony of the correct school was acceptable.

The forerunner of the great restoration of our literature was Cowper. His literary career began and ended at nearly the same time with that of Alfieri. A parallel between Alfieri and Cowper may, at first sight, seem as unpromising as that which a loyal Presbyterian minister is said to have drawn, in 1745, between George the Second and Enoch. It may seem that the gentle, shy, melancholy Calvinist, whose spirit had been broken by fagging at school,—who had not courage to earn a livelihood by reading the titles of bills in the House of Lords,—and whose favourite associates were a blind old lady and an evangelical divine, could have nothing in common with the haughty, ardent, and voluptuous nobleman,—the horse-jockey, the libertine, who fought Lord Ligonier in Hyde Park, and robbed the Pretender of his queen. But though the private lives of these remarkable men present scarcely any points of resemblance, their literary lives bear a close analogy to each other. They both found poetry in its lowest state of degradation,—feeble, artificial, and altogether nerveless. They both possessed precisely the talents which fitted them for the task of raising it from that deep abasement. They cannot, in strictness, be called great poets. They had not in any very high degree the creative power,

“The vision and the faculty divine;”

but they had great vigour of thought, great warmth of feeling,—and what, in their circumstances, was above all things important,

a manliness of taste which approached to roughness. They did not deal in mechanical versification and conventional phrases. They wrote concerning things, the thought of which set their hearts on fire; and thus what they wrote, even when it wanted every other grace, had that inimitable grace which sincerity and strong passion impart to the rudest and most homely compositions. Each of them sought for inspiration in a noble and affecting subject, fertile of images, which had not yet been hackneyed. Liberty was the muse of Alfieri,—Religion was the muse of Cowper. The same truth is found in their lighter pieces. They were not among those who deprecated the severity, or deplored the absence, of an unreal mistress in melodious commonplaces. Instead of raving about imaginary Chloes and Sylvias, Cowper wrote of Mrs. Unwin's knitting-needles. The only love-verses of Alfieri were addressed to one whom he truly and passionately loved. "Tutte le rime amorose che seguono," says he, "tutte sono per essa, e ben sue, e di lei solamente poichè mai d' altra donna per certo non canterò."

These great men were not free from affectation. But their affectation was directly opposed to the affectation which generally prevailed. Each of them has expressed, in strong and bitter language, the contempt which he felt for the effeminate poetasters who were in fashion both in England and in Italy. Cowper complains that

"Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, taste, and wit."

He praised Pope; yet he regretted that Pope had

"Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
And every warbler had his tune by heart."

Alfieri speaks with similar scorn of the tragedies of his predecessors. "Mi cadevano dalle mani per la languidezza, trivialità e prolissità dei modi e del verso, senza parlare poi della snervatezza dei pensieri. Or perchè mai questa nostra divina lingua, sì maschia anco, ed energica, e feroce, in bocca di Dante, dovrà ella farsi così sbiadata ed eunuca nel dialogo tragico."

To men thus sick of the languid manner of their contemporaries, ruggedness seemed a venial fault, or rather a positive merit. In their hatred of meretricious ornament, and of what Cowper calls "creamy smoothness," they erred on the opposite side. Their style was too austere; their versification too harsh. It is not easy, however, to overrate the service which they rendered to literature. Their merit is rather that of demolition than that of construction. The intrinsic value of their poems is considerable. But the example which they set of mutiny against an absurd system was invaluable. The part which they performed was rather that of Moses than that of Joshua.

They opened the house of bondage;—but they did not enter the promised land.

During the twenty years which followed the death of Cowper, the revolution in English poetry was fully consummated. None of the writers of this period, not even Sir Walter Scott, contributed so much to the consummation as Lord Byron. Yet he, Lord Byron, contributed to it unwillingly, and with constant self-reproach and shame. All his tastes and inclinations led him to take part with the school of poetry which was going out, against the school which was coming in. Of Pope himself he spoke with extravagant admiration. He did not venture directly to say that the little man of Twickenham was a greater poet than Shakspeare or Milton. But he hinted pretty clearly that he thought so. Of his contemporaries, scarcely any had so much of his admiration as Mr. Gifford, who, considered as a poet, was merely Pope, without Pope's wit and fancy, and whose satires are decidedly inferior in vigour and poignancy to the very imperfect juvenile performance of Lord Byron himself. He now and then praised Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Coleridge; but ungraciously, and without cordiality. When he attacked them, he brought his whole soul to the work. Of the most elaborate of Mr. Wordsworth's poems he could find nothing to say, but that it was "clumey, and frowsy, and his aversion." Peter Bell excited his spleen to such a degree, that he apostrophized the shades of Pope and Dryden, and demanded of them whether it were possible that such trash could evade contempt? In his heart, he thought his own Pilgrimage of Harold inferior to his Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry—a feeble echo of Pope and Johnson. This insipid performance he repeatedly designed to publish, and was withheld only by the solicitations of his friends. He has distinctly declared his approbation of the unities; the most absurd laws by which genius was ever held in servitude. In one of his works, we think in his Letter to Mr. Bowles, he compares the poetry of the eighteenth century to the Parthenon, and that of the nineteenth to a Turkish mosque; and boasts that, though he had assisted his contemporaries in building their grotesque and barbarous edifice, he had never joined them in defacing the remains of a character and more graceful architecture. In another letter, he compares the change which had recently passed on English poetry, to the decay of Latin poetry after the Augustan age. In the time of Pope, he tells his friend, it was all Horace with us. It is all Claudian now.

For the great old masters of the art, he had no very enthusiastic veneration. In his Letter to Mr. Bowles he uses expressions which clearly indicate that he preferred Pope's Iliad to the original. Mr. Moore confesses that his friend was no very fervent admirer of Shakspeare. Of all the poets of the first class, Lord Byron seems to have admired Dante

and Milton most. Yet in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* he places Tasso—a writer not merely inferior to them, but of quite a different order of mind—on at least a footing of equality with them. Mr. Hunt is, we suspect, quite correct in saying, that Lord Byron could see little or no merit in Spenser.

But Lord Byron the critic, and Lord Byron the poet, were two very different men. The effects of his theory may indeed often be traced in his practice. But his disposition led him to accommodate himself to the literary taste of the age in which he lived; and his talents would have enabled him to accommodate himself to the taste of any age. Though he said much of his contempt for men, and though he boasted that, amidst all the inconstancy of fortune and of fame, he was all-sufficient to himself, his literary career indicated nothing of that lonely and unsocial pride which he affected. We cannot conceive him, like Milton or Wordsworth, defying the criticism of his contemporaries, retorting their scorn, and labouring on a poem in the full assurance that it would be unpopular, and in the full assurance that it would be immortal. He has said, by the mouth of one of his heroes, in speaking of political greatness, that "he must serve who gain would sway;" and this he assigns as a reason for not entering into political life. He did not consider that the sway which he had exercised in literature had been purchased by servitude—by the sacrifice of his own taste to the taste of the public.

He was the creature of his age; and wherever he had lived, he would have been the creature of his age. Under Charles I., he would have been more quaint than Donne. Under Charles II., the rants of his rhyming plays would have pitted it, boxed it, and galled it, with those of any Bayes or Bilboa. Under George I., the monotonous smoothness of his versification, and the terseness of his expression, would have made Pope himself envious.

As it was, he was the man of the last thirteen years of the eighteenth century, and of the first twenty-three years of the nineteenth century. He belonged half to the old, and half to the new school of poetry. His personal taste led him to the former; his thirst of fame to the latter;—his talents were equally suited to both. His fame was a common ground on which the zealots of both sides—Gifford, for example, and Shelley—might meet. He was the representative, not of either literary party, but of both at once, and of their conflict, and of the victory by which that conflict was terminated. His poetry fills and measures the whole of the vast interval through which our literature has moved since the time of Johnson. It touches the *Essay on Man* at the one extremity, and the *Excursion* at the other.

There are several parallel instances in *Literary Museum*.—Vol. XIX.

Voltaire, for example, was the connecting link between the France of Louis the Fourteenth and the France of Louis the Sixteenth,—between Racine and Boileau on the one side, and Condorcet and Beaumarchais on the other. He, like Lord Byron, put himself at the head of an intellectual revolution,—dreading it all the time,—murmuring at it,—sneering at it,—yet choosing rather to move before his age in any direction, than to be left behind and forgotten. Dryden was the connecting link between the literature of the age of James the First, and the literature of the age of Anne. Oromandes and Arimanes fought for him—Arimanes carried him off. But his heart was to the last with Oromandes. Lord Byron was, in the same manner, the mediator between two generations—between two hostile poetical sects. Though always sneering at Mr. Wordsworth, he was yet, though perhaps unconsciously, the interpreter between Mr. Wordsworth and the multitude. In the *Lyrical Ballads* and the *Excursion*, Mr. Wordsworth appeared as the high priest of a worship, of which Nature was the idol. No poems have ever indicated so exquisite a perception of the beauty of the outer world, or so passionate a love and reverence for that beauty. Yet they were not popular; and it is not likely that they ever will be popular as the works of Sir Walter Scott are popular. The feeling which pervaded them was too deep for general sympathy. Their style was often too mysterious for general comprehension. They made a few esoteric disciples, and many scoffers. Lord Byron founded what may be called an esoteric Lake school of poetry; and all the readers of poetry in England, we might say in Europe, hastened to sit at his feet. What Mr. Wordsworth had said like a recluse, Lord Byron said like a man of the world,—with less profound feeling, but with more perspicuity, energy, and conciseness. We would refer our readers to the last two cantos of *Childe Harold*, and to *Manfred*, in proof of these observations.

Lord Byron, like Mr. Wordsworth, had nothing dramatic in his genius. He was, indeed, the reverse of a great dramatist; the very antithesis to a great dramatist. All his characters,—Harold, looking back on the western sky, from which his country and the sun are receding together,—the Giaour, standing apart in the gloom of the side-aisle, and casting a haggard scowl from under his long hood at the crucifix and the censor,—Conrad, leaning on his sword by the watch-tower,—Lara, smiling on the dancers,—Alp, gazing steadily on the fatal cloud as it passes before the moon,—Manfred, wandering among the precipices of Berne,—Azzo, on the judgment-seat,—Ugo, at the bar,—Lambro, frowning on the siesta of his daughter and Juan,—Cain, presenting his unacceptable offering,—are all essentially the same. The varieties are varieties merely of age, situation, and cos-

tume. If ever Lord Byron attempted to exhibit men of a different kind, he always made them either insipid or unnatural. Selim is nothing. Bonnivart is nothing. Don Juan, in the first and best canto, is a feeble copy of the Page in the *Marriage of Figaro*. Johnson, the man whom Juan meets in the slave market, is a most striking failure. How differently would Sir Walter Scott have drawn a bluff, fearless Englishman, in such a situation! The portrait would have seemed to walk out of the canvass.

Sardanapalus is more hardly drawn than any dramatic personage that we can remember. His heroism and his effeminacy,—his contempt of death, and his dread of a weighty helmet,—his kingly resolution to be seen in the foremost ranks, and the anxiety with which he calls for a looking-glass, that he may be seen to advantage, are contrasted with all the point of Juvenal. Indeed, the hint of the character seems to have been taken from what Juvenal says of Otho:

"Speculum civilis sarcina belli.
Nimirum summi ducis est occidere Galbam,
Et curare cutem summi constantia civis,
Bebriaci in campo spolium affectare Palati,
Et pressum in facie digitis extendere panem."

These are excellent lines in a satire. But it is not the business of the dramatist to exhibit characters in this sharp antithetical way. It is not in this way that Shakespeare makes Prince Hal rise from the rake of Eastcheap into the hero of Shrewsbury, and sink again into the rake of Eastcheap. It is not thus that Shakespeare has exhibited the union of effeminacy and valour in Antony. A dramatist cannot commit a greater error than that of following those pointed descriptions of character, in which satirists and historians indulge so much. It is by rejecting what is natural, that satirists and historians produce these striking characters. Their great object generally is to ascribe to every man as many contradictory qualities as possible; and this is an object easily attained. By judicious selection and judicious exaggeration, the intellect and disposition of any human being might be described as being made up of nothing but startling contrasts. If the dramatist attempts to create a being answering to one of these descriptions, he fails, because he reverses an imperfect analytical process. He produces, not a man, but a personified epigram. Very eminent writers have fallen into this snare. Ben Jonson has given us a Hermogenes, taken from the lively lines of Horace; but the inconsistency which is so amusing in the satire, appears unnatural, and disgusts us in the play. Sir Walter Scott has committed a far more glaring error of the same kind in the novel of *Peveril*. Admiring, as every reader must admire, the keen and vigorous lines in which Dryden satirized the Duke of Buckingham, he attempted to make a Duke of Buckingham

to suit them, a real living Zimri; and he made, not a man, but the most grotesque of all monsters. A writer who should attempt to introduce into a play or novel such a Wharton as the Wharton of Pope, or a Lord Hervey answering to Sporus, would fail in the same manner.

But to return to Lord Byron: his women, like his men, are all of one breed. Haidee is a half savage and girlish Julia; Julia is a civilized and matronly Haidee. Leila is a wedded Zuleika—Zuleika a virgin Leila. Gulnare and Medora appear to have been intentionally opposed to each other. Yet the difference is a difference of situation only. A slight change of circumstances would, it should seem, have sent Gulnare to the lute of Medora, and armed Medora with the dagger of Gulnare.

It is hardly too much to say, that Lord Byron could exhibit only one man and only one woman,—a man, proud, moody, cynical,—with defiance on his brow, and misery in his heart; a scorner of his kind, implacable in revenge, yet capable of deep and strong affection; a woman, all softness and gentleness, loving to caress and to be caressed, but capable of being transformed by love into a tigress.

Even these two characters, his only two characters, he could not exhibit dramatically. He exhibited them in the manner, not of Shakespeare, but of Clarendon. He analyzed them. He made them analyze themselves, but he did not make them show themselves. He tells us, for example, in many lines of great force and spirit, that the speech of Lara is bitterly sarcastic,—that he talked little of his travels,—that if much questioned about them, his answers became short and his brow gloomy. But we have none of Lara's sarcastic speeches, or short answers. It is not thus that the great masters of human nature have portrayed human beings. Homer never tells us that Nestor loved to tell long stories about his youth; Shakespeare never tells us that in the mind of Iago every thing that is beautiful and endearing was associated with some filthy and debasing idea.

It is curious to observe the tendency which the dialogue of Lord Byron always has to lose its character of dialogue and to become soliloquy. The scenes between Manfred and the Chamois-hunter,—between Manfred and the Witch of the Alps,—between Manfred and the Abbot, are instances of this tendency. Manfred, after a few unimportant speeches, has all the talk to himself. The other interlocutors are nothing more than good listeners. They drop an occasional question, or ejaculation, which sets Manfred off again on the inexhaustible topic of his personal feelings. If we examine the fine passages in Lord Byron's dramas,—the description of Rome for example, in Manfred,—the description of a Venetian revel in Marino Faliero,—the dying

invective which the old Doge pronounces against Venice, we shall find there is nothing dramatic in them; that they derive none of their effect from the character or situation of the speaker; and that they would have been as fine, or finer, if they had been published as fragments of blank verse by Lord Byron. There is scarcely a speech in Shakspeare of which the same could be said. No skilful reader of the plays of Shakspeare can endure to see what are called the fine things taken out, under the name of 'Beauties' or of 'Elegant extracts;' or to hear any single passage,—“To be or not to be,” for example, quoted as a sample of the great poet. “To be or not to be,” has merit undoubtedly as a composition. It would have merit if put into the mouth of a chorus. But its merit as a composition vanishes when compared with its merit as belonging to Hamlet. It is not too much to say that the great plays of Shakspeare would lose less by being deprived of all the passages which are commonly called the fine passages, than those passages lose by being read separately from the play. This is, perhaps, the highest praise which can be given to a dramatist.

On the other hand, it may be doubted whether there is, in all Lord Byron's plays, a single remarkable passage which owes any portion of its interest or effect to its connexion with the characters or the action. He has written only one scene, as far as we can recollect, which is dramatic even in manner—The scene between Lucifer and Cain. The conference in that scene is animated, and each of the interlocutors has a fair share of it. But this scene, when examined, will be found to be a confirmation of our remarks. It is a dialogue only in form. It is a soliloquy in essence. It is in reality a debate carried on within one single unquiet and sceptical mind. The questions and the answers, the objections and the solutions, all belong to the same character.

A writer who showed so little of dramatic skill, in works professedly dramatic, was not likely to write narrative with dramatic effect. Nothing could indeed be more rude and careless than the structure of his narrative poems. He seems to have thought, with the hero of the Rehearsal, that the plot was good for nothing but to bring in fine things. His two longest works, *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, have no plan whatever. Either of them might have been extended to any length, or cut short at any point. The state in which the Giaour appears, illustrates the manner in which all his poems were constructed. They are all, like the Giaour, collections of fragments; and, though there may be no empty spaces marked by asterisks, it is still easy to perceive by the clumsiness of the joining, where the parts, for the sake of which the whole was composed, end and begin.

It was in description and meditation that

he excelled. “Description,” as he said in *Don Juan*, “was his forte.” His manner is indeed peculiar, and is almost unequalled,—rapid, sketchy, full of vigour; the selection happy; the strokes few and bold. In spite of the reverence which we feel for the genius of Mr. Wordsworth, we cannot but think that the minuteness of his descriptions often diminishes their effect. He has accustomed himself to gaze on nature with the eye of a lover—to dwell on every feature—and to mark every change of aspect. Those beauties which strike the most negligent observer, and those which only a close attention discovers, are equally familiar to him, and are equally prominent in his poetry. The proverb of old Hesiod, that half is often more than the whole, is eminently applicable to description. The policy of the Dutch, who cut down most of the precious trees in the Spice Islands, in order to raise the value of what remained, was a policy which poets would do well to imitate. It was a policy which no poet understood better than Lord Byron. Whatever his faults might be, he was never, while his mind retained its vigour, accused of prolixity.

His descriptions, great as was their intrinsic merit, derived their principal interest from the feeling which always mingled with them. He was himself the beginning, the middle, and the end, of all his own poetry—the hero of every tale—the chief object in every landscape. Harold, Lara, Manfred, and a crowd of other characters, were universally considered merely as loose incognitos of Byron; and there is every reason to believe that he meant them to be so considered. The wonders of the outer world—the Tagus, with the mighty fleets of England riding on its bosom—the towers of Cintra overhanging the shaggy forest of cork-trees and willows—the glaring marble of Pantelicus—the banks of the Rhine—the glaciers of Clarens—the sweet Lake of Leman—the dell of Egeria, with its summer-birds and rustling lizards—the shapless ruins of Rome, overgrown with ivy and wall-flowers—the stars, the sea, the mountains;—all were mere accessories—the background to one dark and melancholy figure.

Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That Marah was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year, and month after month, he continued to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched, is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery;—if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment—if

they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. His principal heroes are men who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair—who are sick of life—who are at war with society—who are supported in their anguish only by an unconquerable pride, resembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan in the burning marl; who can master their agonies by the force of their will, and who, to the last, defy the whole power of earth and heaven. He always described himself as a man of the same kind with his favourite creations, as a man whose heart had been withered—whose capacity for happiness was gone, and could not be restored; but whose invincible spirit dared the worst that could befall him here or hereafter.

How much of this morbid feeling sprang from an original disease of the mind—how much from real misfortune—how much from the nervousness of dissipation—how much of it was fanciful—how much of it was merely affected—it is impossible for us, and would probably have been impossible for the most intimate friends of Lord Byron, to decide. Whether there ever existed, or can ever exist, a person answering to the description which he gave of himself, may be doubted: but that he was not such a person is beyond all doubt. It is ridiculous to imagine that a man, whose mind was really imbued with scorn of his fellow-creatures, would have published three or four books every year in order to tell them so; or that a man, who could say with truth that he neither sought sympathy nor needed it, would have admitted all Europe to hear his farewell to his wife, and his blessings on his child. In the second canto of *Childe Harold*, he tells us that he is insensible to fame and obloquy—

"Ill may such contest now the spirit move,
Which heeds nor keen reproof nor partial praise."

Yet we know, on the best evidence, that, a day or two before he published these lines, he was greatly, indeed childishly, elated by the compliments paid to his maiden speech in the House of Lords.

We are far, however, from thinking that his sadness was altogether feigned. He was naturally a man of great sensibility—he had been ill educated—his feelings had been early exposed to sharp trials—he had been crossed in his boyish love—he had been mortified by the failure of his first literary efforts—he was straitened in pecuniary circumstances—he was unfortunate in his domestic relations—the public treated him with cruel injustice—his health and spirits suffered from his dissipated habits of life—he was, on the whole, an unhappy man. He early discovered that, by parading his unhappiness before the multitude, he excited an unrivalled interest. The world gave him every encouragement to talk about his mental sufferings. The effect which his first confessions produced, induced him to

affect much that he did not feel; and the affectation probably reacted on his feelings. How far the character, in which he exhibited himself was genuine, and how far theatrical, would probably have puzzled himself to say.

There can be no doubt that this remarkable man owed the vast influence which he exercised over his contemporaries, at least as much to his gloomy egotism as to the real power of his poetry. We never could very clearly understand how it is that egotism, so unpopular in conversation, should be so popular in writing; or how it is that men who affect in their compositions qualities and feelings which they have not, impose so much more easily on their contemporaries than on posterity. The interest which the loves of Petrarch excited in his own time, and the pitying fondness with which half Europe looked upon Rousseau, are well known. To readers of our time, the love of Petrarch seems to have been love of that kind which breaks no hearts; and the sufferings of Rousseau to have deserved laughter rather than pity—to have been partly counterfeited, and partly the consequences of his own perverseness and vanity.

What our grandchildren may think of the character of Lord Byron, as exhibited in his poetry, we will not pretend to guess. It is certain, that the interest which he excited during his life is without a parallel in literary history. The feeling with which young readers of poetry regarded him, can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. To people who are acquainted with real calamity, "nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy." This faint image of sorrow has in all ages been considered by young gentlemen as an agreeable excitement. Old gentlemen, and middle-aged gentlemen, have so many real causes of sadness, that they are rarely inclined "to be as sad as night only for wantonness." Indeed they want the power almost as much as the inclination. We know very few persons engaged in active life, who, even if they were to procure stools to be melancholy upon, and were to sit down with all the premeditation of Master Stephen, would be able to enjoy much of what somebody calls the "ecstasy of woe."

Among that large class of young persons whose reading is almost entirely confined to works of imagination, the popularity of Lord Byron was unbounded. They bought pictures of him; they treasured up the smallest relics of him; they learned his poems by heart, and did their best to write like him, and to look like him. Many of them practised at the glass, in the hope of catching the curl of the upper lip, and the scowl of the brow, which appear in some of his portraits. A few discarded their neckcloths, in imitation of their great leader. For some years the Minerva press sent forth no novel without a mysterious, unhappy, Lara-like peer. The

number of hopeful under graduates and medical students who became things of dark imaginings,—on whom the freshness of the heart ceased to fall like dew,—whose passions had consumed themselves to dust, and to whom the relief of tears was denied, passes all calculation. This was not the worst. There was created in the minds of many of these enthusiasts, a pernicious and absurd association between intellectual power and moral depravity. From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness; a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife.

This affectation has passed away; and a few more years will destroy whatever yet remains of that magical potency which once belonged to the name of Byron. To us he is still a man, young, noble, and unhappy. To our children he will be merely a writer; and their impartial judgment will appoint his place among writers, without regard to his rank, or to his private history. That his poetry will undergo a severe sifting; that much of what has been admired by his contemporaries, will be rejected as worthless, we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt, that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language.

From the Athenæum.

POETICAL SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. By the Rev. B. Bailey, M. A., Senior Colonial Chaplain of the Island of Ceylon.

SOME years since, when full of health and spirits, and when life was but a round of excitement and pleasure, we strolled off the course at Epsom, into the Paddock, and were startled by the singing of nightingales, and the strange change threw us back on thoughts and feelings that had no sympathy with the world around us. So, now accustomed to the glitter and display of modern literature, this small volume, the outpourings of a gentle nature, came upon us like the singing of the nightingales. There are feelings and sympathies that are crushed within us in the bustle of this every-day world, and its various cares and duties; that lie cold and dead, until some kindred spirit, with a voice as it were the voice of a long-separated friend, awakens them. How many or how few may agree with us, we know not, and shall therefore dwell no longer on the subject, but proceed to extracts. The following sonnet was

Written in France, during the Appearance of the Comet, in 1828.

When I behold the glory of the sky,
As bends the blue vault, beautiful and bright,
Above my head on this soft southern night—
When vainly I endeavour to descry

The Comet wandering mid the infinity
Of starry orbs, where angels dwell, my sight,
Blent with my mind, soars upward with delight,
Swimming in silent, sober ecstasy.
In swift succession throng sad thoughts of grief—
Of friends far distant in my native clime—
Of one more near, yet sickening in her prime
Of life, which shows as Autumn's yellow leaf.
But when life ends, Faith whispers we shall be
Among those stars, from earthly sorrows free.

A Night Scene in the South of France.

By Grief and melancholy thoughts depress'd
I come to breathe the midnight air: the Moon
Is riding glorious at her highest noon;
And such a sky encircles her chaste crest,
As, with her soft beams, should to every breast
Waft happy thoughts—but mine are out of tune.
O lovely Planet, grant me but the boon
Of meek content like thine,—and I am bless'd.
I've gazed upon thee in another clime,—
My native country, colder, yet more kind
Than this strange land: but in the round of time
I never felt more need of thy dear light
To chase away my sorrow, and unwind
The thread of my dark thoughts on this fair night.

The following very beautiful little poem was written by an American gentleman, who had been Editor of a journal in the United States, and died at Marseilles of a consumption:—

"Among this gentleman's papers was found the poem, entitled 'The Closing Scene—Burial at Sea.' It appeared that he had been very apprehensive of dying on the passage, particularly after he had got into the Mediterranean. He accordingly made very particular inquiries as to the mode of burial at sea; and the beautiful poem on that subject was the result of those inquiries. It was written on two detached pieces of paper. On the first the poem ended at the twenty-second line—

The sea rolled on as it rolled before.

The last lines were found on another detached piece of paper,—probably in his writing-desk or portfolio,—and these words were written at the commencement:—'End of the Burial at Sea. The rest in my trunk.' It would seem that he had not health or nerve to seek the first paper. The whole was addressed to a female friend, whose name was prefixed to the first part of the poem." p. 116, n.

The Closing Scene.

BURIAL AT SEA.

From his room to the deck they brought him drest
For his funeral rites, at his own request,
With his boots, and stock, and garments on,
And naught but the breathing spirit gone;
For he wished a child might come and lay
An unstartled hand upon his clay.
Then they wrapped his corse in the tarry sheet,
To the dead, as Araby's spices, sweet,

And prepared him to seek the depths below,
Where waves never beat, nor tempests blow.

No steeds with their nodding plumes were here,
No sable hearse, and no cofined bier,
To bear with parade and pomp away
The dead to sleep with his kindred clay.
But the little group, a silent few,
His companions, mixed with the hardy crew,
Stood thoughtful around till a prayer was said
O'er the corse of the deaf, unconscious dead.
Then they bore his remains to the vessel's side,
And committed them safe to the dark blue tide:
One sullen plunge—and the scene is o'er—
The sea rolled on as it rolled before.

In that classical sea, whose azure vies
With the green of its shore, and the blue of its
skies,

In some pearly cave, in some coral cell,
Oh! the dead shall sleep as sweetly, as well,
As if shrined in the pomp of Parian tombs,
Where the east and the south breathe their rich
perfumes.

Nor forgotten shall be the humblest one,
Though he sleep in the watery waste alone,
When the Trump of the Angel sounds with
dread,

And the Sea, like the Earth, gives up his dead.

We regret that, upon occasions, the fine and universal sympathy which ought to distinguish such a writer, is narrowed by unbecoming prejudice;—for instance, the fourth sonnet and the third note are sadly out of place; but, notwithstanding these our objections, his little volume will be welcome to many, and most welcome to the gentle and the good.

From the Athenæum.

MRS. SHERWOOD AND RELIGIOUS NOVELISTS.

MRS. SHERWOOD has published oftener than any other female writer who ever lived. *Ninety-three* publications we know of, varying in size from a tract to the present three-volume novel, and in price from two-pence to twenty-seven shillings. She has issued a perfect shower of tales, for all ages, and a complete collection of her works would form a juvenile library. Her popularity has been extensive, but peculiar; many of her productions have reached, and several have passed their tenth edition—some have been translated into very unusual languages; there are few children and young people in the kingdom unacquainted with her writings, and yet her intellectual reputation is considerable. She revolves in an orbit of her own, and is a kind of connecting link between what is technically termed the religious world, and the literary world; being evidently unfamiliar with the style of knowledge that circulates in the latter, and declining to recognise many opinions characteristic of the former. She is an avowed champion of fiction, but "to keep the balance true," invariably makes it the medium of re-

ligious instruction. She has frequently done this in a highly judicious and affecting manner, but she has done it best in some of her least ambitious works, which were some of her first. She has a great talent for arranging incidents and describing costume, &c. Into the hearts of children she has great insight; of young people she knows less, and about men and women she knows nothing. Her descriptions of the world are frequently unnatural, and her sketches of character shadowy and unimpressive. Her good people are cardinal virtues with Christian and surnames; her bad people are vices with Christian and surnames also; and the good and the bad alike make long speeches nearly the same in point of construction, as in Goldsmith's company of players, Romeo's coat serves, when turned, for Mercutio. She wants discrimination and variety, and would be improved by a more extensive acquaintance with the books, things, and persons around her. If a landscape be looked at through a blue glass, it will appear blue; and if the hue of the glass be changed to yellow, the landscape is none the nearer appearing natural. Very nearly all the religious novelists, with Mrs. Sherwood at their head, are wanting in truth of portraiture; they put forth opinions, describe situations, dispose events into plots, but they only paint in body colour. Their characters are persons, not their persons characters. Their tales are bundles of incidents, bound together by statements of religious sentiment. Even religion itself is seldom treated with adequate dignity, as that mighty agent which, while it works in the heart, works and shows its fruits in perfect accordance with the natural bent of the human being; as capable of mingling with all the powers of the mind, as consisting less in the adoption of a new opinion, than in discerning the amazing scope afforded for the development of a well-known but neglected principle—"Remember thy Creator!" Very many of these religious tales and novels are badly written, even in point of composition; either florid enough to remind one of the French Marchioness, who fancied prayer acceptable in proportion to the fine words employed, or so bare and meagre, so intellectually "hunger-bitten," that one wishes the writer's mind a full meal of English. The higher faculties are rarely brought into action, either in the work of producing or appreciating; thought is passive, and imagination dormant; no new light is shed upon old truths; he who has read eleven of these tales, may, if tolerably quick of apprehension, confidently undertake to write the twelfth, nothing being needful but a kaleidoscopic change of incident. Let there be a fair meek woman whose husband is dead; let her fall into a consumption and die, commending her infant to the care of a friend or sister; let the sister or friend be very perfect too, and live in a village; give a long history of every

person and thing in the village, frequent episodes concerning dells and dingles near the village, and more than one description of rural festivities held in some of them; have a fair proportion of delightful old women, good children, and stubborn people of middle age; introduce a great many schools, make numerous reflections, let your leading characters have no communication with the world at large, and afford no proof that there exists such a thing as general information; call the orphan infant Emily, let her have dove-like eyes, let her be an angel, let her have a cousin who is an angel also, and let his name be Henry; let them grow up as brother and sister, let them at last find out they are in love, let Henry find out when at college that he is less of an angel than he thought, and let there be unhappiness, catastrophes, and long, very long letters for a hundred pages; let him return to the beautiful village, and his beautiful cousin quite penitent; let the vicar be a combination of the twelve apostles; give the heads of several of his sermons; introduce death-bed scenes both happy and awful;—finally, let Henry take orders, marry, and be the vicar's curate, and with care to make every thing in extremes, every body very rich or very poor, very good or very bad, very wise or very foolish, very beautiful if good, and very ugly if bad—be assured you have produced a religious tale.

We frankly admit there are several exceptions to this description, but the majority are, in spirit, described by it. Instruction is rarely interwoven with the fabric of the fiction itself, but appended as a fringe, and the young reader cuts it short. In Mrs. Sherwood's "Lady of the Manor," seven volumes of tales on confirmation, which a circle of young ladies are represented as assembled to hear, every tale is closed with prayer and discussion, which the young ladies in the book join in, but which the majority of young ladies out of the book will pass over. "How good it is of the people who write books," said a little boy to his mother—"how good it is of them to put MORAL in large letters, to show you what to skip." This is a fact; and we suspect that many, not children, are of much the same mind. Unless the delineations of character and circumstance be striking and instructive, no moralizing will make them so. There wants a compromise between the two great parties of writers of fiction, those who systematically introduce religion, and those who systematically avoid it: one should become aware, that to introduce it on petty occasions, and to endeavour to ground excitement upon it, is trifling; and the other might learn, with advantage, that to stop short of introducing it on great occasions, is irreverent neglect, a neglect too, that very often injures the literary value of a work. We should not think very highly of that person's taste, who would expunge the conflicts of Andrew Bell,

from Mr. Galt's "Lawrie Todd;" or the presbytery scene from "Adam Blair," or Jeannie Deans, from "The Heart of Mid-Lothian;" or Rebecca, from "Ivanhoe,"—yet Christian principle, either in a state of conflict or triumph, is the main-spring of all. Works of fiction, that aspire to a high rank, must not appeal to ephemeral tastes, but enduring principles; they must anchor in the deep places of the heart if they aspire to any thing beyond amusing for "the season." Fiction might, and perhaps one day will be made a powerful engine in the amelioration as well as entertainment of society, but it will not be by embodying a sermon in every chapter, still less by making worldliness, however disguised and painted, the foundation of the reader's interest. Our literature already possesses some tales and novels, that, without professing theology, make high appeals to the noblest of our faculties, to the poetry dwelling in our hearts, that are not satisfied to amuse idleness, or find wit for malice, but are upborne by a grave, pure, earnest enthusiasm upon which satire takes no hold. Fiction of this order

Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in the weakest part,
Heroically fashioned.

May the numbers be increased!

If obliged to state that Roxobel is a foolish book, we do not the less recognise Mrs. Sherwood's ability and excellence, and should be sorry to forget the very many instances in which she has done the juvenile state great service. If she had not formerly written so much, she would not have written badly now.

From the Westminster Review.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.*

THE first of the above works appeared originally in a periodical, published at Frankfort, on the Maine; edited by Schlosser, Professor of History, in the University of Heidelberg, and author of a History of the Eighteenth Century. Unfortunately the original paper from which the translation is made has not fallen into our hands. The intrinsic merit, however, of this work of M. Schlosser, is amply sufficient to enable it to triumph over the disadvantage of a borrowed dress. The second publication must be known to every reader of French history; and contains some of the most remarkable productions of an age fertile in wonders.

The purpose of the present article has no relation to Madame de Stael, or the parallel

* 1. Madame de Stael et Madame Roland; ou parallèle entre ces deux dames en présence de quelques événements de la révolution. (traduit de l'allemand.) Chez Janet et Cotele. Paris. 1830.

2. Ouvres de I. M. Ph. Roland, femme de l'ex-ministre de l'intérieur.

so ingeniously drawn by M. Schlosser, between her and her yet more remarkable countrywoman. A consideration of some points in the education and character of women, as illustrated by the life and writings of Madame Roland, being the sole object of the following observations. M. Schlosser's very excellent work will afford us valuable assistance in the task undertaken.

There are few practical questions that have given rise to more acrimony and stormy discussions, than the subject of Female Education. Passion, prejudice, and selfishness, have been often and successfully appealed to; a bitter, (we fear,) a rooted hostility has consequently been created; and a calm investigation of the important subject in dispute rendered almost impossible.

The origin of this bitter hostility is of modern date. The ancient world seems unceremoniously to have consigned women to a state very closely approximating to domestic slavery; and to have considered an equal participation of rights as a degradation to the stouter half of society.* The women in fact were reduced to be the handmaids, not the companions of the men. Their education, consequently, was a matter of comparative unimportance, and the principles upon which it was conducted were few, simple, and easy of practical application. But from circumstances into which it is now unnecessary to inquire, a great revolution was wrought in the social relations of mankind; the relative situation of women in modern days is changed. They have become nearly the equal partners of men; they take an active and powerful part in the most important transactions of life. In private, and to a certain degree, even in public affairs, in the business of our education, in our social enjoyments, they are admitted to participate. A new feeling has necessarily arisen; the happiness of women is deemed a matter of import, considered by itself alone; and their education and character a subject of the deepest interest, as connected with the welfare of society at large. From this changed situation, and this new state of feeling, a question has emanated unknown to the ancient world, a question fraught with difficulty and doubt, and likely to be perplexed by vanity, interest, and passion. It has now become necessary to inquire, what education and what character are best fitted to render women, in their novel circumstances, most conducive to their own happiness, and that of society generally. This new question has divided the opinions of civilized society, and

has introduced another most potent cause of hatred and dissension.

One portion of those who have thought and discoursed on this important topic have assumed the existence of a mental inferiority in women, or at least a peculiarity which confines them to an humbler sphere than that of men; which renders them incapable of thinking on some of the most interesting subjects of human inquiry, and which must still subject them to the domination of men. Upon this assumption the theory and practice of this class of reasoners as regards female education have been erected. From mental inferiority or peculiarity, women, say they, are compelled to pursue a more quiet and lowly path; therefore we must endue them with such knowledge, and create in them such a moral and mental character as are fitted for a subordinate situation. They are mentally inferior by nature, all our art must be to suit accurately the degree of culture to this degree of natural incapacity.

Thus reasoning, they have founded as a consequence a *beau idéal* which is supposed to be the highest point to which female nature can aspire. And to attain this end they have contrived certain peculiar, and it is believed efficient means.

Woman, say they, is formed to obey, and though she have an active and exclusive part to perform, still she must perform it under submission to her lord. Her duties are confined to her home, and consist in ministering to the comfort of her husband, and in educating their children during their early years. To perform these duties well she must have a docile, patient, and submissive spirit, she must possess no elevated description of knowledge; as she is gentle in her temper, so she must be inferior in her attainments. Such is the creed of a great and overwhelming majority of society. And in accordance with this theory has been the usual practice. Into a description of the ordinary acquirements of women, it is needless to enter; it is well known to every one, that political and moral science are studiously excluded from the list, as totally incompatible with the performance of those duties peculiarly set apart as the vocation of women; that original modes of thinking are discountenanced, and that all departure from established ordinances, no matter of what description, detracts from a woman's reputation, subjects her to sarcasm, obloquy and grave accusations.

There is another, and less numerous party, who make no assumption of inferiority in women, neither do they think it necessary to determine the fact, as to mental difference of any sort between the sexes. They allow, moreover, that the portion of the duties of life, which has hitherto been allotted to women, is for the most part correctly selected, and that to a certain degree the patience, and gentleness of disposition so earnestly sought

* The expressions of ancient writers convey a vivid idea of this feeling. The famous passage of Tacitus speaks the universal sentiment. "*Cetera similes uno different quod femina dominatur; in tantum non modo a libertate sed etiam a servitute degenerant.*" The law, too, bears ample testimony respecting the prevailing opinion.

for in them are well calculated to improve their own happiness as well as that of men. But they say that with these duties and moral qualities the highest mental attainments are not only by no means incompatible, but that they are in an eminent degree conducive both to the fulfilment of the one, and the high development of the other. That the most efficient instructress of her children, and the most eligible companion for a cultivated man, is to be found in a woman of great intellectual endowments; whose mind shall be trained to the highest and most important acquirements, who can think as boldly and as intensely as her husband, who is possessed of powers equal to his own, and who is conscious of no mental no moral inferiority.

The opinion of the world runs strongly against these assertions. Proverbs and nicknames mark the general feeling as regards instructed women; and the little wits of the stronger sex find no theme so popular or so pleasing, on which to exercise their tiny sarcasms, as that which is afforded by that horrid bugbear of sentimental imaginations, a powerful and cultivated understanding in women. The most general and efficient argument employed to disparage the worth of female attainments is, that learned women are totally unfitted for the duties of their station. It seems that knowledge is a bad thing in women. To know what is right is with them a certain cause of their doing what is wrong; and to give a woman the acquirements requisite to make her a good mother and good wife, is the most efficient method of unfitting her for both stations. A man of the ordinary notions, no sooner hears of an instructed woman, than he conjures up the idea of an ugly, arrogant, unattractive pedant, a scoffer at common feelings, a despiser of ordinary morality; a violent declaimer in favour of the rights of woman, and an asserter by practice, as well as by theory, of unlicensed liberty of action. It is not wonderful, that he should oppose every attempt to impart any species of knowledge, attended by these consequences, or that he should studiously avoid all contact with the hideous personage created by his own imagination. But the question naturally occurs, are these dreadful anticipations justified? How much of this alarming picture is the result of experience, how much of fear created by vanity and ignorance? Reasoning from general experience, can we discover any necessary connexion between female knowledge and an unamiable and worthless character? Looking to particular exemplifications of the point, do we usually find the two things allied? The second of the two works placed at the head of the present article, affords an admirable answer to both these important inquiries. For the purpose of illustrating this point they are now adduced; and dull indeed must be that apprehension which gathers not a lesson of deep wisdom

as to the intellectual and moral excellence of woman, from the life and writings of the admirable being whose mournful history is contained in these pages. A more instructive tale was never penned, one more touching, more exalting, one more fraught with the true spirit of wisdom and of virtue, than that which relates the sad fortunes of Madame Roland. In her were united a strong and masculine understanding, an undaunted courage, and an exquisitely tender and gentle disposition. A daughter fond and affectionate, almost beyond example; in an age of habitual license, a wife gentle, spotless, and confiding; a mother of unparalleled tenderness and devotion, she exhibits a model of something nearly amounting to womanly perfection. Yet was she learned; one of deep thought and grave meditation, and while adorned with every feminine grace and attraction, was conversant with knowledge of the highest and most important character.

When, after the lamentable revolution of the 31st of May, 1793, the Gironde were defeated and dispersed, and M. Roland driven to secrete himself, in order to escape his murderous enemies, Madame Roland was thrown into prison. Here, to rescue her character from obloquy, and to solace the sad hours of her captivity, she sketched her private life, and has thus left a touching memorial of her early fortunes and habits.

"Je me propose," she says, "d'employer les loisirs de ma captivité à retracer ce qui m'est personnel depuis ma tendre enfance jusqu'à ce moment; c'est vivre une seconde fois que de revenir ainsi sur tous les pas de sa carrière; et qu'a-t-on de mieux à faire en prison que de transporter ailleurs son existence par une heureuse fiction, ou par des souvenirs intéressans?"

With the axe of the guillotine suspended above her head, and every moment expecting to be doomed to that death, which she eventually suffered, she calmly and beautifully describes the days of her childhood and youth, and minutely traces out the happy concatenation of circumstances, which rendered her the wonder of her day, and which will render her the admiration of posterity. She thus commences her task, and while summing up her heavy fortunes forcibly paints the situation in which she performed it.

† "Aux prisons de Sainte Pelagie,
" le 9 Août, 1793.

"Fille d'artiste, femme d'un savant, devenu

"I propose to employ the leisure hours of my captivity in relating my personal history, from my infancy to the present time. To retrace, thus, the various steps of one's career, is to live a second time. And what can a captive do better than by a happy fiction, and interesting recollections, to transport herself far from her dreary prison.

† *Prison of Sainte Pelagie, August 9, 1793.*

Daughter of an artist, wife of a philosopher, who, when he became a minister, still remained a

ministéré et demeure homme de bien : aujourd'hui prisonnière, destinée peut-être à une mort violente et inopinée j'ai connu le bonheur et l'adversité, j'ai vu de près la gloire, et subi l'injustice.

"Née dans un état obscur, mais de parents honnêtes, j'ai passé ma jeunesse au sein des beaux arts, nourrie des charmes de l'étude, sans connoître de supériorité que celle du mérite, ni de grandeur que celle de la vertu.

"A l'âge où l'on prend un état, j'ai perdu les espérances de fortune qui pouvoient m'en procurer un conforme à l'éducation que j'avois reçue. L'alliance d'un homme respectable a paru réparer ces revers elle m'en préparoit de nouveaux."

The station and character of her parents contributed largely to the good direction of her education, though little seems actively to have been done by them to assist and form her understanding. Gratien Philpon, her father, was an engraver; as an artist his talents were of no high order, and the whole frame of his mind was of an exceedingly commonplace description. Her mother was a person of a very different character. Possessing little of what is termed knowledge, she appears to have had a discerning judgment, a gentle and affectionate disposition, a mild and even temper. She early perceived the remarkable tendencies of her daughter, and carefully abstained from unnecessarily thwarting them. By her own conduct she gave her child an example of a well regulated disposition, and by the mild course which this disposition led her to adopt, she fostered and established in her child the same gentle and feminine spirit which she herself possessed. Over her daughter's studies she exercised apparently a slight influence, and even that a hidden one; while her husband, luckily, exercised none at all. Her child being exceedingly apt, learned with ease all that she was commanded, and eagerly sought after further instruction. Thus possessed of that happy disposition, which it is, or ought to be, the grand business of our early education to create, viz. an ardent thirst for knowledge, the determination of what she was to acquire was left almost entirely to chance and her own desire.

"La sagesse et la bonté de ma mère lui eu-

man of virtue, now a prisoner, destined, perhaps, to a violent and unexpected death, I have known happiness and have become acquainted with adversity, I have learned what glory is, and I have suffered injustice.

Born in an humble state, but of respectable parents, I passed my youth in the bosom of the arts, and amidst the charms of study. I knew no superiority but that of merit, no grandeur but that of virtue.

At the age when we enter into the world, I lost all hopes of a fortune which could have procured me a partner in life suitable to the education I had received. The alliance of an estimable man seemed to repair these reverses. It but added to the list.

* The wisdom and kindness of my mother quick-

rent bientôt acquis sur mon caractère, doux et tendre, l'ascendant dont elle n'usa jamais que pour mon bien. Il étoit tel que dans ces légères alternatives, inevitables entre la raison qui gouverne, et l'enfance que résiste, elle n'a jamais eu besoin pour me punir, que de m'appeler, froidement, mademoiselle; et de me regarder d'un œil sévère. Je sens encore l'expression que me faisoit son regard, si caressant pour l'ordinaire; j'entends en frissonnant ce mot de *mademoiselle*, substitué avec une dignité désespérante, au doux nom de ma fille, à la gentille appellation de *Manon*. Oui *Manon*, c'est ainsi qu'on m'appeloit: j'en suis fâché pour les amateurs de Romans; ce nom n'est pas noble; il ne sied point à une héroïne du grand genre; mais enfin c'étoit le mien, et c'est une histoire que j'écris. Au reste les plus délicats se seroient réconciliés avec le nom, en entendant ma mère le prononcer, et voyant celle qui le portoit. Quelle expression manquoit de grâce quand ma mère l'accompagnait de son ton affectueux; et lorsque sa voix touchante venoit pénétrer mon cœur, ne m'apprenoit-elle pas à lui ressembler?

"Vive sans être bruyante, et naturellement recueillie je ne demandois qu'à m'occuper et je saisissois avec promptitude les idées qui m'étoient présentées. Cette disposition fut mise tellement à profit, que je ne me suis jamais souvenue d'avoir appris à lire; j'ai oui dire que c'étoit chose faite à quatre ans, et que la peine de m'enseigner s'étoit pour ainsi dire, terminée à cette époque parceque dès-lors il n'avoit plus besoin que de ne me pas laisser manquer des livres."

This passion for books strengthened with her age, became her chief amusement and

ly acquired over my gentle and tender character an ascendancy, which never was used but for my advantage. It was so great, that, in those slight but inevitable differences between reason which governs, and childhood which resists, nothing else was needed as a punishment, than for her to call me coldly *Mademoiselle*; and to regard me with a grave, severe countenance. I even now feel the impression made on me by her look, which at other times was so tender and caressing. I hear almost with shivering the word *Mademoiselle* substituted with despair, creating dignity for the tender name of my daughter, or the kind appellation of *Manon*. Yes *Manon*; it was thus they called me. I am sorry that it should be so, for the sake of those who love romances; the name is not noble; it suits not a dignified heroine; but, nevertheless, it was mine, and 'tis a history that I am writing. The most fastidious, however, would have been reconciled to the name, had they heard my mother pronounce it, or had they seen her who bore it. No expression wanted grace when my mother accompanied it with her affectionate tone. When her touching voice penetrated my soul, did it not teach me to resemble her?

Lively without being ever moving and noisy, and being also naturally retiring, I asked only to be occupied, and seized with promptitude the ideas that were presented to me. This disposition was so well taken advantage of, that I do not remember learning to read; I have heard that I did so before I was four years old, and that the trouble of teaching me was in fact finished at this period; because, since that time, nothing more was required than to supply me with books.

means of instruction, but was subjected to little guidance or control. Chance threw in her way a strange assortment; from which, nevertheless, she obtained subjects for serious and useful meditation. Having few books, she was compelled to read them often, and thus acquired a habit of thought, which a more plentiful supply would probably have never permitted to arise. Plutarch, who has created in more than one bosom an ardent love for political virtue, and political freedom, produced a remarkable effect on the mind of this studious child. She says,—

* "Je goutai cet ouvrage plus qu'aucune chose que j'eusse encore vue, même d'histoires tendres qui me touchaient pourtant beaucoup, comme celle des époux malheureux de Labédoyère que j'ai présente, quoique je ne l'aie pas relue depuis cet âge. Mais Plutarque sembloit être la véritable pâture qui me convint; je n'oublierai jamais le carême de 1763 (j'avois alors neuf ans) où je l'emportois à l'église en guise de Semaine-sainte. C'est de ce moment que datent les impressions et les idées qui me rendoient *républicaine* sans que je songeasse à le devenir."

As far as regards the cultivation of the intellect merely, books are of little service beyond creating a habit, and a power of useful thought; and if they do this, it matters little of what sort they may be. The list that Madame Roland gives of her course of reading at a somewhat later period of her life, is amusing and instructive. A more unconnected mass could hardly have been collected. Catrou and Rouillé, Maimbourg; Berruyer, Bitaubé, Folard, Banier, Fleury, Condillac, André, the poems of Voltaire, the moral essays of Nicole, the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, and that of Descartes by Baillet, the Universal History of Bossuet, the letters of St. Jerome, the romance of Don Quixote, Diodorus Siculus, Mezeray, Velly, Pascal, Montesquieu, Locke, Burlamaqui, and the chief works of the French Theatre, appear as curious a collection as chance ever threw together. The whole, or the chief part, however, is of a serious description, and greatly unlike the reading of an ordinary girl of thirteen; since it includes much, that it really imports mankind to know. Long before this she had read the various books respecting religion, which at that time were placed in the hands of the laity; had been initiated in the mysteries of her

faith, and at the early age of eleven was impressed with a deep sense of the awful nature of the various consequences which that faith implied. It is curious to see a child of this tender age accustomed to serious meditation on any subject; it is still more curious, when the subject is of so peculiarly abstract and difficult a nature as religion. The account she gives of her first communion is a remarkable instance of precocity in feeling and in thought.

But while her mind was thus intent on these grave and serious matters, neither the accomplishments of a woman, nor that household knowledge which befitted her comparatively humble station, were forgotten or neglected.

* "Cette enfant qui lisoit des ouvrages sérieux, expliquoit fort bien les cercles de la sphère céleste, manioit le crayon, et le burin, et se trouvoit à huit ans la meilleure danseuse d'une assemblée de jeunes personnes au-dessus de son âge réunies pour une petite fête de famille; cette enfant étoit souvent appelée à la cuisine pour y faire une omelette, éplucher les herbes ou écumer le pot. Ce mélange d'études graves, d'exercices agréables, et de soins domestiques, ordonnés, assainis par la sageesse de ma mère, m'a rendue propre à tout, sembloit prévenir les vicissitudes de ma fortune et m'a aidée à les supporter. Je ne suis déplacée nulle part; je saurois faire ma soupe aussi lestement que Philopemon coupoit du bois; mais personne n'imagineroit, en me voyant, que ce fût un soin dont il convint de me charger."

The spirit of ancient literature, when yet uncontaminated, and unchecked by the selfishness and vice so often produced by active participation in the business of life, almost invariably creates in the mind of him who has imbibed it, feelings of virtue amounting to a species of exalted enthusiasm. The descriptions given of the characters of antiquity appear like descriptions of a higher order of beings than the selfish pigmies of modern times. It is too true, alas, that men in all ages have the same passions, and the same infirmities; that the relations respecting these glorious models of humanity, are the offspring rather of imagination and fable than of history. The youth, however, does not feel this; he reads with undoubting confidence, and

* This child, who was accustomed to read serious works, could correctly explain the circles of the celestial sphere, could use the pencil and the graver, and at eight years old was the best dancer in a party of girls older than herself, assembled for a family festival. This same child was often called to the kitchen to prepare an omelette, wash herbs, or to skim the pot. This mixture of grave studies, agreeable exercise, and domestic cares, ordered and prepared by the wisdom of my mother, rendered me fit for all circumstance, and seemed to anticipate the future vicissitudes of my fortune, and has aided me in bearing them. I feel no where out of place; I can prepare my soup with as much ease as Philopemon cut wood, though no one seeing me would deem that such a task was fitted for me.

* I was more delighted with this work than with any I had yet seen, even more than by the various touching romances I had read. These, nevertheless, deeply affected me, and even now, I recollect the *malheureux époux* of Labédoyère, though I have not seen the work since that time of my life; Plutarch seemed the very instruction which my mind required: and I shall never forget the Easter of 1763, I was then nine years old, when I was accustomed to carry Plutarch to church in place of my Holy Week. From this moment I date the ideas and impressions which made me a *républicaine* without my knowing that I was becoming one.

glows with the virtuous passions of the ideal beings, whose supposed history he follows. He creates for himself a model from these enchanting fables; his notions of virtue and vice bear the same exalted stamp which they contain, are of the same generous and extended character. His estimation of institutions and men is guided by the same principles, and he sighs for the manners and the government which produced the matchless idols of his adoration. Modern literature could then boast of no such ennobling influence, can hardly now lay claim to it. Its spirit is of a different order; servile, hypocritical, cold and degraded, it is, with some bright and singular exceptions, the work of slavish minds endeavouring to debase all others to their own unworthy level. The more elevated minds previous to the French Revolution, acutely feeling this difference in the influence of ancient and modern literature, somewhat hastily ascribed it to the difference of the institutions of the respective periods. They believed the literature of Greece and Rome a fair representation of the people; and that the virtues which that literature lauded, were the habitual and common characteristics of the various individuals, the relation of whose fortunes forms the history of those ancient times; they consequently talked of the people as of demigods, and deemed their republican governments the beau-ideal of political institutions. Madame Roland shared this opinion; her virtuous education, her studies, and her peculiar situation naturally led to this result. The bourgeoisie of Paris were separated, and differed from the aristocracy, not only politically, but morally; while the latter were indulging in every species of corrupting and dissolute enjoyments, the former were compelled to pursue a quiet, laborious, and virtuous career. They saw the vices of the aristocracy, however; were exposed to their insolence and oppression; knew their individual worthlessness, and detested alike this monstrous mass of corruption, and the vile institutions which created it. Comparing the existing degradation with the exalted pictures of virtue in the olden time, their enthusiastic admiration of those apparently halcyon days was unbounded. Rousseau speaks the language of his class, (and he was a plebeian) in his rapturous encomiums of ancient virtue; and Madame Roland, a republican, an idolater of republican virtue, exalted, enthusiastic, forming a high standard of moral excellence, acting up to her model, doing in fact what others talked of, was also a plebeian, speaking, acting as a plebeian. The retired life which she led was occasionally broken in upon by glimpses of aristocratic society; beheld, indeed, in the distance, seen, not mingled with. She gives us some striking accounts of her occasional insights into aristocratic life, and warmly avows her detestation of the miserable creatures, who formed what was considered the élite of

society. The following passage is a full exemplification of the feelings we have endeavoured to describe.

"Il n'est pas douteux que notre situation influe beaucoup sur notre caractère et nos opinions; mais on dirait que dans l'éducation que j'ai reçue, que dans les idées que j'ai acquises par l'étude, ou avec le secours du monde tout avoit été combiné pour m'inspirer l'enthousiasme républicain, en me faisant juger le ridicule, ou sentir l'injustice d'une foule de prééminences et de distinctions. Ainsi, dans mes lectures, je me passionnois pour les réformateurs de l'inégalité. Lorsque je me trouvois témoin de cette sorte de spectacle que présentait souvent la capitale dans les entrées de la reine ou des princesses, les actions de grâce après une couche etc. je rapprochois avec douleur ce luxe asiatique cette pompe insolente de la misère et de l'abjection du peuple abruti qui se précipitoit sur le passage des idoles de ses mains, en applaudissant sottement au brillant appareil dont il payoit les frais de son propre nécessaire. La dissolution de la cour dans les dernières années du règne de Louis XV, ce mépris pour les mœurs qui gagnoit toutes les classes; ces excès qui faisoient le sujet de toutes les conversations particulières, m'inspiroient de l'indignation et de l'étonnement."

She elsewhere adds,—

"Je soupirois en songeant à Athènes, où j'aurois également admiré les beaux arts sans être blessée par le spectacle du despotisme; je me promenois en esprit dans la Grèce, j'assistais aux jeux olympiques, et je me dépitais de me trouver française."

The superior knowledge of the present day respecting the manners, and governments of antiquity, may induce us to smile at this enthusiasm, and to sigh somewhat less for the blessings of those brilliant ages; but we must

"It is certain that our characters and opinions are greatly influenced by our situation, and it would almost appear that the education I received, and the ideas I acquired by study, or mixing in the world, had been purposely combined to inspire me with republican enthusiasm, by making me know and feel the injustice and folly of a crowd of ranks and distinctions. Thus in my studies I was a passionate admirer of reformers and favourers of equality. * * * When I was a witness of the spectacle the capital exhibited during the *entrées* (the drawing-rooms) of the queen or the levees of the princesses, the *actions de grâce* after a lying in, &c., I sorrowfully compared this Asiatic luxury, this insolent pomp, with the abject misery of the degraded people, who ran after the idols of their own making, and stupidly applauded the brilliant shows, for which they paid out of their own absolute necessities. The dissoluteness of the court during the last years of the reign of Louis XV., the contempt for virtuous habits which extended to all classes, the excesses which formed the subjects of private conversations, inspired me with indignation and astonishment."

"I sighed in thinking of Athens, where I might equally have admired the fine arts without being hurt by the spectacle of despotism, and in thought I wandered in Greece, I was present at the Olympic Games, and I lamented when I found myself a Frenchwoman."

allow, that we still owe a great debt to those ancient times which have created nearly all that we have now worthy of admiration, in our modes of thinking; which have kept alive and fostered the spirit of independence; and which yet maintain among men the belief in the possibility of political virtue.

Nourished by principles received from these admirable sources, placed on the verge of the dissolute society which governed her country, yet kept without its pestilential influence, the mind of Madame Roland, disgusted by the frivolities of the reigning taste, was thrown upon itself for its amusements; she was thus led to make study a recreation, the cultivation of her understanding almost her sole source of happiness. A highly educated person will always be above the generality of his class, will find few whose society affords him pleasure or instruction; to a certain degree, therefore, (and the circumstance is a happy one) he will be obliged to be independent of others for his pleasures, and to narrow the circle of his friends and associates. This circumstance by no means diminishes his happiness, but adds to and heightens it. It is no wonder, then, that we find Madame Roland uniformly cheerful, performing the ordinary duties of life with a contented spirit; a recluse in her amusements, because she found few who could fully sympathize with her peculiarly cultivated mind; yet active and patient in the performance of all that by her connexions in society was required at her hands.

It is needless to follow further the training of this extraordinary woman's mind, to show that she was conversant with things usually considered without a woman's province, or that she thought intently on these forbidden topics. Within the narrow space to which we are necessarily confined, it is impossible to convey any very accurate conception of the extent of her knowledge, or the strength and masculine nature of her understanding. The line of her studies, even when a child, has already been shown to have been of a description diametrically opposed to the whole tenor of the ordinary education of a woman; her pursuits were precisely the pursuits of a highly studious and philosophic man, and the steadiness of her determinations, her enthusiasm for political virtue, her vehement indignation against the corruptions of her day, would have been the fit temper and frame of mind for a virtuous man of that period. With such a character of mind, what was her conduct in the various relations of life in which it was her fortune to be placed? Was she destitute of sensibility? Was she without that feminine gentleness of disposition, which renders her sex the charm and solace of ours? Was she, in short, unworthy as a daughter, as a mother, as a wife?

The proper answer to these questions is an appeal to her life; as an example of her conduct and feeling in these three separate situa-

tions, let the reader peruse her affecting description of her mother's death; her simple unostentatious account of her own illness and conduct on the birth of her daughter; and the narrative of her detention and trial. The girl who could study the arid history of a Mezeray, the profound investigations of Locke, Hobbes and Mallebranche, exhibited a filial devotion almost unparalleled, even in the annals of womanly tenderness. Her love and devotion were not merely in words; her affection was not weakness, nor the offspring of weakness; but was the feeling of a powerful and rightly constituted mind fraught with generous sympathies. Her eloquent eulogium of her mother speaks one well capable of judging and of feeling; and the account given of the griefs and suffering caused by the death of this excellent woman to her child, makes us exclaim with the abbé Le Grand, "Il est beau d'avoir de l'âme, il est malheureux d'en avoir autant."

Had education rendered Madame Roland merely a heroine, a person who was useful only on extraordinary occasions, who could brave difficulties that occur only once in an age, she could not be cited as an example for the generality of mankind. The mind of a woman as well as a man, who is to contribute to the happiness of the society to which she belongs, must be trained to act in the circumstances of every-day life. An habitually well-regulated temper and cheerful spirit, a thorough appreciation and steady performance of the numerous and minute duties of her station, can alone render a woman capable of being a useful participator in the toils and the perplexities of our lives; an equal and enlightened companion in our hours of leisure. One who could only meet death with fortitude, who could only bear up against the horrors of a prison, and share in the business of an empire, would be seldom called upon to act; and, were her capacities confined to the conquering these mighty difficulties, would seldom be of any service. But the virtues of domestic life and the character which is fittest to render that life agreeable, are compatible with the highest moral and intellectual qualities, as well as the most striking demonstrations of courage; and the cheerful patient endurer of the petty ills of common life, the most efficient performer of the duties of a private station, has usually, when called upon, evinced the greatest capabilities under the most trying difficulties. In the example before us the observation was most strikingly illustrated; and the truth we might easily have learned from the simple dictates of reason, is here palpably made manifest even to those who require at each step of their progress a specific experience.

It is generally believed, that the cultivation of the mind inclines us to look with disdain upon the duties of domestic life, and to consider the fulfilment of those duties a painful degradation. A general opinion is usually

founded in some measure on truth; it is so in the present instance. The error (for there is a great, a pernicious error) lies in the false notions usually entertained concerning what is really intended by mental cultivation.

In the present plan of education, what may be termed training the intellectual faculties is usually totally disregarded. The various classes of society receive specific instruction, suited to what are deemed their peculiar functions; but few, perhaps no efforts are made to strengthen their mental faculties generally, and without reference to the particular knowledge to be inculcated. In the case of men, however, the partial, or rather the specific knowledge they receive has a tendency, in some cases a powerful tendency, to invigorate the mind; and thus a service which ought to be a direct and chief object of education, is, in some degree, performed for them unintentionally and by accident. Unfortunately, that knowledge which it is thought requisite to impart to women, has no such happy influence. An accomplished woman of the present day is, therefore, peculiarly unfitted for any useful pursuit, since usefulness in any capacity of life is not the specific object of the instruction given, nor is any healthy vigour of the intellect induced by the process of inculcating it. Much care is moreover taken to foster ideas incompatible with the performance of the necessary duties of life. The model upon which the education of every class of women is formed is an aristocratic model; and one of the attributes of an aristocracy is, and always has been, to have the women of their order totally unfitted for every purpose, but that of being mere ministers to their own idle vanity. It is one of the distinctive marks of the vulgar-minded rich, to wish to appear free from all necessity of attending to domestic concerns—like the gods of Epicurus, they say “*nos autem beatam vitam in animi securitate, et in omnium vacatione munusculum ponimus.*”—“*Et querere a nobis, Balbe, solertia, quæ vita Deorum sit, quæque ab iis degatur mta. Ea videlicet, quæ nihil beatius, nihil omnibus bonis affluentius cogitari potest. Nihil enim agit; nullis occupationibus est implicatus: nulla opera molitur: suæ sapientiæ et virtute gaudet: habet exploratum pro se semper cum in maximis, tum in æternis voluptatibus.*” A duke's daughter is educated after this notion, so is an honest tradesman's; and thus, what is usually deemed education does of necessity create ideas incompatible with the due performance of duty; and does associate a feeling of degradation with the idea of that performance. Thus are women, not only rendered weak by the present method of instruction, but their minds are specially and positively mis-trained. This is not all. Accomplished women must be taught to derive pleasure from reading. But as they are too weak to attempt, and too ignorant to understand any thing that it really imports them to know, a literature has sprung

up peculiarly dedicated to their service. This literature is composed almost exclusively of appeals to a few emotions, which are common to the weak and uninstructed, the firm, enlightened, and laborious (to understand them, needs only to be a human being) and of extravagant delineations of a false delicacy and elegance. The mind, by the pernicious ministration of these writings, is led from a consideration of any really necessary and useful object, and induced to dwell on images of impossible enjoyments, or to attach worth to what is either unattainable or absolutely pernicious. Any one at all conversant with society, must often have been witness to painful exhibitions of this fatal perversity and weakness—must have often been condemned to hear wild fantastic ravings, and rapturous enthusiasm respecting the puling sentimentality of some idle blockhead, who, from want of a useful or honourable avocation, has degraded himself to be a pander to a frivolous appetite, and to counterfeit emotions he never knew. Absorbed in the dreaming contemplation of this ideal world, taught to despise all that is connected with this mundane sphere, as gross, degraded, and degrading, educated women do often justify the general opinion respecting the influence of mental cultivation. A man of true delicacy, real feeling, and enlightened spirit, is far more shocked and repulsed by these unhappy specimens of modern refinement, than by the homely artless ignorance of what is termed an unaccomplished woman. The affectation of the one is a thousand times more disgusting than the rusticity of the other—the studied preposterous delicacy, the frigid sentiment, hollow enthusiasm, and painful childish weakness that are the attributes of the one class are incomparably more repulsive, than the honest feeling, however rudely it may be expressed, and the straight-forward sincere, though untutored, good sense of the other. And could no other education be found, than that which produces these unlovely specimens of feminine grace, we should as vehemently as any deprecate accomplishments in women. But happily no such difficulty attends the matter. The qualities to be sought for, and the mode by which they may be produced, can easily be pointed out; and the happy effects of such a revolution in female education can be rendered plain to any one who will take the trouble to pursue the investigation.

The character of a human being is a whole composed or made up of numerous and distinct classes of qualities. These qualities are part of them intellectual: part, what, as contradistinguished from intellectual, are termed moral qualities. Although, in fact, these constantly act upon and modify each other, and although their reciprocal influence is an element that ought to be attentively watched, and carefully directed, still for the present purpose, it is well that they be considered apart.

We shall find upon examination, that in every class of life, there is needed in every person an intellectual capability of a very high order: we shall find also, that this intellectual capability does not consist of stores of learning, or knowledge of art or of science; but a certain vigour of the intellect which enables it to foresee, weigh, and determine justly on those manifold circumstances on which our happiness and that of our fellows depends. In this view, we may figuratively consider the intellect as a machine—it is not knowledge, but that by which we may acquire knowledge—it is not the judgments we make, but that state which enables us to make them.—No matter what may be the sex, no matter what may be the station, it is absolutely requisite that this previous condition of the intellect should be alike in all: and in all, if possible, it should be raised to the highest point to which it is capable of arriving. In different stations it is requisite to acquire different portions of knowledge—but in all stations, the instrument that is to acquire that knowledge ought to be endowed with the highest capabilities.* If we consider the situation of women, and the duties they have to perform, it will be found, that an imbecile intellect is one of the most serious evils that can befall both themselves and society. In every rank, their own welfare is mainly dependent on that of the men with whom by parentage or marriage they are connected. This welfare, in many most important particulars, depends upon the conduct of the women, in their several relative situations of daughters, wives, and mothers. The matters of which they have to judge, the active duties they have to perform, require in all cases an equal, in many a much superior, power of intellect to that which the exclusive portion of the men usually demands. The most important and delicate part of education is entirely intrusted to women. Domestic duties tax the judgment and ingenuity in the great majority of instances, far more than the operations by which the man obtains subsistence;† and in all the humbler ranks of life, if

* Rousseau in his admirable work on Education (Emile) observes,

“D’ailleurs, comment une femme qui n’a nulle habitude de réfléchir élèvera-t-elle ses enfans? Comment discernera-t-elle ce qui leur convient? Comment les disposera-t-elle aux vertus qu’elle ne connoit pas, au mérite dont elle n’a nulle idée? Elle ne saura que les flatter ou les menacer, les rendre insolens ou craintifs; elle en fera des singes manières ou d’étourdis polissons, jamais des bons esprits ni des enfans aimables.”—L. v.

Besides, how can a woman educate children, when she is not accustomed to reflect? How determine what is suited to them? How incline to virtues of which she is ignorant, to merit of which she has no idea? She will only know how to flatter and menace them—to render them insolent or fearful—imitative monkeys, careless and dishonest—never right-minded amiable children.

† Let any one enumerate the various modes in

the wife be without judgment and forethought, the family is unhappy; and it may be boldly and correctly asserted, that of the whole duties which are shared between men and women, that part which is allotted to the latter requires a mental cultivation, at least equal to that which is demanded by that apportioned to the former.

Supposing it to be determined then, that mental cultivation as above described, and considered by itself, should, if possible, be of the highest order in women; it remains to be ascertained, whether such perfection can be attained without deterioration of those moral qualities, with which for their own, and our happiness, it is requisite that women be endowed.

It is evident, that the difference in the moral qualities of the sexes, like the difference in the duties allotted to them is, and ought to be determined by the difference of their natures. The superior bodily powers of the man, have determined that he should perform the more laborious portion—the physical weakness of the woman, that she should undertake those numerous occupations which require sedentary habits, and a patient spirit. Thus the character of the woman is determined by her physical nature—she is more gentle and patient than man, because her nature makes her so—not because we will, that it should be so—and that dissimilarity of character which forms so great a charm in the relations of the sexes, is not the offspring of mere education, but is founded in nature itself. If precisely the same means of strengthening the intellect, and improving the knowledge of both sexes were pursued, the difference in their character would spontaneously arise, in consequence of the different materials on which the experiment was made. This natural difference (if we may use the expression) is necessary; but any peculiar fostering, and forcing of the dissimilarity is pernicious. The firmness of the man should not be fostered into brutality; nor the softness of woman, into imbecile weakness. Neither should means be taken to destroy the difference, and to render man and woman alike in their moral natures. It is an evil

which men obtain their subsistence, and he will immediately perceive that with one or two exceptions, they are chiefly mechanical processes, or such as easily become so. In the case of the whole labouring population, there can be little doubt of the fact; but in many cases the work of a mechanic requires far more ingenuity, than the business of what are termed the better classes. That of a clerk, for example, tasks the mind less than that of almost any mechanic. And a merchant's operations are in the vast majority of cases, matters of mere routine. The greater number of persons act usually in the capacity of subordinates, and the superiors themselves for the most part act by rule. Law, medicine, and the business of government require, it is true, intellects of the most commanding order.

thing to have a man emasculated by an effeminate education, or a woman forced into an amazon by a masculine one." In the present system of female education, the error consists in fancying that the necessary dissimilarity of character requires a difference in the mental training; and in endeavouring to force qualities which would spontaneously spring up. By fostering their softness, women are reduced to a state of utter imbecility; and the necessary consequence is that the real tenderness of their dispositions, which, in fact, is the result of active and well-trained sensibilities is disappearing, and nothing will soon remain but a frigid, selfish, infantine, hypocritical delicacy. The assiduous and respectful care of the daughter, the passionate, generous love of the wife, and the patient ever watchful solicitude of the mother, are fast fading away—and the pernicious idleness, the cold immovable selfishness confined previously to the aristocratic classes, are extending to every order of society. By weakening the intellects of women, we have weakened their sensibilities, by unfitting them for action, we have destroyed the very charm we sought to cultivate. It would appear, then, that so far from deteriorating the character we desire in the sex, by attempting to give them that vigour of intellect otherwise so requisite, we create and heighten every quality which serves to improve and adorn them.

Great care, however, should be taken to keep constantly in recollection, that education does not consist merely in strengthening the intellect, and imparting knowledge. In order that the knowledge we impart, and the intellectual instrument we fashion should be wisely employed, right habits should be created; and the proper objects of desire should be steadfastly fixed in the mind. That would be an evil education, however brilliant the talent created, however vast the knowledge given,

* It is not necessary, though it would not be difficult to show why this would be mischievous. We have assumed throughout that the general opinion as to the moral differences of men and women is correct. The observations of Gibbon on the valorous women of Germany, are for the most part just, and point to the explanation if any be needed. "Heroines of such a cast may claim our admiration, but they were most assuredly neither lovely nor very susceptible of love. Whilst they affected the stern virtues of man, they must have resigned that attractive softness in which principally consists the charm and the weakness of woman. Conscious pride taught the German females to suppress every tender emotion that stood in competition with honour, and the first honour of the sex has ever been that of chastity. The sentiments and conduct of these high spirited matrons may at once be considered as a cause, as an effect, and as a proof of the general character of the nation. Female courage, however it may be raised by fanaticism, or confirmed by habit, can only be a faint and imperfect imitation of the manly valour that distinguishes the age or country in which it may be found."—C. ix. vol. I. p. 370.

which induced a woman to sigh for objects not consonant with her station, or which formed habits opposed to the duties of her sex, and the feelings of society. In many of the cases, however, in which great acquirements have been attained by women, desires have been permitted to arise, wholly at variance with the duties, and views of their sex. While their mental strength has been increased, they have been made men in their hopes and wishes, and the good that was done in one portion of their education, has been destroyed by the evil resulting from the other. Madame de Staël was a striking instance of this fatal mistake; Madame Roland, is a remarkable case of the happy consequences following a wise development of the moral, as well as mental energies of woman.

Madame Roland, fortunately for herself, was of an humble race. She was not taught to shine in brilliant society, or to covet the applause of the literary fops of Paris. Her happy fate led her to cultivate her mind without reference to any immediate purpose—she sought amusement in instruction; and never hoped to be drawn either from her situation as the daughter of an humble artist, or from her sphere as a woman, by the knowledge she endeavoured to attain. Her quiet path of life lay before her, and she hoped for none other. "Is it," she asked, "for the purpose of shining like flowers in a garden, or in order merely to receive vain admiration that persons of my sex are formed for virtue, and acquire talents and information? Of what use is the extreme desire for pleasure by which I feel myself absorbed, and which does not render me happy, even when I appear to have attained my wishes? Of what importance to me are the inquisitive looks, the softly murmured compliments of a crowd whom I know not; and whom were I to know, probably I should not esteem. Have I come into the world, in order to waste my existence in frivolous cares; and tumultuous emotions? Without doubt, I have a higher destiny—that admiration of all that is just, wise, great, and generous, which warms and exalts me, teaches me also that I am to practise what I admire. The sublime and exalting duties of a wife and a mother, will one day be mine—and the years of my youth ought to be employed in rendering me capable of performing the great duties of my station. I must study their importance, and learn by directing my own inclinations, how one day to govern those of my children."

"Il faut," she adds, "que dans l'habitude de me commander le soin d'orner mon esprit je m'assure les moyens de faire le bonheur de la plus douce des sociétés, d'abreuer de félicité le mortel qui méritera mon cœur, de faire rejaillir sur tout ce qui nous environnera, celle dont je le comblerai et qui devra être toute entière mon ouvrage."

She early adopted the opinion so forcibly,

though somewhat too generally stated by Rousseau. "The dignity of a woman is in being unknown—her glory is in the esteem of her husband—her pleasures are in the happiness of her family." She, therefore, religiously abstained, though in the constant habit of writing, from ever, even to her friends, appearing as an author. She disliked and avoided all appearance of display, and, till the unhappy period of her husband's elevation to the ministry, was known only in her domestic circle. This, in common cases, would not perhaps be remarkable; but here it must be remembered, that the person thus retiring was, without exception, the most wonderful woman of her age; that she had a thorough feeling of her own superiority; and though thus modest and humble, when not forced from her retirement, yet when called upon for exertion, that she exhibited a courage, dignity, judgment and talent, that awed and startled even her brutal murderers. This retiring spirit and proper estimation of her duties resulted in her case from her social situation, the natural temper of her mother, and the poverty of her father. But what in her education was the effect of chance, ought properly to be the work of design—just as we are taught to abhor lying, stealing, or any other vice, and to seek after and love virtue, so ought our minds to be carefully trained to select the proper objects of desire; to derive pleasure from those pursuits which are suited to the character we bear, the situation we fill, the duties we have to perform.

At present, it is impossible to follow this interesting topic further. In the short space to which we are necessarily limited, little more can be attempted on so extensive a subject as education, than to point out subjects for reflection, and to indicate the line which our investigations ought to pursue. The task proposed in the present instance, will have been accomplished, if we succeed in inducing the reader to believe that the subject of female education requires to be thoroughly reconsidered. Let any one who has formed unfavourable opinions respecting educated women, either by his actual experience in our own country, or by what he has heard of literary women generally, read the history of the person who has been adduced as an example in the present article. He will there find, if we mistake not, that every womanly grace is not only compatible with, but heightened by, the most serious and important instruction; that to be learned, firm, and vigorous in intellect does not preclude the most exquisite softness of disposition—the most perfect sensibility—the most feminine spirit. In short, he will find a commanding intellect as desirable in his mother as his father—in his wife as in his friend—in his daughter as in his son.

From the Monthly Review.

MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON, BY THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the multitude of volumes which has been poured upon the world during the last few years, for the purpose of illustrating the life and career of Napoleon, still a small, but by no means an uninteresting portion of the great historical picture, remained to be filled up. The part which he took in the revolution, the period of the Consulate, the imperial reign, the two exiles, and death of the memorable hero, are now made familiar to the world by innumerable volumes of authentic details. The early life of Buonaparte alone stood in need of that candid explanation which it is now pretty much acknowledged that the remaining portion of it has received. Perhaps the curiosity of the world upon this point was not a little stimulated by the fact that Napoleon himself seemed always reluctant to recur to the period of his youth: the perseverance with which he conducted a plan for destroying the papers of General Menou, which he knew to contain memoranda respecting his early career, indeed, demonstrates the extent of this repugnance.

The chief value of the present work consists in its presenting a good many materials for completing the biographical record of one of the most extraordinary of men. The Duchess of Abrantes, who, it may not be unnecessary to state, is the widow of Marshal Junot, enjoyed a singular combination of opportunities for collecting facts connected with the boyhood of Napoleon. Her mother lived upon intimate terms with the mother of Buonaparte, and she actually carried him when but an infant, in her arms. Her relations were on the most familiar footing with the Buonaparte family; and during the time that the future hero attended as a schoolboy at the military school at Paris, he spent his leisure hours chiefly with her father. Marshal Junot, besides, was attached to Napoleon during that most critical and interesting part of his career—the period which intervened between the date of the siege of Toulon and that of the expedition to Egypt. The Duchess, too, all her life, held intercourse with some of the family. In short, so numerous and so favourable were her opportunities either for hearing authentic information of Buonaparte or observing for herself, that we are persuaded to believe that the Duchess is not presumptuous in claiming, as she does, to be the *only* person who thoroughly knew the late emperor.

But it is not alone on account of what is contained in this volume relating to Buona-

* *Memoires de Madame La Duchesse D'Abrantes, ou Souvenirs Historiques sur Napoleon, La Revolution, Le Directoire, Le Consulat, L'Empire, et la Restauration.* Tome premier, 8vo. Paris: Ladvocat. 1831.

parte that we consider it well worthy of attention. In the circumstances in which she was placed, the lady of the Marshal Junot must have seen much of the under-plot system from which no court is exempt, and she must have been privy to many state secrets, the nature of which would confound even the most knowing with amazement. She herself, indeed, tells us, in her very lively manner, that this was actually the case.

"In the notes and memoranda which I possess, there is a very ludicrous combination of court intrigues and state matters, dark plots and brilliant events—scenes which depict the peculiar manners of the time, and actions which recall to us the memory of illustrious contemporaries. All these materials would most likely have proved barren, as far as I am concerned, rather than profitable, had I begun to write when my friends urged me to do so; since every thing depends on the manner of getting up a work, and none, perhaps, is more difficult than that in which I am engaged. Truth is often sacrificed to passion; I have already said that I was not exempted from it; and fortunately I am aware of it in time. I was valiant enough for some years to avoid encountering any resentment, and carefully to observe a description of speech the least possible offensive to certain persons. These individuals I shall not name; but in reading these memoirs they will understand me; let this be their punishment."—p. 17.

The Duchess proceeds to give a brief account of her parentage, which proves to be originally Greek. She appears very proud of the accident, and labours hard to show, and we must say, not without success, that Napoleon also could trace his origin to the same people. Her immediate parents, however, were Corsicans—were neighbours and friends, as we have already mentioned, of the Buonaparte family; and by a curious coincidence, both families migrated to France, there to form those relations with each other, which has enabled the Duchess to contribute so amply to the history of Buonaparte's life. The part of the narrative which refers to the childhood of Napoleon was, of course, derived from the traditions of the family; besides which the Duchess had the good fortune to be acquainted with a woman named *Saveria*, a sort of housekeeper to Madame Buonaparte. The general impression which she has drawn, after all her inquiries from persons who had seen and known Napoleon during his boyhood, is, that there was nothing at all singular about him. He was, she says, a coarse, chuckle-headed boy—very obstinate and fierce when in a passion. The following anecdote *Saveria* related to the Duchess, which she said she heard from his own lips:

"Napoleon, when scolded or even chastised, never was known to cry, and even when punished without being in the wrong he offered no explanation. One of his sisters once accused him of eating a basket of grapes, figs,

and oranges, which were pulled in the garden of his uncle, the canon. You should have been intimately acquainted with the family to be able to estimate the magnitude of such a crime as that of clandestinely eating fruit from the garden of his uncle, the canon. To eat thus any body else's fruit would not have been half so bad. There was forthwith a solemn investigation, and Napoleon being examined, denied the charge, for which he got well flogged. He was urged to confess his guilt, and that if he did so he should be forgiven. He said he had already denied being guilty and was not believed, but was well chastised. I remember very well he told me that his mother was out on a visit at the time. The result was that Napoleon was kept three whole days without any thing whatever to eat, except a piece of bread and cheese, and the cheese none of the best either. However, he never cried—he looked a little sorry, but showed no signs of displeasure. On the fourth day, a little girl, a friend of Marianne Buonaparte, returned from her father's graperies, and hearing what passed, she unhesitatingly confessed that it was she and Marianne who had despatched the fruit. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. Napoleon was asked why he did not mention his sister; he said he did not know that she was guilty, but in consideration of the candour with which his sister's young friend acted he should say nothing. This was very remarkable, for Napoleon was at the time only seven years old."—pp. 51, 52.

Another, and more extended anecdote of the youth of Buonaparte is given by the Duchess on the authority of her mother:—

"When she arrived at Paris my mother's first care was to inquire for Napoleon Buonaparte, who had but recently entered the military school in that metropolis, having previously studied at a school in Brienne. My uncle Demetrius met him the very day he arrived, and just after he had left the coach—'And truly,' used my uncle to say, 'did he look like a new importation: I caught him at the Palais Royal gaping at the crows, turning his eyes on every side, and altogether having the appearance of one of those subjects whom a pickpocket would choose for a victim.' My uncle inquired where he dined, and as he was not engaged he brought home the young traveller, for though my uncle was then but a young man, he was not lodging with a *traiteur*. (This was the title which those persons went by who now have that of restaurateur, which certainly was not introduced until several years after the period I speak of.) My uncle observed to my mother that she would find Napoleon very morose, 'and I am afraid,' he added, 'that the young man has a great deal more vanity than is suited to his circumstances. Whenever he comes to see me he declaims loudly against the luxury of his fellow students: he came some time ago to speak to me of Mania, (in Greece,) and the state of education amongst the young Maniotes, particularly with reference to its resemblance to the ancient Spartan education, and all this, he tells me, is for a memoir which he intends to lay before the minister of war. Now this course will only get

him embroiled with one of the students and perhaps cost him a thrust of a sword.' A few days only elapsed when my mother saw Napoleon, when his ill humour appeared to be very much excited. He allowed but few remarks, even those of an agreeable nature, and I am persuaded that it is on account of this irritability, which was ungovernable in him, that he obtained the reputation of having been gloomy and atrabilious in his infancy and boyhood. My father, who was acquainted with some of the masters of the school, used often to bring out Napoleon. On some pretext or another he was induced to remain at my father's for a week. Even now, whenever I walk on the Quai Conti, I invariably direct my eyes to a flat and round roof just at the left corner of a house on the third floor, where Napoleon lodged during the time that he was on a visit with my friends. It was a neat little apartment, and my brother occupied the one next to it. They were both nearly of the same age: my brother perhaps was older by a year or fifteen months. My mother always recommended my brother to associate with Buonaparte: but after repeated attempts my brother found it impossible to put up with the cold civility or perhaps affectation with which he was treated by the other. He observed, as he thought, in Napoleon, a sort of acerbity and a bitter irony which he was for a long time at a loss to account for. 'I really believe,' said Albert, one day to my mother, 'that the poor young fellow keenly feels his dependant condition.' 'But,' said my mother, 'it is not dependant, and I hope that you have not made him feel that he was with us.' My father, who was present, immediately observed to my mother, that Albert was not wrong in what he said, for that Napoleon was wholly influenced by a spirit of pride. 'I do not blame him,' continued my father, 'he knows you, he is aware that your family and his are in Corsica upon an equal footing with respect to fortune; he is the son of Letitia Buonaparte, as Albert is your son: I believe even you are relatives. All these considerations do not settle regularly in his brain, when he sees so immense a difference in the manner in which he is brought up as a free scholar (boursier), isolated, and at a distance from his friends, and wanting all those attentions which are so amply bestowed on our children.' 'But,' rejoined my mother, 'it is not jealousy surely, that you are ascribing to him.' 'No,' replied my father, 'it is a very different thing from jealousy that this young man feels. I am too well acquainted with the human heart to mistake what is in his. He suffers, and in all probability more in your house than elsewhere. You are kind, but you are not aware that misplaced attention is not always a remedy for trouble; when you used your interest to get young Napoleon to spend some days with you, I can tell you that you are doing very ill; you do not wish to believe me, and in your zeal on behalf of his mother, you place her son in a situation which must be painful to him, for the question must occur to him, "Why is not my family like this?"' 'You tease me,' said my mother, 'if he said that he would be a foolish as well as a bad boy.' 'No,' added my father, 'neither foolish nor

wicked; he would be only human. Why is it that he is in a constant passion all the time he has been in Paris? Why is he eternally exclaiming against the indecent luxury, these are his words, of his school-fellows? Because their circumstances are a permanent reproach, as it were, to his. He ridicules these young men for keeping servants, because he is not able to keep one himself: he thinks it wrong that there should be two services at meals, because when there are pic-nics amongst the boys he cannot contribute. In short, I was to see him, and I found him still more melancholy than usual. I was in doubt as to the cause, and I offered him a small sum, which perhaps he might want. He blushed deeply, his cheek then assumed its habitual yellow tinge, and he declined my proposal.' My mother observed that it was because my father made the offer in an awkward manner, for men are always very awkward. 'Well,' said my father, 'when I saw the young gentleman's spirit so particularly elevated, I trumped up a tale for which I have no doubt the Almighty will grant me his pardon. I told him that his father, who died in our arms at Montpellier, had placed at my disposal a small sum of money for the use of his son, which, however, was to be given to him only in small quantities when his necessities were very pressing. Napoleon looked at me with so scrutinizing an eye as almost to disconcert me. "Well, sir," said he, "since this money really comes from my father, I will take it; but had this been in the nature of a loan, I would never have accepted it. My mother is already sufficiently burdened: it is not for me to increase that burden by adding to her expenses, especially when they are to be incurred in consequence of the stupid folly of my fellow-students." You see, then,' concluded my father, 'that if his pride is so easily wounded by strangers at school, what must he suffer here, however tenderly we may treat him? Let, however, Albert continue to give his attentions, although I candidly confess my despair of seeing them end in an intimate intercourse of the parties.'—pp. 76—81.

The manifestations of an impotent and dissatisfied spirit were almost of daily occurrence in the language and actions of young Buonaparte. Perhaps nothing in the book more strikingly exhibits the character of his mind than the following account. The writer relates that she was accompanying her father from St. Cyr, where he had been to see his sister, then at school in a convent, and that something had but just occurred to put the young man entirely out of temper.

"When they had got upon the coach, Napoleon burst forth into all manner of invectives against the detestable administration which governed St. Cyr, but particularly the military schools. My uncle, who was rather warm, felt displeased at the bold and bitter tone of his companion, and he told him so. Napoleon was for a time silent; for that universal respect felt by boys for those more advanced would not permit him to proceed. But his heart was all the time bursting—he turned the conversation at length to the forbidden subject, and his lan-

guage at length became so offensive that my uncle was forced to say—'Hold your tongue; it is no business of yours, brought up as you have been on the charity of the king, to speak as you do.' My mother told me that she thought Napoleon would have been suffocated. In a moment his face became crimson. 'I am not a charity boy of the king,' replied Napoleon, in a voice trembling with emotion, 'I have been educated at the expense of the state!' 'A fine distinction, truly,' observed my uncle, 'but whether you were brought up by king or state is of no consequence. Besides, is not the king the state? And I hope, at all events, that you would not speak in this manner of your benefactor, at least before me.' 'I shall say nothing, sir,' answered Napoleon, 'that may be unpleasant to you—but you will allow me to add, that if I were the master empowered to make the regulations, they should be very different from what they are—they should be for the benefit of all.' In relating this conversation, I am only desirous of recording the words—'If I were the master,' because Napoleon afterwards did become the master, and what he did for the management of the Military Schools is well known. I am quite satisfied that he retained for a considerable time the painful recollection of those humiliations which he was compelled to endure at the Military School at Paris.'—pp. 109-111.

The Duchess indulges a great deal in political observations. She sketches in a vivid and striking manner some of the most extraordinary events of the famous revolution. Her characters, consisting for the most part of the chief men whom that unparalleled convulsion had thrown up from the chaos of society, are drawn with considerable power. She really seems to speak of persons and events with the greatest candour, and in general she is very happy and graceful, and certainly always entertaining, in her portraits. The remembrance of those scenes of horror which she witnessed in Paris, during the commencement of the revolution, when the more flagrant atrocities were perpetrated, seems to revive in her soul those emotions of terror with which the reality must have originally inspired her. She paints them in a most graphic manner; but without any apparent effort at dramatic effect. Indeed we may remark that little of affectation is in general to be met with in a French memoir. That species of intellectual exertion seems to be a national habit with our neighbours, and they acquit themselves in it naturally and mechanically, never supposing that any extraordinary endeavours are required. Hence, their execution in this branch of literature is quite unequalled, so that it would be next to impossible to detect, in the French language, a memoir that is even indifferent.

The Duchess gives us a very brilliant account of the clever but unfortunate Mirabeau, and she thinks him by far the most amply endowed man which the fermentation of the revolution produced. She adds a very curious

account of an attempt which was made on the part of the queen to buy over Mirabeau, when she found that he was, as a member of the states-general, about to take a part against her. She couples his name also with an incident which she adduces, to confirm her notion that a fatality pursued the Bourbon race from about the middle of the last century. She says that the queen resolved to bribe Mirabeau at least into silence, knowing that he avowed hostile intentions against her. An agent accordingly waited upon this gifted man with the usual instrument of corruption—plenty of money. "But," says the noble authoress, and we cannot do less than quote her words—

"But on account of that ill luck which is inherent in every undertaking of the Bourbons, it so happened that this very man (Mirabeau) who never before had money, who was always in need, and continually dunned by his creditors—who never had even enough for himself—it so happened that this man now had money, and that he was certain of having more. The truth is, that he refused the proffered bribe and bowed his visitor out of the room with a dignity full worthy of the elder of the Gracchi."—p. 162.

"Well," adds the Countess in another place, 'who can hope for success in the case of one that has been destined to misfortune? The question of fate, so long a subject of dispute, and still so little understood, may be greatly elucidated by a reference to those successive misfortunes which nothing can arrest. Whatever a particular person does, whatever he undertakes, the seal of ill luck is fixed to his destiny—and nothing can remove it. There it is—stuck, as it were, to the certificate, which misfortune has issued—its characters traced with a pen of iron. Against this fatal decree how vain is all the opposition which the ingenuity of man and the intensity of his desire to be happy can engender. Happy! what is it a man will not do to make himself happy? Is there any enterprise deemed insuperable which has a chance of conferring happiness? And yet what is the first expression of the crowd when there is presented before it an unhappy object which is calculated to excite its sympathy?—'We must not grieve; he is the author of his own ruin—fool!—idiot!'—nay, often, the unhappy man is denounced as a criminal. This is meant particularly for the Bourbons—for it is impossible that any body could be influenced by a star more inauspiciously placed than that of the Bourbon race since the middle of the last century. Countries there are, no doubt, where pity and sympathy would be felt for their calamities: but here, the bitterest inculcation is sure to fall upon the most insignificant of their acts.'—pp. 160, 161.

We return with pleasure to some of the anecdotes which Madame Junot relates of the early life of Napoleon.

"It was in the spring of 1793, before repairing to Toulon, that Buonaparte, having obtained a furlough, made a journey to Corsica. He took up his residence, immediately on his arrival at Ajaccio, near the *Porte-de-Mer*, at an

old countess's of the name of Rossi, a friend of his family. I cannot explain the reason of his not going to sojourn with his mother. However, there was a club established at the time outside the town, consisting of a great many orators, and Napoleon was an active member. The people of Ajaccio became alarmed at the influence of the club, and they formed another society, with many of the members of which I myself was acquainted. Amongst others, I knew a sea captain, whose ship was at the time in the roadstead, and who, by his intelligence and courage, and his well marked Breton head, was very well calculated to oppose the leaders of the original association, in case they thought of molesting the new club. The object of the latter was to preserve peace, and put down any disorders. The conduct of the first club appeared to be so opposed to the public tranquillity, as that a deputation from the rival body waited upon them to remonstrate and represent the injuries which they were doing to the quiet and order of the district. Our naval captain headed this deputation, which consisted only of himself and three other members of the new society. They exhorted the old club to cultivate principles of peace, and adopt the example which had been set them by the republican government. Buonaparte, upon this, ascended the tribune, and delivered a most forcible speech, the purport of which was that in times of revolution, every man must be either a friend or foe of the new order of things. He told his audience that Solon inflicted the penalty of death on all who took a neutral part during the rage of civil commotions, and he concluded by denouncing, as enemies to their country, all who, in the existing juncture, were moderate. As soon as the sitting was over, Napoleon proceeded to the square, where he appeared much excited, and very little disposed to conciliation. His bearing, however, had very little influence in intimidating my friend, who, as he was well acquainted with Napoleon, was enabled to remonstrate with him in strong terms upon the course he had taken in the debate. 'Bah,' exclaimed Buonaparte, 'that's all the mere style of the club man. But you, my friend, how is it that, with all your talents, you cannot see the advantage of assuming a firm attitude? how is it that you do not take the high-road, instead of confining yourself to a mere by-path?' 'The by-path,' replied my friend, 'which I have chosen, is as straight, and perhaps straighter, than the road on which you, Buonaparte, may one day meet your destruction, and it is in the name of the friendship which I bear you that I now beseech you to abandon your present tactics.' Buonaparte knit his brows, and turning about, sought some of his turbulent colleagues of the club."—pp. 229-231.

A few days after this occurrence, Buonaparte was informed by the same friend, that about a thousand of the country people were about to make a descent upon the town, and would direct their vengeance principally against him. He profited by the intelligence, and assuming the disguise of a sailor, he was rowed off the isle the same night to a place of safety. It was very shortly after this event

that he received his appointment at the siege of Toulon. Here, too, it appears that Napoleon was the same unsocial, carping and discontented person, that he was at the military school. The officers were prejudiced against him, but his abilities and skill commanded the confidence of the besieging army, though he was no more, at the time, than five and twenty years old. We must pass over a great deal of very interesting and agreeable writing, in which the Duchess exhibits the very first order of powers for delineating character. We particularly allude to her whole account of Salicetti, one of those men whose fortunes appear to be the realization of some strange vision, created by a distempered imagination. We cannot, however, omit the passage in which she speaks of one of her husband's early attachments, if it were only to show the philosophy with which a French lady can talk of a subject connected with a hazard that must have been dreadful for her to contemplate. The time of the following scene was just at the breaking out of the revolution. We must premise that both Napoleon and Junot were in the habit, in common indeed with every conspicuous man in Paris, of frequenting the Garden of Plants, which at that time combined, both for the gratification of the senses and the mind, materials such as we never shall expect to see associated again.

"One evening," writes the Duchess, 'they (Buonaparte and Junot) plunged into the thickest of the shades in the garden, where the breath of myriads of flowers shed the most balmy perfume around. The air was mild, and the two friends paced the walk, arm in arm, for the epaulette no longer interposed to disturb the most perfect equality between them. Beneath a clear and beautiful sky, and surrounded by beds of the most beautiful and precious flowers, and touched by the charming scene, the two friends opened their hearts to each other. The influence of a lovely night is powerful on those who feel strongly. Buonaparte was afterwards governed by a ruling passion which absolutely parched up his heart, and which told him—'I shall reign alone over thee'—I need not name this passion. But at the period to which I allude he was very young: his heart beat rather violently under the influence of a passion for a lady, and he was fairly in love. He spoke of his passion to Junot, and spoke of it with bitterness too, for he was far from being happy. Junot has told me that if Buonaparte had not of his own accord severed every tie which subjected his heart to the passions, he would have felt them in a terrible manner. Upon the evening of which I speak, in mentioning this matter to Junot, his voice trembled, and Junot observed how he was affected. But he suddenly broke off the conversation, and appeared to have forgotten his emotion.

"Nothing begets confidence so much as confidence. Junot's heart was full of such thoughts as could only be disclosed to a friend—but for a long time he gave his confidence to Napoleon. Junot was in love, foolishly in love, with Pau-

lette Buonaparte His young and burning heart could not resist at the sight of so enchanting a creature as Paulette—he loved her with passion—he loved her to distraction—and honour compelled him to declare it to Buonaparte. The latter neither rejected nor accepted his proposal, but consoled him, and raised his spirits very much by telling him it was quite certain that Paulette would reply ‘Yes,’ with pleasure, on the day when Junot might be able to offer her an establishment; not, indeed, a very opulent one, but such as would secure them from the hazard of bringing children into the world in poverty. Junot, thus excited, became very importunate, and showed Buonaparte a letter which he had received from his father, and in which the writer said that at present he could give his son nothing, but that his ultimate share would be twenty thousand francs. ‘I shall then be rich,’ said Junot to Buonaparte, ‘for, with my estate, I shall have 1200 livres de rentes. I conjure you, then, to write for your mother’s consent.’ They left the garden, crossed the water in a boat, and promenade for some time that part of the Boulevard which is opposite the Chinese baths. Buonaparte all this time listened to Junot attentively; but he was no longer the same man that had been just enjoying the delights of the garden with Junot: in returning to the tumult of the city, his soul seemed to have been kindled to the recollection of those dependencies and obligations which are essential to a state of society. His manner, however, was still affectionate, and he thus admonished his friend:—‘I cannot apply to my mother in this matter, for it appears that you are to have 1200 livres de rentes, which is very well—but you have not them now. Your father, I dare say, is in very good health, and may make you wait for a good while. In a word, you have got nothing whatever but your lieutenant’s epaulette. As to Paulette, she has got nothing either—so that you have nothing, and she has nothing—which, added together, make a total—nothing. Then, you cannot marry at present. Wait awhile; we shall yet see better days, my friend. Yes, we shall, when I am able to seek them in another part of the world.’—pp. 281-285.

With these quotations, which will give a very fair idea of the importance and value of this work, we shall dismiss the first volume. It is our intention to notice the contents of each succeeding volume, as it issues from the press.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE STORMING OF ROME IN 1527.

BY GIOVANNI BONAPARTE.

Under the title of *Sac de Rome, écrit en 1527, par Jacques Bonaparte, témoin oculaire*—(traduit de l’italien par N. L. B. pp. 91.)—The translator, the Count de St. Leu, better known as Louis Bonaparte, has had printed at the grand ducal press at Florence a valuable document left by one of his ancestors, relative to the storming and plundering of Rome by the imperial troops under the Constable of Bour-

bon. In the introduction he has given some genealogical particulars concerning the Bonaparte family. The earliest mention of the Bonapartes occurs in Bonifazio’s History of Treviso at the year 1178, when Giovanni Bonaparte was sent as envoy of the Trevisans to Padua, to learn the sentiments of that city. This Giovanni was one of the first knights of the Spanish order of San Jago, instituted in 1170, and founder of the hospital of that order in his native city. In a treaty of peace between the cities of Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and Treviso, in the year 1208, he appears as one of the witnesses. His son Bonisperio is mentioned among the nobles of the country in 1219. The knight Nordillo Bonaparte was one of the hostages whom Treviso was obliged to send in 1258 to Ezzelin de Romano. In 1268 he gave security, in some matter relating to the tolls, for Conradin of Swabia; and, as Syndic of Treviso, he concluded in 1271 a treaty of commerce between that city and Venice. In the following year he was Podesta of Parma. He afterwards founded an hospital at Treviso, and died on the 3d of April, 1290. His brother Pietro appears in 1312 in a league of the nobles against the tyrant of his native city. In 1313 he was, as one of the *quatuor viri sapientes*, ambassador to Gran Cane della Scala, Lord of Verona. In 1318 he was Podesta of Padua, and in the following year ambassador at the court of Frederic of Austria. Towards the end of the fourteenth century the family appears to have removed to San Miniato del Tedesco, in Tuscany; and its name frequently occurs among the partisans of the Ghibellines there, in Florence, and in other places. In later times we find several scholars of the family, and among others Nicolo Bonaparte, who introduced the study of jurisprudence at the university of Pisa. Another of the same name was, about the middle of the fifteenth century, clerk of the papal chamber, as appears from a sepulchral inscription in the church of San Francesco, at San Miniato. Giovanni Jacobo lived at Rome in the Orsini Palace, and there described as an eye-witness the plunder of the city in 1527. Finally, in 1612, Ludovico Maria Fortuna Bonaparte, of Sarzana, settled at Ajaccio in Corsica, during the war with the Genoese.

The account of the Sacking of Rome is an interesting contribution to the history of the sixteenth century: it is written in a spirit of equity and moderation, and is the more worthy of attention, inasmuch as we possess no well-authenticated historical narrative of this melancholy event; and all that we find on the subject in contemporaneous memoirs—for instance, in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini—is unconnected, and full of errors. The latter, it is well known, among other things, arrogates to himself the merit of having killed the Constable of Bourbon, which, considering the locality of the Castle of St. Angelo, is almost impossible.

The following passage may serve as a specimen of the author's manner:—

"The army, despairing of the reduction of the castle—[the Castle of St. Angelo, in which Clement VII. and many prelates of the church had taken refuge] divided itself into several bodies which proceeded to the different quarters of the city. As they passed along, they found the fathers and mothers of families sitting at the thresholds of the palaces, or at the entrances of the houses, inconsolable for the loss of their children slain in the struggle, and full of gloomy apprehension of the calamity that yet impended over the unfortunate city. These wretched creatures, dressed in mourning, offered to the enemy their houses and all they possessed, and with floods of tears supplicated for their lives. The hearts of the rude soldiers were not touched by their prayers; as if stimulated by the sound of drums and fifes to the massacre, they fell sword in hand upon the petitioners, and slaughtered all whom they could come at, without distinction of age or sex. Foreigners were not spared any more than the Romans themselves; for, from the mere thirst of blood, they, like furies, shot and cut in pieces the one as well as the other. Exasperated by the death of their leader, they disgraced themselves by cruelties to which history scarcely presents a parallel. As they found none to offer resistance, they were soon absolute masters of the ancient and noble city, which was as full of treasures as an army intent on plunder could desire. The Spaniards were first tired of the slaughter, and felt some sentiments of humanity and compassion revive within them towards men, who, though their enemies, were yet Christians. They ceased to slaughter, and made prisoners. When the Germans perceived that the Spaniards had discontinued to avail themselves of what was called the right of war, they began to suspect treachery. The Spanish officers represented to them that the city was taken; that being abandoned by those who should have defended it, so that they had themselves nothing more to fear; and that, as the inhabitants had concealed their most valuable treasures, it would be wise to spare their lives, in order to make them reveal their hiding-places. The Germans yielded to these arguments. They now seized all passengers and those whom they found at the doors of their houses, and forced them to open their apartments, which they immediately stripped of every thing of value. But they were not content with this: the women were exposed to the most horrible outrages. No one durst so much as raise his voice against these atrocities; it was forbidden to weep over sufferings which would have softened hearts of stone, and moved the very damned. These barbarians paid no regard either to high rank, or to the prayers of beauty, or to the tears of mothers: their hearts were closed against every humane feeling. Daughters were seen throwing themselves into the arms of their wretched mothers, and mothers seizing soldiers by the beard and by the hair to pull them back—but to no purpose. Entreaties, resistance, only served to aggravate their fury. The fettered fathers and husbands, paralysed with horror, had no more tears, no voice for lamentation. They gazed vacantly on, inanimate as

statues. Some mothers, unable longer to endure the sight, tore their own eyes out; others hurried into subterranean cellars, where they soon found relief in death. Amidst the general consternation, however, some traits of Roman firmness were displayed. Several fathers buried their daggers in the hearts of their daughters, rather than suffer them to fall into the hands of the barbarians."

From the *Athenæum*.

MEMOIR OF MR. ROSCOE.

THIS distinguished individual, of whom it would be difficult to say whether he were more eminent for virtue or for talent, expired on the 30th June, at his house in Lodge Lane, Liverpool. His health had been declining for some time, and the infirmities of age, though not affecting his mental powers, had long rendered the repose and tranquillity of domestic privacy essential to his safety. Few persons consequently, except the members of his family and his immediate connexions, had been allowed of late to enjoy the pleasure of his rich and useful conversation; and he was thus already to many people of the town, on which he had conferred advantages of the most valuable description, as one of the great and good of a former age. But though this declining state of health, and the apprehensions which eighty years naturally inspire, had given warning of his approaching dissolution, the attack which carried him off was sudden; and the letter which acquainted his sons in town with his illness, was followed the next day by one which gave intelligence of his death. The career of Mr. Roscoe began like that of many other celebrated men under circumstances little calculated to encourage ambition; but the difficulties which subdue ordinary minds, seem to be regarded by intellects of a higher order, as only placed in their way to be overcome: and we are disposed to believe that genius stands greatly in need of that moral chastening in its youth, which its buoyancy and pride would prevent its receiving from any other monitor but adversity. The parents of Mr. Roscoe were far from affluent, and, owing to this circumstance, were unable to offer him any other advantages of education but such as could be found in a common school for reading and writing. With a strong consciousness, however, of his own powers of acquiring knowledge, he resolutely resisted the intention of sending him to school at all, as the one chosen for him had so little to recommend it, and he was in consequence left to acquire the rudiments of education as his own natural good sense and ability dictated. The experiment, not dangerous only in such cases as his, succeeded. He read the best writers of his own language with delight and profit. As early as the age of sixteen, he wrote verses of considerable merit; and as a still greater proof of the general strength of his mind, he was found qualified at about the same time to

enter, as articled clerk, the office of Mr. Eyes, one of the most respectable solicitors of Liverpool.

The most zealous attention to the studies of his profession, and an equally zealous and honourable endeavour to fulfil the wishes of his employer, characterized the young poet in his new situation, and he acquired golden opinions from all around him. But, careful as he was in his more necessary occupations, he lost no portion of his admiration for studies of a lighter character; and, urged by the example of a friend to attempt the perusal of the Latin classics, he commenced the translation of Cicero's *De Amicitia*. As it does not appear that he had any aid in this undertaking, but such as he could derive from a grammar and dictionary, and perhaps the occasional suggestions of his friend, the task must have been one of no slight difficulty. But he succeeded in it sufficiently well to encourage him to proceed, and he continued his Latin studies till he had made himself acquainted with all the best authors in that language. His professional avocations were in the meantime attended to with unabated steadiness, and we have heard it said by one well acquainted with his early history, that he did as much of the office work as all the other clerks together.

The period of his apprenticeship had not been long expired, when he was invited by Mr. Aspinall, a solicitor of extensive practice in Liverpool, to accept a share in his business. The invitation was in many respects advantageous to Mr. Roscoe, and it placed him in a situation in which his talents and industry could not fail of being productive of fortune and eminence. His literary tastes, however, suffered nothing from the increased demand which professional cares now made upon his attention. In the midst of the most active pursuits, he found time to cultivate his early love for poetry and the arts in general, and in December, 1773, he delivered an ode before the Society established in Liverpool, for the encouragement of painting and sculpture, and, some time after, several lectures which contained many indications of that elegance of taste for which he was subsequently distinguished.

But to the honour of this excellent man be it spoken, his genius was ever on the watch for opportunities of serving the great cause of humanity, and his voice was heard among the first that were raised against the Slave Trade. On the appearance of a work entitled "*Scriptural Researches into the Licentiousness of the Slave Trade*," written by a Spanish Jesuit, named Raymond Harris, he undertook the investigation of the subject, and produced a reply, which was published under the title of "*A Scriptural Refutation of a Pamphlet lately published by the Rev. Raymond Harris*." This work was followed by his well-known poem, "*The Wrongs of Africa*," of

which, the first part appeared in 1787, and the second the following year. The breaking out of the French revolution afforded him another ample and spirit-stirring theme; and both his heart and his imagination caught the fervour with which most men like himself, at that eventful period, were inspired. His admirable ballads, "*Millions be free*," and "*The Vine-covered Hills*," were echoed, not only through every part of the United Kingdom, but in France itself, with an enthusiasm which at once raised their author to the zenith of popularity.

These topics, however, of temporary interest, did not prevent him from forming schemes for establishing his literary reputation on a firmer basis; and in 1790, he began his "*Life of Lorenzo de Medici*," a work which exhibits a greater variety of excellence than any of a similar kind that had appeared in our, or perhaps, any modern, language. It was published in 1796, and printed in Liverpool, at an office which Mr. Roscoe established, at his own risk for that purpose. At the head of this establishment he placed Mr. McCreery, who was recommended to him by early acquaintance and a similarity of taste, and whom we have heard pronounce the name of his venerable friend with the gratitude and affection, which such a name must inspire in every worthy bosom.

The flattering manner in which the "*Life of Lorenzo*" was received by the public, was a reward which the author well merited at its hands. Few works of celebrity have been produced under circumstances of greater difficulty. No large collection of either books or manuscripts was to be found in the neighbourhood, and he had consequently to obtain his materials not only at great expense, but with many interruptions and delays. Add to this, the only time he could, or was willing to devote to the undertaking, were the hours which remained after the business of the day was over, and which might very fairly have been expended in recreation of a lighter kind. The origin of his love for Italian literature is to be ascribed, we believe, to his acquaintance with a gentleman who was ardently attached to the pursuit, and who, during his travels in Italy, had collected several documents and notices, which the historic eye of our author at once saw might be rendered highly useful to enlarged biographies of the Medici. As the most trifling circumstances, in regard to the productions of men of genius, are considered interesting, we may mention that the whole manuscript of the "*Life of Lorenzo*" was written with a single pen!

Mr. Roscoe, soon after the appearance of this work, retired from practice as a solicitor, and entered himself at Gray's Inn, with the intention of becoming a barrister. During his residence in town, he commenced the study of Greek; and, in compliance with the suggestions of numerous admirers of his "*Life of*

Lorenzo," began that of Leo the Tenth. This latter work appeared in 1805; and, shortly after its publication, he became a partner in the wealthy and long-established banking-house of Clarke and Sons of Liverpool. The following year he was chosen member of parliament for that town; and during the short period he occupied a seat in the House of Commons, he appeared as the warm and untiring friend of slave emancipation. At the dissolution, which happened in 1897, Mr. Roscoe's party was not in a condition to secure his return again for the borough; and he declined standing, though urged to do so by a large body of his friends. His retirement, however, from parliament, was not the consequence of any dislike to politics; and he continued, by means of pamphlets to impress his sentiments on all the most important questions of public interest.

The extensive and prosperous concerns in which he was in the meantime engaged, placed him in a situation of more than ordinary affluence, and his house became the resort of the most distinguished men of the country. Among his visitors were the dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, many noblemen eminent for their talents as well as station, and several of the highest literary characters of the age. The names of Rogers, Campbell, Parr, may be placed with those of his most intimate friends; and the present Lord Chancellor was connected with him by the double tie of personal and political attachment. The munificence with which he supported every project calculated for the public good, and the extent of his private charities, were in perfect harmony with the noble hospitality of his domestic establishment. The Athenæum,* the Botanic Garden, and other literary and scientific institutions, owed their origin or success mainly to his liberality or judgment; and while he thus sought to improve the taste of his fellow-townsmen by these judicious efforts, he formed a collection of books and paintings, which rendered his own library one of the most splendid that a private individual had ever possessed. But while thus engaged in pursuits equally honourable to him as a man of business and a man of letters, the bank received a shock from the particular circumstances of the times, which it was alike impossible for human prudence to foresee or prevent. By that event, Mr. Roscoe, now verging towards the seventieth year of his age, found himself called upon to sustain a heavy trial of his fortitude. We need scarcely say, that it was sustained as wise and good men will ever bear such trials; and those who had loved and admired him before, instead of feeling any call upon their pity at his misfortunes, only loved and admired him more than ever. The magnanimity with which he refused to accept of his library, handsomely restored to him by the

claimants on his estate, presented one of the many traits of his character, on which the future biographer will love to expatiate.

Since the above period, Mr. Roscoe lived in contented, and we may add, elegant retirement; his name held in universal veneration, and his infirmities alleviated by the tender assiduities of affectionate children. His faculties remained active to the last; and we may say the same of his generous love of liberty, and his ardent, consistent benevolence. The progress of the Reform question afforded him the highest pleasure, for he felt it as the triumph of opinions he had advocated through life; but his political feelings never perverted the goodness of his nature; and we have been informed by one of his nearest connexions, that while the examination of Prince Polignac and his associates was pending, he wrote to General Lafayette, begging him in the strongest terms, not to let the triumph of French liberty be polluted by the shedding of one drop of blood on the scaffold. The General answered him as one man so great and good might be expected to answer another of similar character on such a subject.

The literary merits of the author of the Lives of Lorenzo and Leo the Tenth, have been fully discussed by the public, and by critics of every description. His chief characteristics as a writer, were the taste which enabled him to appreciate the beautiful, under whatever form it can appear; and an amenity of style which has been rarely equalled. Considering moreover, that he was the first English writer in the class of biography, to which he devoted his talents, he justly merits the claim of originality; and to him, without dispute, belongs in a great degree the revival in this country of a taste for Italian literature and art. Of his character as a man, we could hardly say too much—his virtues were so in harmony with the unstudied dispositions of his heart, that we must believe them to have been born there; they were at the same time so consistent with sound principle and reason, that they may be regarded as the fruit of religion and philosophy.

The works which this admirable man has left in manuscript, would form, we understand, several volumes; and we look forward to their appearance, with a lengthened biography by one of his talented sons, with pleasure and interest.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE CALENDAR OF KINGS.

THE changes in the various conditions of society have naturally been the old theme of moralists and divines. But if the world goes on as it has been going of late, all our maxims on the topic must be taken from the highest rank alone. In what family, in what village, in what other condition of life have

* Literary Institution in Liverpool.
Museum.—Vol. XIX.

there been so many reverses and changes as among the rulers of nations during the last year, whether from the throne to exile, or from the throne to the grave. Here is a list of one single twelvemonth's work of fortune and nature among the mightiest of the mighty:—

France,	Charles X.	Deposed.
Algiers,	Mahmoud,	Turned out.
Rome,	Pius VIII.	Dead.
Saxony,	Anthony,	Deposed.
Naples,	Francis,	Dead.
Belgium,	William,	Deposed.
Sardinia,	Charles Felix,	Dead.
Brunswick,	Duke Charles,	Deposed.
Greece,	Capo D'Istria,	Resigned.
Brazils,	Don Pedro I.	Abdicated.

To which we must add, with more regret, George the Fourth, by whose decease two crowns were vacated at once—England and Hanover.

In this list we have said nothing of Constantine the Beloved—"our eldest brother," whom the Poles hunted out of the land with so strong an inclination for catching him; and whose moustaches are not yet safe from the rebel-razor. In fact, the moustache cause is going down rapidly in all quarters, and the time will soon come, when his Highness of Cumberland will be the only illustrious wearer of those wild-boarish ornaments in Europe. In the list we have also omitted the Illustrious of the East, where, however, a throne is too like a pillory, or the top step of the guillotine, to make us wonder at any thing, but that men with heads on their shoulders will take the trouble of mounting it;—a sovereign a week being the average allowance among the turban-wearers beyond the Indus.

A correspondent from the land of the sun thus describes the employment of one of the monarchs:—"His Majesty of *Lucknow* amuses his leisure hours with flying kites; and, in order that no mistake may be made as to whose kite flies highest, or as to the fortunate wight who leaves his competitors behind him, his Majesty has fixed upon scarlet as the royal colour, and has issued a proclamation to his loving subjects, forbidding them the use of *scarlet kites*!" The Indian wits say, that his sport is of the most heroic description, and that European kings are, three-fourths of their time, doing nothing but flying *scarlet kites*, or raising the wind to fly them. The *Great Mogul*, whose lineaments grace the envelope to every pack of cards, has been fleeced both of power and dominions, and is a mere pensioner of our own government, subsisting upon the grant of a considerable annual stipend; his authority is virtually confined to the control of his own domestic household, which is extensive, and, doubtless, sufficiently unmanageable. From him we hear at the utmost twice a year; once, on the occasion of his paying a splendid visit to the shrine of a saint, a few miles from Delhi; and again,

when he receives a visit of ceremony from our friend the British resident. The once Lord of India is still better off, his Majesty having nothing in the wide world to do, but to eat, drink, and sleep, to live on a handsome pension, smoke his pipe, perfume his beard, flog his wives, and let the rest of the world go its own way.

One fool there is, to the scandal of the "magnificent," the heaven-born betel-chewers, the brothers of the son and moon—the bustling king of the Seiks, whom the deluded biographer thus describes:—

"Runjeet Sing, the only royal personage under the sky who is a king, either in dignity or policy. He is one of those rare men, whose talents and energies have raised them from the condition of a petty chieftain, to the exalted station of a sovereign over a wide and turbulent empire. Endued with vigour of mind and body, possessed of restless ambition, and actuated by unceasing activity, he has overcome all the neighbouring potentates one after another, and reduced them to the condition of humble tributaries; whilst dissensions and anarchy in the state of Caubul have enabled him to add a slice of that kingdom to his own. The primary object of his policy appears to be, to keep at peace with our government; and this out of a keen conviction of our skill, resources, and military prowess. Such, indeed, is his respect for the latter, that he has endeavoured to introduce our tactics and discipline amongst his own soldiery, and has enlisted a number of French officers into his service, who not only drill, but command his troops, especially on more distant and perilous expeditions."

The king of the Seiks, we foresee, will get his throat cut. How infinitely wiser he would have been in following the example of the king of the cards—The Great Mogul! He will be shot in some skirmish; or, if he escape that, be sent to the Houries in a cup of rice milk; or, if he refuse to drink, be smothered in the medicated smoke of his own hookah; or, if he be poison-proof, he will be strangled between two Mahomedans, or two pillows. And to this comes his life of galloping, sabreing, hungering, thirsting, brain-besieging, broken-heartedness, beheading, blood-dabbling, and wearing bullet-proof waistcoats! It is not worth the while.

Among the mortal memoranda of what we might call almost sovereigns, are the great generals of our day. Of all the leaders of the battle of Waterloo, but one survives: Napoleon, Blucher, Bulow, and Gneisenau are gone. Of the leaders of the allied armies, since the Moscow retreat, all are dead; Kutuzoff, Schwartzenburg, Wrede, the Emperor Alexander, Platoff, and a crowd of other thunderbolts of war. The last memorable death is that of Diebitsch, who, after rising to the height of military fame by his boldness, vigour, and ability in the conquest of Turkey, died, a month since, of the cholera, or rather of vexation at the overthrow of his plans for

the subjugation of Poland. He was a man of great talent. But so perish the invader of an innocent and unhappy country.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

DEATH OF HOFER.*

THIS volume has fallen short of the anticipations with which we opened it; but the fault lies in the title, which provokes unreasonable anticipations. Who could help conceiving the Book of Heroes to be a species of anthology of feats of individual heroism, of splendid and desperate deeds? In short, a collective tale of chivalry, blending the sober charms of truth with the fascinating interest of romance, and excitement of poetical exaltation? For this we looked, and were disappointed. The book is simply a history of what the author calls the wars of liberation, and we can have no objection to such a history except its delusive title, which we now understand to mean that all who fought against Bonaparte in those wars, were so many heroes.

Setting aside the title and consequent disappointment, the work has merit, and we hardly wonder at its having already reached a sixth edition. It is a partial, certainly, but often a very lively record of seven memorable years, that bore upon their blood-stained wings the destinies of generations yet unborn, throughout Europe at least. The historian devotes his labours chiefly, to the celebration of his compatriot heroes, and who shall blame him? It is for Germans he writes, and German philosophers, politicians, moralists, and poets, all alike proclaim that the sentiment most important to be, shall we say impressed upon, or awakened in, Germany, at this present time, is a German patriotism; a patriotism which shall embrace the various states constituting the German empire, as one whole; and teach Prussians and Austrians, Bavarians and Saxons, to deem themselves fellow-countrymen. Niemeyer, however, likewise bestows praise upon the allies of the Germans; and especially does more justice to England's great Captain than is usual upon the continent. An instance of inaccuracy occurs, however, with regard to the Duke of Wellington, which somewhat shakes our confidence in our author's correctness upon points less within our own powers of detection. He has converted a compliment to the British soldiers, into an arrogant boast. The Duke is well known to have said, "Whenever I get into a scrape, my brave army gets

me out again;" which modest words Christian Niemeyer has altered to, "If I fall into a difficulty, as every man sometimes must, my brave companions are sure that I shall know how to extricate myself!"

Several of the battles here recorded are described with great spirit, especially those of the Russian campaign, of Fleurus, Quatrebras, and Waterloo, as also the pursuit of the routed French by the Prussians, after the latter. But all these are so familiarly known to the reading public, by various late publications, that we incline to select, as a specimen both of the matter and manner of the *Heldenbuch*, the suppression of the Tyrolese struggle for independence, condensing the early part, and translating the narrative of Hofer's fate.

It will be recollected that in the year 1809, nearly the whole population of the Tyrol rose in arms, and fairly drove the French troops out of their country. This levy *en masse* was headed by Andreas Hofer, the landlord of a village public-house. Hofer was then forty-two years of age, "a frank-hearted pious man, tall in stature, with black eyes and beard, of a soft voice and disposition; whom a vehement love of his country converted from a quiet rustic into a hero."

Bonaparte sent Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Dantzig, with a strong body of troops, to crush this insurrection. The insurgents, by retreating before him, drew Lefevre into their mountain fastnesses; and there, where they had the disciplined French army at advantage, the peasant general and his half-armed volunteers attacked, and after much hard fighting, so thoroughly defeated them, that the French veterans fled, and the Tyrol was again free. In these battles a ten-year-old boy busied himself in digging up the balls that lodged in the ground, and carrying them in his little hat, to the combatants; to whom young girls brought provisions amid the hottest fire.

When the misfortunes of the campaign constrained Francis to purchase peace by the cruellest sacrifices, abandoning the Tyrol, he invited Hofer and his principal associates to Vienna, to secure them from French vengeance. These devoted patriots would not leave their beloved country in her distress, and resolved to attempt the preservation of their connexion with Austria, even without Austrian help. One of their leaders, the priest Pater Joachim, blessed their endeavours. Again Lefevre was sent against them, and again was so roughly handled, that upon one occasion, we are told, he climbed over his own carriage to escape, and fled, disguised as a common soldier. Hofer and Pater Joachim now led their little band of 8,000 peasants to defy the French marshal and his 25,000 soldiers before Inspruck, and again were victorious. Lefevre evacuated Inspruck by night, having lost 14,000 men within a fortnight, and on the 15th of August, Bonaparte's

* *Heldenbuch. Ein Denkmal der Grossthaten in den Befreiungskriegen von 1808—1815. Von Christian Niemeyer. Sechste Auflage. (The Book of Heroes. A Monument of the Great Deeds of the Wars of Liberation, from 1808—1815. By C. Niemeyer. 6th Edition.) Leipzig, 1831.*

birth-day, the Tyrolese re-entered their emancipated capital. The gratified emperor of Austria sent Hofer a gold chain of honour, and to the Pater the ecclesiastical order of merit.

For two months the Tyrol was free; but could it hope to remain so? Before the end of October, French troops poured in from all sides, under various generals. Baraguay d'Hilliers and Eugene Beauharnais, respecting or fearing these brave and desperate men, invited them to submit, offering a general amnesty, redress of grievances, and a strict administration of justice, on condition of the insurgents laying down their arms. The Arch-duke John assured Hofer that the emperor, unable to assist them, wished them to comply; and Hofer thereupon accepted the terms, entreating a few days' delay of the French advance, to allow time for the peasants to disperse to their several homes. But pending this negotiation with Eugene, the French troops advanced, stormed a strong pass, and seized a fortified post upon the Brenner mountain. Indignant at this breach of faith, Hofer again called his comrades to the field, and about the middle of November fell upon Ruska and Barbon, who, with their detachments, were endeavouring to force their way into the *Passayer thal*. The French were repulsed with the loss of 1,500 men and an eagle. But now Baraguay d'Hilliers brought up his whole force, and the contest was inevitably over. Some of the leaders made their escape to Vienna. Hofer concealed himself with his wife and children, in an Alpine hut in the snowy wilderness amidst barren rocks. The Emperor Francis sent messengers to urge his escaping to Austria; but his wife and children could not have accompanied his flight, and Hofer would not save his life at the price of deserting them.

"Pater Donay of Schländers, who had latterly been Hofer's unworthy confidant, now became his Judas. He discovered his retreat in the snowy wilderness, and betrayed it to the French commander. Bonaparte in return made the wretch imperial chaplain at the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, and Murat loaded him with praises and presents. At midnight Baraguay d'Hilliers despatched 1,500 foot and 100 horse, to seize a single man. At dawn, on the 20th of January, 1810, the guide knocked at the hut door. Hofer opened it, and seeing who his visitors were, said 'I am Andreas Hofer, and in your hands; kill me, but spare my wife and children, who have no share in my conduct.' The French then rushed upon him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him, with his wife and children, to Botzen. Wherever they passed the Bonapartists stood in rows, singing merry songs, and unable to control their joy at having another honest man in their claws. But Hofer was calm and serene, and in affecting accents asked pardon of all whom he fancied he might have offended. At Botzen he was freed from his chains, many Frenchmen taking his part,

and alleging that he had treated his prisoners with admirable humanity. One man gave him a snuff-box adorned with the heads of the Duke of Brunswick, Schill, and himself. Hofer looked at his own portrait and sighed 'Yes, such I was.' Here too he tasted a pang bitterer than death. His family were separated from him, and sent back into the country. He himself was hurried to Mantua."

At Mantua Hofer was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to death, with a haste designed to prevent the interposition of the emperor Francis, whose daughter Napoleon was then wooing. On his way to the place of execution he gave a last cheer to his beloved sovereign, and distributed some trifles as keepsakes.

"He then stepped into the circle of his executioners. They offered him a handkerchief to tie over his eyes, and bade him kneel down. With a noble soldiery pride he refused to do either, saying, 'I stand before my Creator, and standing I will return my immortal spirit into his hand.' He then presented the corporal with his last gold coin, begged him to see that his men took good aim, and again exclaimed, 'Alas! my unhappy country!' He then boldly gave the word 'Fire.' But the miserable French marksmen did not fire true. The first six shots only brought the martyr upon his knees. The next six stretched him upon the ground, but did not end his sufferings. The corporal then stepped up to him, put the muzzle of his piece close to his head, and shattered it at the thirteenth shot. Thus was Hofer massacred by the French, as Palm had been before him.

"The emperor Francis, who could not save Hofer, took charge of those he left behind him, made considerable presents to the widow and daughters, and educated the only son. In 1813, before Austria had joined the alliance, John Hofer, then barely fourteen years old, entered into the corps of Lutzen Volunteer sharp shooters, and fought gallantly against the destroyer of his father and his country."

The volume is illustrated with portraits of most of the generals opposed to Napoleon, but we are sorry to say the faces delineated do not tend to heighten our interest in the exploits detailed. If however we are to draw conclusions from the likeness of which we are most competent to judge, the Duke of Wellington's, we may cherish a hope that the deliverers of Europe were not quite such ugly, stupid, or mad brutes, as they appear in the plates before us.

[The following letter of Hofer, written on the morning of his execution, we copy from the London Literary Gazette].—Ed.

"Dear Sir and Brother,—It has been the divine will that I should exchange here in Mantua temporary existence for eternal life; but God be thanked for his divine mercy: it has appeared as easy to me, as if I were to be led out to something else. God will also grant

me this mercy till the last moment, that I may get where my soul will eternally rejoice with all the elect; where I shall also pray to God for all, especially for those to whom I owe it most to pray for, and for you and your dear lady, on account of the little book and other kind deeds; and I beg that all surviving friends may pray for me, and help me out of the hot flames, if I have still to do penance in purgatory. My dearest, or the hostess, is to have the worship solemnized at St. Martin's, and pray by the rose-coloured blood in both parishes. Our friends are to have soup and meat, with an *cinder halber** of wine, at the house of father-host.

"Dear Mr. Pukhler, do go in for me and announce the matter to father-host at St. Martin; he will no doubt make arrangements; and do not make any one else participator in the matter.

"Fare all well in the world, till we meet in heaven, and there praise God. May all the people of Passeyer, and all acquaintances remember me in holy prayers; and the hostess is not to grieve too much. I shall pray to God for all.

"Adieu, my worthless world! death appears to me so easy that I cannot shed a tear. Written at five o'clock in the morning, and at nine o'clock I shall travel, with the help of all saints, to God.—Mantua, 30th February, 1810.

"Thine, loved in life, Andrew Hofer, of Sand, in Passeyer. In the name of the Lord will I also undertake the journey with God."

From the Monthly Magazine.

JOHNSON, BOSWELL, AND CROKER.

WE have no time now, to detail the merits of the five solid volumes, which the scissors of the late secretary of the Admiralty have compiled for us; his part in the performance has been, to gather from all the memoirs scattered through the shelves of gossipry, every fragment of anecdote which could swell the bulk of the doctor's notoriety. The result is, a very amusing book, probably of very considerable trouble to the compiler, and undoubtedly, of very considerable interest to the lover of pertinent sayings, strong character, and rough argumentation. The doctor was a first-rate John Bull, that is, a first-rate bull-dog, and nothing could be more formidable than his gripe, when he once took the trouble to tear down his antagonist. But we have no time for criticism now. We shall try to gratify our readers by some fragments of the volumes.

Goldsmith was continually provoking Johnson, by some foolery or other; the doctor was foud of him, but, like a good parent, never spared the rod.

"Of Goldsmith's *Traveller*, he used to speak in terms of the highest commendation. A lady, I remember, who had the pleasure of

* *Halber* is a measure, used in the Tyrol, Hungary, and parts of Austria, equal to about a bottle. *Cinder* seems a mistake in the original.

hearing Dr. Johnson read it from the beginning to the end, on its first coming out, to testify her admiration of it, exclaimed, 'I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly!' In having thought so, however, she was by no means singular: an instance of which I am rather inclined to mention, because it involves a remarkable one of Dr. Johnson's ready wit: for this lady, one evening, being in a large party, was called upon, after supper, for her toast, and seeming embarrassed, she was desired to give the ugliest man she knew; and she immediately named Dr. Goldsmith: on which a lady, on the other side of the table, rose up, and reached across to shake hands with her, expressing some desire of being better acquainted with her, it being the first time they had met; on which Dr. Johnson said, 'Thus the ancients, on the commencement of their friendships, used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them.'

Johnson had some original dislike to the Scotch nation, though clearly not to the Scotch as individuals, for his chief companions in his early literary course were Scotchmen, and Boswell was obviously on the most familiar footing with him; but he had the insolence of the "Modern Athenian":—

"Mr. Boswell has chosen to omit, for reasons which will be presently obvious, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so, as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first Smith would only answer, 'He's a brute—he's a brute;' but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume. Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. 'What did Johnson say?' was the universal inquiry. 'Why, he said, replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, 'he said, you lie!' And what did you reply?' 'I said, you are a son of a —!' On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part; and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy."—WALTER SCOTT.

One of the anecdotes, trivial enough, is traced by the editor with a ludicrous particularity:—

"Lord Wellesley has been so obliging, as to give the editor the following account of the cause of a quarrel between Boswell and Johnson. Boswell, one day at Sir Joshua's table, chose to pronounce a high-flown panegyric on the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and exclaimed, 'How delightful it must have been, to have lived in the society of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Bolingbroke? We have no such society in our days.' Sir Joshua: 'I think Mr. Boswell, you might be satisfied with your great friend's conversation.' Johnson: 'Nay, Sir, Boswell is right; every man wishes for preferment, and if Boswell had lived in those

days, he would have obtained promotion.' Sir Joshua: 'How so, Sir?' Johnson: 'Sir, he would have had a high place in the *Dunciad*.' This anecdote Lord Wellesley heard from Mr. Thomas Sydenham, who received it from Mr. Knight, on the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself.—CROKER.

Here is a sorry joke transmitted through five hands, "all persons of wit and honour;" a *bon mot* was never honoured with so flourishing a pedigree before.

One of the doctor's well-known paradoxes, was his notion of genius:—

"People are not born with a particular genius, for particular employments or studies, for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west. It is good sense, applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which, by great application, grow to be called, by the generality of mankind, a particular genius."

The question ought to have been asked, whether Johnson himself, had the slightest hope to have painted like Sir Joshua, or have composed like Handel; why did he himself not write tragedy like Shakespeare? He took trouble enough in this point at least, yet what is his Irene? Is Macbeth the mere work of "good sense, applied with diligence to what was a mere accident?" Nonsense. The truth is, that genius is a peculiar power of certain minds, with which other minds have as little to do, as the man born blind has to the man with eyes. The faculty is exclusive, and however near approaches may be made to its effects, by men of diligent common sense, there is still a stamp which all the diligence in the world cannot give, and that stamp is the work of genius.

Johnson's opinion of Sterne.—"Sterne, as may be supposed, was no great favourite with Dr. Johnson; and a lady once ventured to ask him how he liked Yorick's sermons: 'I know nothing about them, madam,' was his reply. But some time afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them, and the lady very aptly retorted. 'I understood you to say, Sir, that you had never read them.' No, madam, I did read them, but it was in a stage-coach. I should never have deigned even to look at them had I been at *large*."

He was not unconscious of his own roughness:—

"Of later years he grew much more companionable, and I have heard him say that he knew himself to be so. 'In my younger days,' he would say, 'it is true, I was much inclined to treat mankind with asperity and contempt; but I found it answered no good end. I thought it wiser and better to take the world as it goes. Besides, as I have advanced in life, I have had more reason to be satisfied with it. Mankind have treated me with more kindness; and of course I have more kindness for them.'"

But the great man could be deceived in himself, like the rest of mankind, and one of his blunders was, a notion that no man under-

stood the refinements of politeness better. The following anecdote comes properly from the pen of a lady, Miss Reynolds:—

"He particularly piqued himself upon his nice observance of ceremonious punctilios towards ladies. A remarkable instance of this was his never suffering any lady to walk from his house to her carriage, through Bolt Court, unattended by himself, to hand her into it (at least, I have reason to suppose it to be his general custom, from his constant performance of it to those with whom he was most intimately acquainted); and if any obstacle prevented it from driving off, there he would stand by the door of it, and gather a mob around him; indeed, they would begin to gather the moment he appeared handing the lady down the steps into Fleet-street. But to describe his appearance—his important air—that, indeed, cannot be described; and his morning habiliments would excite the utmost astonishment in any reader, that a man in his senses could think of stepping outside his door in them, or even to be seen at home! Sometimes he exhibited himself at the distance of eight or ten doors from Bolt Court, to get at the carriage, to the no small diversion of the populace. And I am certain, to those who love laughing, a description of his dress from head to foot would be highly acceptable, and in general, I believe, be thought the most curious part of my book; but I forbear, out of respect to his memory, to give more than this slight intimation of it; for, having written a minute description of his figure, from his wig to his slippers, a thought occurred that it might probably excite some person to delineate it, and I might have the mortification to see it hung up at a print shop as the greatest curiosity ever exhibited."

Goldsmith's eccentricities were well known, and of course, played on by his club; the following anecdote places Burke in the new light of a pleasant mystifier:—

He and Malone were walking together, to dine at Sir Joshua's, when they saw Goldsmith looking up, with a crowd, who had gathered before a house in Leicester Square:—

"'Now,' said Burke to his friend, 'mark what I shall do with Goldsmith.' He went up to him, said something, and passed on. They reached Sir Joshua's before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but, after a good deal of preface, said, 'That he was really ashamed to keep an intimacy with a man, who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions, as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what he meant; 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be, for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?' 'Nay,' replied Burke,

'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith, with great humility: 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish—I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'

Johnson's Manner.—Sir James Mackintosh remembers, that while spending the Christmas of 1797, at Breconfield, Mr. Burke said to him, 'Johnson showed more power of mind in company than in his writings; but he argued only for victory; and when he had neither a paradox to defend, nor an antagonist to crush, he would preface his assent with, *'why no, Sir.'*'

Johnson and Hugh Kelly.—Hugh Kelly, the dramatic author, who died in Gough-square, in 1777, at 38—his first introduction to Johnson was not likely to have pleased a person of 'predominant vanity.' After having sat a short time, he got up to take his leave, saying, that he feared a longer visit might be troublesome. 'Not in the least, Sir,' Johnson is said to have replied, 'I had forgotten you were in the room.'

Goldsmith and Boswell.—"I wonder why Boswell so often displays a malevolent feeling towards Goldsmith? Rivalry for Johnson's good graces, perhaps."—*Walter Scott.*

Henry Erskine.—"It was on this visit to the parliament-house that Mr. Henry Erskine, (brother of Lord Buchan and Lord Erskine,) after being presented to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Boswell, and having made his bow, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was for the sight of his *beard*."—*Walter Scott.*

The Scotch Literati.—"Lord Stowell recollects that Johnson was treated by the Scottish literati with a degree of deference bordering on pusillanimity; but he excepts from that observation Mr. Crosbie, whom he characterizes as an *intrepid talker*, and the only man who was disposed to *stand up* (as the phrase is) to Johnson."—*Croker.*

Lord Monboddo.—"Johnson says to Mrs. Thrale, 'We agreed pretty well, only we disputed in adjusting the claim of merit between a shopkeeper of London and a savage of the American wilderness. Our opinions were, I think, maintained on both sides without full conviction. Monboddo declared boldly for the savage, and I, perhaps for that reason, sided with the citizen.'"—*Croker.*

Johnson no Gentleman.—"Garrick used to tell that Johnson was so ignorant of what the manners of a gentleman were, that he said of some stroller at Litchfield, that there was a *courtly vivacity* about him; whereas, in fact," added Garrick, 'he was the most vulgar ruffian that ever trod the boards, (post, 12th March 1776). No doubt the most difficult, though perhaps not the highest, branch of the actor's art is to catch the light colours and forms of fashionable life; but if Garrick, who lived so much in the highest society, had not this quality, what actor could ever hope to possess it?'—*Croker.*

Cold Sheep's Head.—"Begging pardon of the Doctor and his conductor, I have often seen and partaken of cold sheep's head at as good breakfast-tables as ever they sat at. This protest is something in the manner of the late Culrossie, who fought a duel for the honour of

Aberdeen butter. I have passed over all the Doctor's other reproaches upon Scotland, but the sheep's head I will defend *totis viribus*. Dr. Johnson himself must have forgiven my zeal on this occasion; for if, as he says, *dinner* be the thing of which a man thinks *oftenest during the day, breakfast* must be that of which he thinks *first in the morning*."—*Walter Scott.*

Dr. Robertson and Johnson.—"Boswell himself was callous to the contacts of Dr. Johnson; and when telling them, always reminded one of a jockey receiving a kick from the horse which he is showing off to a customer, and is grinning with pain while he is trying to cry out, 'pretty rogue—no vice—all fun.' To him Johnson's rudeness was only '*pretty Fanny's way*.' Dr. Robertson had a sense of good-breeding, which inclined him rather to forego the benefit of Johnson's conversation than awaken his rudeness."—*Walter Scott.*

Lord Auchinleck and Johnson.—"Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family, and, moreover, he was a strict Presbyterian and whig of the old Scottish cast. This did not prevent his being a terribly proud aristocrat; and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James, for the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages of whom he was *engoué* one after another: 'There's nae hope for Jamie, mon,' he said to a friend. 'Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli—he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do ye think he has pinned himself to now, mon?' Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. 'A *dominie*, mon—an auld dominie: he kept a schule, and caud it an academy.' Probably if this had been reported to Johnson, he would have felt it more galling, for he never much liked to think of that period of his life; it would have aggravated his dislike of Lord Auchinleck's whiggery and Presbyterianism. These the old Lord carried to such an unusual height that once when a countryman came in to state some justice business, and being required to make his oath, declined to do so before his lordship, because he was not a *covenanted* magistrate. 'Is that a' your objection, mon?' said the judge; 'come your ways in here, and we'll baith of us tak the solemn league and covenant together.' The oath was accordingly agreed and sworn to by both; and I dare say it was the last time it ever received such homage. It may be surmised how far Lord Auchinleck, such as he is here described, was likely to suit a high tory and Episcopalian like Johnson. As they approached Auchinleck, Boswell conjured Johnson, by all the ties of regard, and in requital of the services he had rendered him upon his tour, that he would spare two subjects in tenderness to his father's prejudices; the first related to Sir John Pringle, president of the Royal Society, about whom there was then some dispute current; the second concerned the general question of whig and tory. Sir John Pringle, as Boswell says, escaped; but the controversy between tory and covenant, raged with great fury, and ended in Johnson's pressing upon the

old judge the question, what good Cromwell, of whom he had said something derogatory, had ever done to his country; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out: 'God, doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck.' He taught kings that they had a joint in their necks. Jamie then set to mediating between his father and the philosopher, and availing himself of the judge's sense of hospitality, which was punctilious, reduced the debate to more order.'—*Walter Scott*.

Lord Elibank and Johnson.—"Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats, as the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland: 'Yes,' said he; 'and where else will you see such horses and such men?'—*Walter Scott*.

Scots Savages.—"Lord Stowell informs the editor, that on the road from Newcastle to Berwick, Dr. Johnson and he passed a cottage, at the entrance of which were set up two of those great bones of the whale, which are not unfrequently seen in maritime districts. Johnson expressed great horror at the sight of these bones, and called the people, who could use such relics of mortality as an ornament, mere savages."—*Croker*.

A Fighting Quaker.—"Thomas Cumming was a bold and busy man, who mistook his vocation when he turned Quaker (for he was not born in that sect). He planned and almost commanded a military expedition to the coast of Africa, in 1758, which ended in the capture of Senegal. It and its author make a considerable figure in Smollett's History of England, vol. ii. p. 278, where the anomaly of a quaker's heading an army is attempted to be excused by the event of the enemy's having surrendered without fighting; and a protest that Cumming would not have engaged in it had he not been assured that against an overpowering force the enemy could not have resisted. This reminds us of another story of Cumming. During the rebellion of 1745, he was asked, whether the time was not come when even he, as a quaker, ought to take arms for the civil and religious liberties of his country? 'No,' said Cumming, 'but I will drive an ammunition waggon.' Yet this bustling man was, it seems, morbidly sensitive. Mrs. Piozzi says he died heart-broken by a libel in a periodical paper. 'Dr. Johnson once told me that Cumming, the famous Quaker, whose friendship he valued very highly, fell a sacrifice to the insults of the newspapers, having declared on his death-bed to Dr. Johnson that the pain of an anonymous letter, written in some of the common prints of the day, fastened on his heart, and threw him into the slow fever of which he died.'—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 143. Mr. Chalmers is in possession of one of those libels, found, as he believes, in the Town and Country Magazine, in which, by a wooden cut, and under the name of *Tomacumingo*, his person and principles are certainly severely handled, but nothing to die of. The date, however, of this paper, which Mr. Chalmers believes to have been published in 1774, the year in which Cumming died, gives some countenance to Johnson's anecdote."—*Croker*.

Johnson capturing the Isle of Muck.—"When Buonaparte first surveyed his new sovereignty

of Elba, he talked jocularly of taking the little island of Pianosa. So natural to mankind seems to be the desire of conquest, that it was the first thought of the speculative moralist, as well as of the dethroned usurper."—*Croker*.

Johnson's danger in the Hebrides.—"He at least made light of it in his letters to Mrs. Thrale. 'After having been detained by storms many days at Skye, we left it, as we thought, with a fair wind; but a violent gust, which Boswell had a great mind to call a tempest, forced us into Col, an obscure island; on which—"nulla campis arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ."—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 167."—*Croker*.

"Their risque, in a sea full of islands, was very considerable. Indeed, the whole expedition was highly perilous, considering the season of the year, the precarious chance of getting sea-worthy boats, and the ignorance of the Hebrideans, who, notwithstanding the opportunities, I may say the necessities of their situation, are very careless and unskilful sailors."—"The time for the Hebrides was too late by a month or six weeks. I have heard those who remembered their tour express surprise they were not drowned."—*Walter Scott*.

Hebridean Poetry.—"A very popular air in the Hebrides, written to the praise and glory of Allan of Muidartach, or Allan of Muidart, a chief of the Clanranald family. The following is a translation of it by a fair friend of mine:

Come, here's a pledge to young and old,
We quaff the blood-red wine;
A health to Allan Muidart bold,
The dearest love of mine.

CHORUS.

Along, along, then hasten along,
For here no more I'll stay;
I'll braid and bind my tresses long,
And o'er the hills away.

When waves blow furly off the strand,
And none the bark may steer;
The grasp of Allan's strong right hand
Compels her home to veer.
Along, along, &c.

And when to old Kilphedar came
Such troops of damsels gay;
Say, came they there for Allan's fame,
Or came they there to pray?
Along, along, &c.

And when these dames of beauty rare
Were dancing in the hall,
On some were gems and jewels rare,
And cambric coifs on all.

Along, along, then haste away,
For here no more we'll stay;
I'll braid and bind my tresses long,
And o'er the hills away."

Walter Scott.

Dr. Johnson.—"He seemed to struggle almost incessantly with some mental evil, and often by the expression of his countenance and the motion of his lips appeared to be offering up some ejaculation to Heaven to remove it. But in Lent, or near the approach of any great festival, he would generally retire from the company to a corner of the room, but most

commonly behind a window-curtain, to pray, and with such energy, and in so loud a whisper, that every word was heard distinctly, particularly the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed, with which he constantly concluded his devotions. Sometimes some words would emphatically escape him in his usual tone of voice.

"At these holy seasons he secluded himself more from society than at other times, at least from general and mixed society; and on a gentleman's sending him an invitation to dinner on Easter Eve, he was highly offended, and expressed himself so in his answer. * * *

"It is certain that, when in the company of connoisseurs, whose conversation has turned chiefly upon the merits of the attractive charms of painting, perhaps of pictures that were immediately under their inspection, Dr. Johnson, I have thought, used to appear as if conscious of his unbecoming situation, or rather, I might say, suspicious that it was an unbecoming situation.

"But it was observable, that he rather avoided the discovery of it; for when asked his opinion of the likeness of any portrait of a friend, he has generally evaded the question, and if obliged to examine it, he has held the picture, most ridiculously, quite close to his eye, just as he held his book. But he was so unwilling to expose that defect, that he was much displeased with Sir Joshua, I remember, for drawing him with his book held in that manner, which I believe was the cause of that picture being left unfinished. * * *

"Of later years he grew much more companionable, and I have heard him say that he knew himself to be so. 'In my younger days,' he would say, 'it is true I was much inclined to treat mankind with asperity and contempt; but I found it answered no good end. I thought it wiser and better to take the world as it goes. Besides, as I have advanced in life, I have had more reason to be satisfied with it. Mankind have treated me with more kindness, and of course I have more kindness for them.'"
Miss Reynolds.

Observations of Johnson recorded by Miss Reynolds.—"People are not born with a particular genius for particular employments or studies, for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west. It is good sense applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which, by great application, grew to be called, by the generality of mankind, a particular genius.

"Some person advanced, that a lively imagination disqualified the mind from fixing steadily upon objects which required serious and minute investigation. JOHNSON. 'It is true, sir, a vivacious, quick imagination does sometimes give a confused idea of things, and which do not fix deep, though, at the same time, he has a capacity to fix them in his memory if he would endeavour at it. It being like a man that, when he is running, does not make observations on what he meets with, and consequently is not impressed by them; but he has, nevertheless, the power of stopping and informing himself.'

"A gentleman was mentioning it as a remark of an acquaintance of his, 'that he never knew

but one person that was completely wicked.'

JOHNSON. 'Sir, I don't know what you mean by a person completely wicked.' GENTLEMAN.

'Why, any one that has entirely got rid of all shame.' JOHNSON. 'How is he then completely wicked? He must get rid, too, of all conscience.'

GENTLEMAN. 'I think conscience and shame the same thing.' JOHNSON. 'I am

surprised to hear you say so: they spring from two different sources, and are distinct perceptions: one respects this world, the other the next.' A LADY. 'I think, however, that a person who has got rid of shame is in a fair way to get rid of conscience.'

JOHNSON. 'Yes, 'tis a part of the way, I grant; but there are degrees at which men stop, some for the fear of men, some for the fear of God: shame arises from the fear of men, conscience from the fear of God.'"

From the Athenæum.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. *With Introductory Verses by Bernard Barton, and illustrated with numerous Engravings from Drawings by George Cruikshank, expressly designed for this Edition. 2 vols. London, 1831. Major.*

THIS is the most beautiful edition yet published of this delightful work; the paper and print, from the Shakspeare press, are perfection. It is also full of illustrations by George Cruikshank, but we are not prepared to say that the artist has been eminently successful; he wants a more stirring subject—a scene of artificial life, with its folly and farce;—and his designs for the second volume are consequently the better of the two; still, there is nature, simplicity, and power, in many: the boat-building—the scene between Atkins and his wife, the frontispiece to the second volume—and others, are clever; and the vignette of Robinson and his family at their little farm in Bedfordshire, is truly delightful. The poem prefixed, by Bernard Barton, is one of his very best, and we shall quote largely from it:—

Classic of boyhood's bright and balmy hour,
Be thine the tribute I have ow'd thee long;—
Though round life's later years some clouds
may lour,

And thoughts of worldly cares at seasons
throng,

I would not so its happier morning wrong,

Or those who woke its earlier tear, or smile,

As find no need for Manhood's grateful song

In legends wont my childhood to beguile
Of Crusoe's lonely life upon his desert Isle.

I still remember the intense delight,

The thrilling interest, wonder, strange and
dread,

Which in those blissful moments brief and
bright

On that familiar fiction fondly fed;

When o'er the Volume with me borne to bed

I hung enraptured at morn's earliest beam,

Until the eventful chronicle I read

Appear'd no longer Fancy's vivid dream,
But wore the form of Truth, and Hist'ry's sober
theme.

"It is no unsubstantial good to dwell
In Childhood's heart, on Childhood's guile-
less tongue,
To be the chosen, favourite Oracle
Consulted by the innocent and young;
To be remember'd as the light that flung
Its first fresh lustre on the unwrinkled brow;
And some who now may cleave as I have clung
To pleasure known, unheeding why, or how,
Hereafter to thy worth may loftier praise allow.

But, not to moralize too long, I turn,
Crusoe, to thy delightful page once more;
And from thy homely journal gladly learn
A less ambitious, more attractive lore.
With thee I now thy loneliness deplore,
And share thy griefs a mournful Cast-away,
Anon, with humble hopes, from Scripture's
store

Cull'd in adversity's instructive day,
With thee in thy lone isle I meditate and pray.

I may not pause o'er each attractive scene
Or object in thy varied record traced,
Which like a brighter spot of livelier green,
Shines an Oasis in the desert waste
Of thy existence; yet some such are graced
With so much simple beauty, they must
dwell

In vivid hues and forms yet uneffaced
On Memory's tablet, while her magic spell
Can render records there by Time indelible.

Witness thy clusters of ripe grapes, up-hung,
With prudent forethought in the Sun to
dry;

For them my mouth has water'd oft, when
young,

As fruit with which no Grocer's store could
vie.

The grains of Barley thrown unthinking by,
Awakening in thy heart such glad surprise
When bearing ears of Corn! a mystery
That well might fill with thankful tears thine
eyes,

Tears with which Childhood's heart could
freely sympathize.

And then thy cumbrous, over-sized Canoe!
Would all Projectors learn that tale by rote,
Many, I ween, would make far less ado
With schemes which, like thine own, can
never float;—

Let those who now thy want of foresight quote
Learn to correct their error, too, like thee;
For thou didst build thyself a smaller boat,
Nor could thy hopes surpass my boyish glee
What time that bark was launch'd, thyself
once more at sea!

What need to dwell on all of dark or bright
With which thy varied pages richly teem;
Now faint and dim, like visions of the night
To Memory's glance; now fair as morning's
dream;
Or glowing like the west in sunset's gleam,

When gorgeous clouds are edged with burn-
ish'd gold;—

Enough is said to prove how much my theme
Possesses of attraction manifold
The love it early won in after-life to hold.

What marvel, then, that I should greet once
more

My former favourite ~~age~~ welcome guest?
Nor less so when I find his antique Lore
With novel decorations richly drest,
Where ART has done her worthiest and her
best,

Guided by TASTE and GENIUS, to pourtray
The Author's beauties; giving added zest
To scenes and objects whose delightful sway
Thus triumphs over Time, and needs not dread
decay.

But I must bid my pleasant theme adieu!
Though lingering thought upon it fain would
dwell;

Grateful I feel for what can thus renew
A sense of Youth's once bright and joyous
spell:

And call back from the dim and shadowy cell
Of Memory, visions of departed days;
Yet ere I take a long, a last farewell,
Forgive me, READER! if my Muse essays
To take her leave of thee in fitting Minstrel
phrase.

These verses embody the feelings of thou-
sands, and therefore must be admired.

From the Monthly Review.

A MEMOIR OF SEBASTIAN CABOT:
*With a Review of the History of Maritime
Discovery. Illustrated by Documents from
the Rolls, now first published. 8vo. pp. 333.
London: Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1831.*

This work is one of the most laborious, and
at the same time, one of the most chivalrous
enterprises on behalf of the great cause of
historical truth, that it has been for some
years our fortune to encounter. How small
is the number of those persons, even in the
most civilized parts of the world, who care one
jot about the degrees of justice with which
fame has been distributed among the naviga-
tors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries!
How few are they who feel any concern whe-
ther Columbus preceded Cabot, or Cabot Co-
lumbus, in the discovery of the new conti-
nent! The name of the one is familiar in
every mouth, that of the other is hardly ever
heard of; and it would seem now almost a
bootless task to write a book for the sole pur-
pose of pointing out the errors, which exist
in many popular publications upon the sub-
ject of his voyages; and of reclaiming for his
memory the glory which has been hitherto
withheld from it. But we ought not to con-
sider the matter in that narrow point of view.
The truth of history is an object so sacred in
itself, that we ought never to shut our eyes
against the exertions of any writer, who en-
deavours to repair its omissions, and rectify

its mis-statements. The operation of doing justice to the name of Sebastian Cabot, even if it be as successful as we could desire, will not make the sun of joy shine brighter in our breasts, will not soothe the sense of pain, or multiply the sources of delightful emotion. But it is no unworthy application of our time to investigate, however superficially, the claims of such a man to a higher rank in the temple of celebrity, than that which he has yet enjoyed. Mankind are but too prone to underrate the merits of those who have conferred upon them the most precious advantages. It is, therefore, the duty of the generous and the wise, and of those who love truth for its own sake, under all circumstances, to assist in exalting the benefactors of our race to the place which they ought to hold in the estimation of posterity, and of which they had been for ages deprived, possibly by the malignity, but more probably by the ignorance or carelessness of their contemporaries.

In one of the most voluminous and remarkable productions of modern times, the "*Biographie Universelle*," which has been lately concluded in fifty-two tomes, it is stated, with respect to Cabot, that "although no evidence exists to establish the scene of his discoveries, yet they ought not to be deemed altogether fabulous, as some historians would represent (comme fabuleuses ainsi que quelques historiens ont été tentés de le penser)." It is certainly not much to the credit of that compilation, which affects an extraordinary degree of accuracy, to hazard so strong a doubt as this passage implies with respect to the discoveries of Cabot. The evidence of their certainty and of their extent has not been altogether hidden under a bushel. It exists in print and in manuscript, and might easily have been examined by any person who would give himself the trouble, as the present author has done, of inquiring for it in the proper quarters.

It would appear clearly enough, upon the authority of Gomara, a Spanish writer, and of others, that Sebastian Cabot, who was the son of a Venetian, born at Bristol, penetrated to a much higher degree of latitude in the northern seas, than the English historians seem to have been aware of, although it is well known that the expedition, if not exclusively fitted out at the expense of our Henry VII., was materially assisted by his patronage. Cabot's object was to find a passage to Cathay by the North Sea, in order that spices might be brought from the Indies by a shorter course than that of the Cape of Good Hope, which was then used by the Portuguese. He evidently reached a point at which the days were very long, and in a manner without night, being as De Bry, Belle-forest, Cauveton, and other authorities state it, sixty-eight degrees of north latitude; he appears, indeed, to have been the real discoverer of the bay,

which was afterwards called by the name of Hudson, and to have been prevented from making further efforts in that quarter by the mutiny of his crew, who refused to go any farther. The part of America supposed to have been first seen by Cabot on the 24th of June, 1497, was not Newfoundland, as is generally supposed, but a small island in latitude 56 deg., immediately on the coast of Labrador. The fact is of importance, as it removes some difficulties which would exist, if Cabot's description of this island were supposed to have applied to what is now called Newfoundland, although in strictness that was a name that once extended to all the newly discovered islands and continental tracts in that quarter. In the same manner, the name of the West Indies has long been exclusively applied to those groups of islands which are near the eastern coast of America, although they were originally so called in consequence of their supposed connexion with India.

The period of Cabot's first discovery of the American continent has been strangely misstated by different writers. A patent, however, has been discovered in the Rolls' chapel which sets this question at rest, and undoubtedly ascribes to Cabot the distinguished honour of being in truth the original discoverer of America. In that document, which is dated the third of February, 1498, there is an express recital of the lands and islands *already* discovered by Cabot, which recital being connected with a map drawn by him, that was hung for several years in Queen Elizabeth's gallery at Whitehall, leaves no doubt of Cabot having preceded Columbus and Americus Vesputius in those regions. The patent is made out in the name of John, the father of Sebastian Cabot, but this is ascribed to the avaricious caution of Henry VII., who thought that his stipulated share of the profits of the expedition would be more secure, if John Cabot, at that time a wealthy Venetian merchant, and carrying on business at Bristol, were bound for the due performance of the contract.

The next question that arises is, how far did Cabot proceed along the coast of America to the southward. It appears that he sailed in a vessel called the *Mathew*, of Bristol, and from a mass of confused evidence, it would seem that he succeeded in coasting along the American continent *almost* as far as Florida. But the reasoning of the author is not very clear upon this point; he quotes authorities, and endeavours to reconcile contradictions, without, however, arriving at any definite conclusion. He contends, indeed, that his hero even made a voyage to Maracaibo, in South America, in the year 1499; his reasoning upon this point is curious enough. Seyer, in his historical and topographical memoirs of Bristol, copies from the ancient calendars of Bristol the following paragraph:

—“This yeare (1499) Sebastian Cabot, borne in Bristol, proffered his service to King Henry for discovering new countries; which had no greate or favorable entertainment of the king, but he with no extraordinary preparation sett forth from Bristol, and made great discoveries.” This passage evidently refers to Cabot's first voyage, which was performed chiefly at his own expense, or rather at that of his father, whereas the patent of 1498 shews that the king did favour the enterprising mariner at that period. The expression *proffered* would imply that it was for the first time, and the paragraph has no reference to any prior discoveries. The date is manifestly a mistake for 1497, to which period it probably applies. Upon this false foundation, however, the author proceeds to erect his airy edifice. He found in Navarette, whose extracts from the Spanish archives reflect so much credit upon his intelligence and industry, an assertion wholly unsupported by any authority, and which, in fact, is a mere gratuitous supposition, couched in these terms; “*Lo cierto es que Hojeda en su primer viage hallo à ciertas Ingleses por las inmediaciones de Caquibacoa*.”—“What is *certain* is, that Hojeda, in his first voyage, found certain Englishmen in the neighbourhood of Caquibacoa” (Maracaibo). Even supposing we admit this to be the fact, and that, as Navarette informs us, Hojeda sailed from Spain on the 20th of May, 1499, and was only one year absent, how does it follow that Cabot was one of the English whom he met? “The mere fact,” says the author, “that Cabot is known not to have entered a foreign service until long after this period, would suffice to satisfy us that he was the only man who could have been the leader of such an enterprise from England, particularly as we find that when, two years afterwards, an expedition was projected, three Portuguese were called in, and placed at its head.” We can only say that this argument does not “suffice to satisfy” our minds of any such thing; the fact may have been as the author infers it; but his premises certainly warrant no conclusion of the kind. Let Cabot have his due, and let it be told of him, as it may be with truth, that he visited the continent of America fourteen months before it was beheld by Columbus, and full two years before Americus Vesputius, who has given the whole of the new world his name, had been west of the Canaries.

Our indefatigable countryman having, perhaps in vain, solicited further encouragement from the crown of England, entered into the service of Spain about the year 1512; in 1518, Cabot appears to have been appointed pilot major of Spain, an office of great importance and responsibility, which, however, he soon resigned for a situation of greater activity. A company of merchants having been formed at Seville, for the purpose of trading with the Moluccas, Cabot was solicited to

take the command of the enterprise, the government furnishing three ships and the requisite complement of men, and the association supplying the necessary funds for commercial objects. The title of captain general was conferred on Cabot; and it was proposed that, after passing through the straits already discovered by Magellan, the expedition should explore the western side of the continent. It was appointed to sail in August, 1525, but various delays having interposed, it did not quit the shore until the April of the following year. The author spends many pages in vindicating his hero from several cruelties which were imputed to him in the course of this voyage. It will be sufficient for our purpose to state, that Cabot proceeded up the river La Plate, and having reached an island opposite Buenos Ayres, he pushed his way in boats to a river, which he called St. Salvador. Here finding a commodious harbour, he returned and brought up the ships, which he placed under the protection of a fort. He then resolved to ascend the Parana in the boats, taking with him a caravel, which was cut down for the purpose. No account has been kept of the incidents which attended his movements until he reached the Parana, which he is said to have found “every where very fayre, and inhabited with infinite people, which with admyration came runnyng dayly to the shypes.” He ascended the Parana thirty-four leagues, but not without a severe collision with the savages inhabiting its banks, which cost him twenty-five of his men. Of the natives three hundred were killed. It would seem that the rich ornaments which he found in possession of the natives altogether diverted him from his appointed route to the Moluccas; for as he had reached the waters which, rising in Potosi, fall into the Paraguay, there is reason to believe that he had ascertained from the natives the quarter to which they were indebted for the precious metals with which they were decorated, and his attention was thenceforth fixed upon Peru—the empire of those golden visions which allured so many adventurers soon after that period to South America. Cabot now reported to the emperor (Charles V.) the progress which he had made, and solicited permission to follow up his enterprise. But Charles was at the time struggling with pecuniary difficulties, and could afford no assistance. The adventurer Pizarro was more fortunate. He obtained, in 1528, a grant of the entire range of the western coast, which it was part of Cabot's original plan to visit. The author speculates upon the different results that would have followed, if Cabot, instead of Pizarro, had been the first discoverer of Peru. We fear that there is more of fancy in his picture than he would be inclined to admit. We doubt much whether Cabot would not have been just as bad as Pizarro.

“It were idle to indulge the imagination, in

speculating on the probable result had the expedition to Peru been conducted by Cabot. With all the better qualities of Pizarro, it is certain that the very elevation of his moral character must have stood in the way of that rapid desolation, and fierce exaction, which have made the downfall of the Peruvian empire a subject of vulgar admiration. In following Pizarro, the heart sickens at a tissue of cruelty, fraud, treachery, and cold-blooded murder, unrelieved even by the presence of great danger, for after the resistance at the island of Puna, which detained him for six months, no serious obstacles were encountered. Even the Guarani, who had achieved an easy conquest over the unwarlike Peruvians, in the preceding reign, were guiltless of the atrocities which marked his progress. Of one thing we may be certain. Had the conquest fallen to the lot of Cabot, the blackest page of the history of Spanish America would have been spared. The murder of the Inca to gratify the pique of an illiterate ruffian, forms one of the most horrid images of history. It was no less impolitic than atrocious, and roused the indignation even of the desperadoes who accompanied Pizarro. The career of Cabot who, at the council board of the Indies, had been a party to the order forbidding even the abduction of a native, could not have been stained by crimes which make us turn with horror from the guilty splendor of the page that records them."—pp. 161, 162.

It is not contended on behalf of Cabot that he was the discoverer of the La Plata; that good fortune belongs to De Solis, who is supposed to have entered the river in 1515, which he called La Plata, or the River of Silver, in consequence of some pieces of that metal having been found in it. The result of the expedition must be told by the author:—

"Cabot's residence in the La Plata, though measured tediously by hope deferred, and finally blasted, was not passed inactively. The small force which remained, after one of the vessels had been despatched to Europe, might be supposed insufficient to enable him to maintain his position; yet it is certain that his operations were of a very bold and adventurous character. He seems to have pushed his researches as far as could be done without quitting the waters which enabled him to be promptly advised of the arrival of the expected reinforcement.

"Of these operations we are left to gather the extent rather from circumstances than any direct information afforded by the Spanish historians. In a memoir prepared by the court of Spain, to resist the pretensions of Portugal, in this quarter, it is made the leading argument, after an enumeration of a vast number of tribes, that Sebastian Cabot erected forts in the country, administered justice there in civil and criminal cases, and reduced all these nations under the obedience of the emperor.

"It is impossible not to be struck by the reflection which this passage suggests, as to what may almost be termed the ubiquity of this adventurous and indefatigable seaman in the new world.

Museum.—Vol. XIX.

"As no supplies were received from Spain, subsistence must have been drawn from the labours of the party. Experiments were made on the fertility of the soil and the results carefully noted. Cabot's final report to the emperor described, with great minuteness, the various productions of that region, and spoke also of the wonderful increase of the hogs, horses, &c., brought out from Spain. This Memoir would be, even at the present day, highly curious and interesting. It is, doubtless, preserved in Spain, and there was probably a copy of it amongst the papers left with Worthington.

"In the midst of his labours the same evil spirit which had pursued him to the La Plata was preparing a final blow. The Portuguese, Diego Garcia, would seem to have quitted the country immediately, with the specimens he had obtained of the precious metals, but he left behind a party of his followers. These men were guilty of some act which roused the wildest resentment of the Guarani with whom Cabot had made a treaty. It is expressly declared that the latter had no concern with the cause of exasperation, but the vengeance of this fierce and sanguinary people made no distinction, and it was determined to sacrifice every white man in the country. Secret meetings were held, and a plan of action deliberately concerted.

"A little before daybreak the whole nation burst upon the feeble garrison of Sanctus Spiritus. It was carried, and the other position, at St. Salvador, furiously assaulted. We have no particulars, but know that Cabot must have repelled the shock, for he was enabled to prepare for sea and to put on board the requisite supplies. This done, he quitted the ill-omened region.

"Amongst the wild tales which have passed into the traditions of the La Plata, one would represent Cabot to have fallen in the course of the sanguinary conflicts with the natives. This misconception is embodied in the 'Argentina y Conquista Del Rio de la Plata,' a poem on its early history, written by Don Martin de el Barco."—pp. 165—167.

Cabot seems to have been well received on his return to Spain. After a few years, however, he transferred his residence to England, where he obtained a pension, and afforded his advice and assistance to several commercial speculations, connected with the whale fishery, and the trade to Russia. The particulars which have been preserved of the latter years of his life, though scanty, are characteristic of the seaman.

"Sixty-one years had now elapsed since the date of the first commission from Henry VII. to Sebastian Cabot, and the powers of nature must have been absolutely wearied out. We lose sight of him after the late mortifying incident; but the faithful and kind-hearted Richard Eden beckons us, with something of awe to see him die. That excellent person attended him in his last moments, and furnishes a touching proof of the strength of the ruling passion. Cabot spoke faintly, 'on his death bed,' about a divine revelation to him of a new

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and infallible method of finding the longitude, which he was not permitted to disclose to any mortal. His pious friend grieves that 'the good old man,' as he is affectionately called, had not yet, '*even in the article of death*,' shaken off all worldly vaine glorie.' When we remember the earnest religious feeling exhibited in the instructions to Sir Hugh Willoughby, and which formed so decided a feature of Cabot's character, it is impossible to conceive a stronger proof of the influence of long cherished habits of thought, than that his decaying faculties, at this awful moment, were yet entangled with the problem which continues to this day to vex, and elude, the human intellect. The dying seaman was again, in imagination, on that beloved ocean over whose billows his intrepid and adventurous youth had opened a pathway, and whose mysteries had occupied him longer than the allotted span of ordinary life. The date of his death is not known, nor, except presumptively, the place where it occurred. From the presence of Eden we may infer that he died in London. It is not known where his remains were deposited. The claims of England in the new world have been uniformly, and justly, rested on his discoveries. Proposals of colonization were urged, on the clearness of the title thus acquired, and the shame of abandoning it. The English language would probably be spoken in no part of America but for Sebastian Cabot. The commerce of England and her navy are admitted to have been deeply—incalculably—his debtors. Yet there is reason to fear that in his extreme age the allowance which had been solemnly granted to him for life was fraudulently broken in upon. His birth-place we have seen denied. His fame has been obscured by English writers, and every vile calumny against him eagerly adopted and circulated. All his own maps and discourses 'drawn and written by himself' which it was hoped might come out in print, 'because so worthy monuments should not be buried in perpetual oblivion,' have been buried in perpetual oblivion. He gave a continent to England: yet no one can point to the few feet of earth she has allowed him in return!"—pp. 222, 223.

The work might very well have ended here. The author might have been satisfied with proving, as we think he has done most satisfactorily, that Sebastian Cabot was the first European discoverer of America, although fame has hitherto most unjustly denied him the honour of having executed that great achievement. But not contented with having established the fact, the author, whose love of minute criticism seems to have no limit, goes on, chapter after chapter, rectifying in a most dictatorial tone, some minor mistakes which have been made by historians with respect to subsequent voyages to the new world. Into this desultory matter we have no desire to enter, particularly as the author's reasoning is in general confused, and frequently absurd and ridiculous.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

THE DEATH-BED.

BY T. HOOD.

WE watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro!

So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about!
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died!

For when the morn came dim and sad—
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

From the Westminster Review.

LETTERS FROM ENGLISH EMIGRANTS.*

WITH a view to the diffusion of information respecting the condition of the new settlers in the United States, Mr. B. Smith sent out two persons in opposite directions, in the east of Sussex (whence emigrations to North America are frequent) with instructions to call at all the cottages where letters had been lately received from America, and the first twenty-four that were so collected, have been published without any other alteration, than such improvement in the spelling as was necessary to the clearing up of the sense. The undorned view so obtained of the feelings, habits, and lot of the emigrants is always curious, and often diverting. It is a peep at labouring life more interesting to us, than all the telescopic exhibitions of the *Beau Monde*. A working man of England removed to the United States experiences a new being, and it is both instructive and amusing, to mark how the change operates upon his mind. The first sentiment, we observe, is generally one of rejoicing at deliverance from fiscal vexations, and this is succeeded by a sense of the dignity of industry. The collection commences with the letters of John Watson to his father—he represents the high value of labour in the State of New York, and says,

"I am acquainted with many here who came to this country, poor and penniless, and who now possess fine freeholds of from one hundred to three hundred acres, fine houses, barns and orchards, thriving flocks of cattle, sheep, &c. What others have done, why may I not accomplish? This is in truth the land of hope; labour is a pleasurable exertion, because all its profits go to enrich yourself, and not another."

* Twenty-four Letters from Labourers in America to their Friends in England. E. Rainsford. 1829.

In another letter he observes—

"We would recommend all our acquaintance who are tired of paying tithes and taxes, to come here, where tithes are unknown, and taxes hardly worth mentioning, compared to what they are with you."

John then recites his possessions, all acquired within three years, during which time he had progressed as we shall describe in his own words—

"You will recollect that I started with my wife and our children in the brig Wellington, for St. Johns, New Brunswick, where we arrived June 15th, 1819, after losing one of our mates by lightning, and one seaman; there we remained till March 15th, 1820. Now in Brunswick, the winter too severe to profit much by farming, I determined to leave it at all hazards; I therefore with my wife got a hand-sleigh, in which I placed the children, and drew them on the ice up the St. John's river about three hundred and sixty miles, Mary and myself walking, drawing the children after us. You must also recollect that one hundred miles of this was not settled, being all wood. We arrived at the head of St. John's river. We travelled on in the same manner across snow and ice to the great river St. Lawrence, about one hundred and eighty miles below Quebec; there we found the country along the bank thickly settled. I then built myself a light waggon, and had all our family provisioned during the time of making the waggon, for 'I thank you;' the good people who were French Canadians wishing us very much to stay with them. In this waggon our children were drawn by myself for upwards of four hundred miles to Kingston, at the mouth of the lake Ontario. There (as every other place,) we met with uncommon kindness; a gentleman, quite a stranger, not only sent us by steam-boat free of all expense to Fort George, but put six or seven dollars in our pockets besides. From Fort George we crossed into the United States, and passed the summer at Geneva, Ontario county, New York State. Hearing a more favourable account of the State of Indiana, I once more started on a ramble, and travelling across the State of New York, I came to O'Lean Point on the Allegany river, which river, a very rapid one, I came down in a flat boat to Pittsburgh; here I staid two days, and passing on, after being detained by head winds, and the water being very low, landed at Aurora, situated at the mouth of Hogan Creek. Here I found myself a stranger, without friends, acquaintance, utensils of any kind, or money, having spent our last dollar, a day or two before; added to which myself and all our family were caught by illness for six or eight weeks, without the power of doing any thing. But no sooner was our situation known than we had plenty of provisions brought to us, and as our strength recovered I obtained work at digging, &c. My wife took in sewing, and by degrees we have worked it to that I have two cows, two calves, nine pigs, and one calf expected in August."—pp. 10—11.

Within a year the stock had increased, we find, to one yoke of oxen, one cow, nine hogs,

and he adds "the intention" of another cow. After the inventory of goods, we are pleased with this homely touch of natural affection, not the less kindly because it is rudely expressed,—“John (the writer's child) often talks of his grandmother, and says we could keep her without working.” To complete the idea of their condition of affluence, the writer adds,—“While this letter is writing, my wife is eating preserved peaches and bread, and washing them down with good whiskey and water.” John then gives a catalogue *raisonnée* of his children; one of them, he observes, by the way, is generally in mischief, like all other children, and he ends by declaring his value for letters from home, together with a notion that the sheet might be made to hold more for the postage. In a postscript, he conveys this agreeable reflection—

“Those animals, called in your country, Excisemen, are not known in this country, so that we boil soap, make candles, gather hops, and many other things without fear, which you must not do.”

In a following letter, he communicates the tempting news, that “a man can get eighteen pounds of pork or beef for a day's work, or three pecks of wheat, and every other kind of provision accordingly.” John seems the best of this emigrant party, but they all write as kindly disposed and religious people.

Stephen and Mary Watson's letters which come next, offer a truly British inducement to emigration. In their joint hands they emphatically said to their parents, “If you was here, I could get you a quart of gin for a shilling.” Mary Jane Watson, daughter of the aforesaid, treats of delights more proper to her person. Having explained to her grandparents at Battle that she writes to them partly because they desire it, and partly from her paternal solicitude for them, she sets forth her estate as follows:

“I have been very fortunate; I have got good clothes, and I can dress as well as any lady in Sedlescomb. I can enjoy a silk and white frock, and crape frock and crape veil and Morocco shoes, without a parish grumbling about it. If you are not dressed well here, you are not respected. The girls here that go out to doing house-work, dress as well as any lady in Sedlescomb. I don't think of going to meeting with leather shoes on: we wear Morocco and Prunella.”—p. 21—2.

John and Hester Parks forcibly remark, that “there is no such thing as a poor industrious man in New York.” The same couple, whom a fact has made thus eloquent, subscribe themselves their parents' “undutiful son and daughter.” James and Harriet, of the same name, hold forth thus—

“Tell Miriam there's no sending children to bed without a supper, or husbands to work without dinners in their bags, in this country. See if you can't make Americanites of the Wimblet's Company. Thank God I am not

old *** , nor yet ***'s slave : it is an erroneous notion of you English, that if a man cannot through any misfortune maintain his family, that they may starve ;—it's an abominable lie. We have poor-laws and poor-taxes: the tax in this town (for this country is divided into townships instead of parishes,) amounts to about thirty or forty dollars per year for the whole town; and there's more people than in Ewhurst. We have no gypsies, swing-kettles, pikies, tramps, beggars, &c.; they are not allowed to be about. —p. 30.

They add that a certain Joseph is quite well, and append this news of *virtu*, "he has sold his nailed half-boots to be put in the Museum in Albany." They speak of the country as delightful, and say in praise of its effects, "It agrees with Harriet, for she is as fat as a pig."

The following agreeable statement is from another correspondent, but all concur in representing the charity and hospitality of the Americans as most generous.

"But I should have said we arrived on the 2d of November: we hired a room, and my husband bought a saw, and went sawing wood and doing any thing, and we thought we should get through the winter pretty well; but when we had been here about three weeks, husband was taken ill; we were not aware that it was any thing but a cold; it proved to be the typhus fever, and it is now six weeks since he was taken, but he is now mending very fast. We have had no parish to apply to for relief; but you would be astonished at the friends we have found, or rather, that have found us: for people that were quite strangers have called to know if a sick Englishman lived here: and one kind gentleman sent for a doctor; and another good old methodist gave me leave to go to the grocer's for any thing in his name, and others were equally kind; in short I should never thought to find such friends among strangers; they seem to feel a great pleasure in doing us good."—pp. 34—35.

John and Harriet Veness complain that death separated them from their children on "the billious ocean," which is about the best epithet (if bilious *be* intended) we ever saw affixed to that stomach-disturbing element. Like all the others, they describe their condition as extremely comfortable. J. and E. Thorpe concur in the general representation of the kindness of the Americans to the new settlers.

"And now I must tell you a little what friends we met with when landed in to Hudson: such friends as we never found in England; but it was chiefly from that people that love and fear God. We had so much meat brought us, that we could not eat while it was good; a whole quarter of a calf at once; so we had two or three quarters in a little time, and seven stone of beef. One old gentleman come and brought us a wagon load of wood, and two chucks of bacon; some sent flour, some bread, some cheese, some soap, some candles, some chairs, some bedsteads. One class-leader sent us three shillings worth of tin ware, and many

other things; so we can truly say godliness is profitable unto all things. We are in a land of plenty, and above all, where we can hear the sound of the gospel. The gentleman that we work for, has preaching in his own parlours, till he can build a chapel; it is begun not a quarter of a mile from where we live:—and may poor sinners be brought to Christ; for here is many that are drinking in of sin, like the ox the water."—p. 43.

This devout couple add this interesting information: "Tell father I wish I could send him nine or ten pounds of tobacco, for it is one shilling a pound; *I chaws rarely*."

The simplicity of the letters is amusing, but there is at least as much reason in them for the smile of satisfaction as for the smile of mirth. With an abundant and increasing population, it is well to be able to point out to depressed industry, its resource in North America; and it is cheering to have to show, from the evidence of those who have made the experiment, how much of encouragement belongs to it, where there is the disposition to make the best of circumstances. From the mode in which these letters were collected, the design of overrating advantages cannot be suspected. There may be exaggerations in them, but they are only the exaggerations which denote the reality of the contents while they overstate its sources.

From the Spectator.

THE NIGHTMARE.

I COME in the gleams from the land of dreams,
Wrapp'd round in the darkness's pall;
Ye may hear my moan in the night-wind's
groan,

When the tapestry flaps on the wall.
I sit on the breast of the death-owl's nest,
And she screams in fear and pain;
And my wings glare bright in the wild moon-
light,

As it whirls round the madman's brain;
And down sweeps my car, like a falling star,
When the winds have hush'd their breath,
And ye feel in the air from the cold sepulchre
The faint damp smell of death.

My vigil I keep by the murderer's sleep,
When dreams round his senses spin,—
I ride on his breast, and trouble his rest,
In the shape of his deadliest sin;
And hollow and low is the moan of woe,
In the depth of his strangling pain,
And his cold black eye rolls in agony,
And faintly rattles his chain:
The sweat-drops fall on the damp-prison wall—
He wakes with a deep-drawn sigh;
He hears my tread as I fly from his bed,
And he calls on the saints on high.

And still I crouch by the sick man's couch,
I stifle his slumbering breath,
And I cramp-rack his bones as he shudders and
groans

In the seeming pangs of death;
And words unknown, 'twixt a sigh and a moan,
In his horrible dread he utters,

As the dying breathe, to the messenger Death,
In wild delirious mutters,
When he comes to bear the soul through the
air,

To Him who alone can save it,
When mortality must return to her dust,
And the spirit to Him who gave it.

I fly to the bed, where the weary head
Of the poet its rest must seek,
When dreams of fame enkindle the flame
Of joy on his pallid cheek:
No thought does he take of the world awake,
And its cold and heartless pleasure;
In the holy fire of his own loved lyre,
Is his best and his dearest treasure:
With my terrible sting, that cheek I bring
To a darker and deadlier hue;
When his last dear token, his lyre, is broken,
His heart is broken too.

When the maiden asleep for her lover doth
weep
Afar on the rolling sea,—
And she dreams he is press'd to her welcoming
breast,

Return'd from his dangers free;
I come in the form of the wave of the storm,
And sweep him away from her heart,—
And then from her dream she awakes with a
scream

To think that in death they part;
And still in the light of her dream-bound sight,
The images whirl and dance,
Till my swift elision dispels the vision,
And she starts as from a trance.

In dreams I affright the startled sight
Of the miser wither'd and old,
And he strives to arise with horrible cries,
As he thinks of his stolen gold,—
But faint is each limb, and ghastly and grim,
He groans with a stifled gasp;
And his sinews I strain, on his bed of pain,
Till he faints in my elvish grasp;
An awful one, with a hand of bone,
Seems to beckon him off to the tomb;
And I laugh as I whirl through the night's
black furl,
In the film of the darkness gloom.

When the sweet babe lies with half-closed
eyes,
As blue as the sky of even,
And ye know the while, by its innocent smile,
That its dreams are of joy and Heaven,
I steal to the bed where that gentle head
In meek composure lies,
And, with phantoms of fright, I break the light
Of its visions of Paradise;
The horror and fear of that night so drear,
Is long ere it pass away;
And the fearful glare of my fiendish stare
Is remember'd for many a day.

When the clouds, first-born of the breezy morn,
In the eastern chambers roam,
I glide away in the twilight gray,
To the mists of my shadowy home.
But man may not tell, by word or by spell,
Where I rest my hideous form—
Where darkness and sleep to their kingdom
creep,
And dreams rustle by like a storm,—

Whether it be in the caves of the sea,
Where the rolling breakers go,
Or the crystal sphere of the upper air,
Or the depths of Hell below.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE FIRST AND SECOND HUSBAND.

CHRISTINE BOISSARD was the daughter of a schoolmaster at Thoulouse. At the early age of fifteen she was married to Bertrand de Rols, himself only one year older than his bride. They had been companions from their infancy, and the innocent attachment of childhood had ripened with their years into feelings which, at the important ages of fifteen and sixteen, were easily mistaken for love.

Christine was very beautiful; it was that kind of beauty which Bacon says is the best—"that which a picture cannot express." It dwelt upon her countenance; it enshrined her person; and seemed to be a perpetual emanation from herself, rather than any union of exquisite proportions either in form or features. The beholder saw she was beautiful, but could not discover in what it consisted. There were those who had a fairer brow than Christine; whose tresses were more luxuriant; in whose eye dwelt the soul's meaning more eloquently; round whose mouth played a more gracious expression of softness, and in whose air there was more of elegance; but in all Thoulouse there could not be found one to vie with her in that loveliness which, touching the heart at the first glance, makes silent worshippers.

The mind of Christine was worthy of such a temple. It had received no soil from the world, and seemed incapable of receiving any. Its stainless purity, like that of the diamond, was inherent. She could not be said to shun evil so much as to be shunned by it. The exceeding simplicity of her character, the frankness and sincerity of her nature, were such, that as she had no thoughts which needed disguise, so were there none that did not lie as open to all the world as to herself.

Similitude may be the basis of friendship, it is not that of love. Christine loved Bertrand de Rols when they went to the altar, and after; and Bertrand loved her—but they did not resemble each other. Bertrand was quick, fiery, impetuous—easily excited, and requiring excitement to break the irksome monotony of domestic life. He was of a moody temper, too; fond of lonely musings, in which it was his delight to summon up fancied scenes of wild enterprise, where there was free scope for a stirring spirit to signalize itself. During the first years of his marriage, these outbreaks of a restless nature were few and feeble. The novelty of his situation, the fulness of his happiness as the husband of Christine, and the consciousness of youth and inexperience, were all so many checks upon

them; but as he trod the verge of manhood, as the freshness of his felicity wore off and he required something more than even Christine to fill up the measure of his desires, they came thick upon him, flinging distaste upon the serene joys of home, and arraying in gorgeous splendour the visions of his heated imagination.

Christine saw the change, saw he was unhappy, but only wondered he could be, when she herself was so happy. She would have striven to restore him to his former state, could she have discovered any thing now wanting which he had heretofore possessed—any thing depending upon herself that could open a new source of delight to him; but how was this possible? She had bestowed her whole store of love from the first; she had made him absolute master of her heart, her affections, her every thought, her every wish. Wholly and entirely had she cast her treasures at his feet, and vainly, therefore, did she seek for one that could be added. She was a very beggar in all, save prayers to Heaven, and those she breathed in many an hour of unseen sorrow.

"What an inglorious animal is man," said Bertrand to Christine, as they were one evening walking in their little garden, "when his round of life is told in three words—eating, drinking, sleeping! When yesterday was but a type of to-day, and to-day but the mould of to-morrow! I would have each hour the parent of some change; each day a history; each week a thing to wonder at, till the succeeding one cast it into shade by greater miracles. It were nobler, methinks, to fling but a stone the farthest of any twenty that tried, than not to have so much ambition as would bring one within the circle of competitors!"

"Why do these fancies possess you, my dear Bertrand?" replied Christine. "Can you be happier than you have been?"

"Oh, no! not happier than I *have* been, my beloved; but—"

"Happier than you *are*," added Christine, filling up the pause, and sighing as she spoke.

"There is a future, Christine, whose voice is troubling my spirit with dreams that would respond ay to that. Nay, do not weep!"

"Should I not weep," interrupted the gentle Christine, "to know you are unhappy,—when in that knowledge lies a sad truth which kills my own happiness? I am not what I was to thee, Bertrand, else wouldst thou be what thou wert—what I am still—without a wish unsatisfied."

"Look at yon marble vase, Christine. It takes but little to fill it to overflowing. Will that same little fill the city's reservoir? The stream of Time rolls through one man's life like a gentle river confined within its banks; but through another's, like a heady torrent, widening its channel, and demanding larger space for its increasing waters. Now, if you

dam up that torrent's course, or if it encounter some natural impediment that stays its progress, how it chafes and swells, till at last, overbearing all obstacles, it rushes fiercely on amid the havoc of its own wrath."

"Ah me!" exclaimed Christine, who read and trembled at the meaning of this simile.

"Come, come, love," continued Bertrand, kissing her tenderly, "be not sorrowful. I own I long to fling behind me this tame existence, this homely, sluggish idleness, and hunger for the busy world that lies beyond our slothful fire-side; but think not I can find a joy there unless I share it with thee, Christine. It is thou must give its value to my happiness, gather it where I may. The monarch of this little empire—my home! I would, as wisest monarchs do, pour into the lap of my own kingdom the treasures of all others."

It was not long after this conversation that Christine was doomed to know its full import. A slight quarrel arose between Bertrand and his father, who galled him with ill-judged taunts upon languishing away his days, instead of bestirring himself to augment his slender fortune. Bertrand heard these taunts in silence, but they gave his mind (already on the spring, as it were) the single impulse it required to make the leap. The feeling which had long tormented him was, in reality, nothing more than the impatient desire for adventures—the wish to roam from place to place, without any fixed plan or deliberate choice. Had he at that moment been standing upon the sea shore, where vessels were preparing to sail for India, America, the South Sea, and the Frozen Ocean, he would have been content to determine which of them should bear him away by the falling of a stick, east or west, north or south, according as it lay.

Quitting his father's house, he lingered upon the brow of a small eminence that overlooked the valley in which was his own peaceful dwelling. He was irresolute,—not whether he would go he knew not whither and cared not,—but whether he should unman himself by a farewell of Christine and his daughter Henriette. Their images rose before him; the wild grief of the one—the sympathetic sorrow of the other, and what he felt in imagination was his monitor to shun the reality. He stretched his arms towards the valley—his eyes swam in tears. "Christine!" he exclaimed, "my beloved Christine! Does no unwonted tremor steal o'er thy shuddering frame to warn thee of thy fate? Art thou joyfully expecting thy Bertrand's return? Is my little Henriette asking for her father? With streaming eyes, and an almost bursting heart, he is bidding an adieu which thou dost neither hear nor dread, to follow the destiny that has so long striven to tear him from thee!" He turned away; gained the city; hurried along the streets of Thoulouse, and

passing through its western gate, followed the first path that struck out of the main road.

The shock was indeed terrible to Christine; the more so because she remained in utter doubt of the extent of her calamity. At first, she believed a few hours might put an end to it. When that hope vanished, she trusted to each day for comfort; and when days were past and no comfort came, then each week, perhaps, might be the last of her sufferings. But as days, and weeks, and months rolled on, and still there came no tidings of her husband—none from himself—none from any living soul by whom he had been seen, since her own eyes looked upon him (save the unsatisfying report of his father, whom in her heart she upbraided for his departure), she sunk into hopeless dejection. She could not doubt he was dead, and her fancy haunted her with all imaginable pictures of dismal and appalling deaths, till she would start from these gloomy reveries with a fearful shriek, as if she suddenly saw him gashed with wounds dealt by some assassin's hand.

Thus did Christine pass seven long years, in all which time she continued as profoundly ignorant of the fate of Bertrand as at the moment of his going. She rejected with scorn the consolation sometimes offered, that he might still be alive and would one day return. Whatever were the motives which impelled him to leave her, she could not endure to think it possible he could abandon her to such a miserable uncertainty, when a single word by letter, or by some trusty friend, would have been sufficient to relieve her from it.

"No," she would exclaim, in reply to this barren comfort—"no, no, he has perished! And if any thing of this world can give sorrow to those who are no longer of it, my poor Bertrand beholds with anguish my affliction. This conviction is so strong, that I seem to expect his spirit will appear and bid me cease to mourn for him with that torturing hope, which, in spite of myself, mingles with my tears. It is far less terrible to know we must be wretched, than to know we are, with a mystery shrouding our cause of grief, through which, ever and anon, stream faint rays of deluding hope."

Seven years, as we have said, had thus passed away, when one summer's morning, Christine, who was sitting early at her little garden gate with Henriette, believed such a visitation was about to take place. A man, dressed in a soldier's garb, approached unseen, and stood before her. She looked; her colour fled; her heart palpitated; her limbs trembled.

"Christine!" he exclaimed, "do you not know me? or can you not forgive me?"

Her eyes closed, and a faint scream died away upon her lips. She would have fallen to the ground, had not the stranger sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

The scene was incomprehensible to the

young Henriette, whose tears flowed fast, as she bent over her mother, calling upon her to speak.

Christine recovered. Fixing her eyes earnestly upon the stranger, she gazed in silence for several minutes.

"Have I then," she at length exclaimed, "so long wept a living husband's death? or is this a cheat put upon me by my distempered fancy?"

"My Christine!" murmured the stranger, "my beloved Christine! I am, in sooth, thy own Bertrand!"

She uttered one convulsive cry of joy, cast herself in his arms, and buried her face in his bosom, weeping and sobbing. Henriette also hung upon him with all the fervour of filial love. She was so young when her father left them, that it was no wonder she was unable to recognise him now.

"The first rush of excited feeling a little subsided, and Christine again fixed her ardent gaze upon Bertrand, as if she would still satisfy herself she was not yielding to a delusion.

"You are somewhat changed," said she "during this cruel absence:" then bursting into a flood of uncontrollable tears, at the recollection of her sufferings, "Oh God!" she continued, "what have I not endured for thee, Bertrand? But I can forget it all—all! now that you are restored to me. You shall not hear me once complain of the many solitary hours I have wasted in anguish since you left me. I will but say, I thought and mourned you dead; and that belief, grievous as it was, shielded you from reproaches which I do fear I could not else have stifled, as often as I grew half frantic with impatient longings to hear from you. Oh Bertrand! one single blessed word, to say you lived, would have spared me misery I cannot describe! But I blot out the past! I am too happy a creature now, to wish to remember what a very wretched one I have been. Yes,—thou art much changed!" looking earnestly at him.

"I shall have a long tale to tell thee, Christine, of the hardships which have wrought this change! But there will be hours for such discourse more fitting than the present, and then my Christine will sadly own I have played the truant in a thorny path. Ay, love! it may be too hard a task to forgive your Bertrand, but you will not say you alone have been unhappy."

Bertrand's father was dead. Three of his sisters, however, were still living at Thoulouse, who shared with Christine her delight at his return. The father of Christine alone refused to see him, so deeply did he resent the wrong done his daughter. His former friends gathered round him; and, though he did not repulse their advances, there was often a strange reserve in his manner, as if they were imperfectly remembered, or that he scarcely wished to renew their acquaintance.

Christine would sometimes gently chide him for this; but he soothed her by declaring he was desirous of no other company than hers and Henriette's, and that he wished for no companions that might estrange him from his home.

Three years thus glided on, and Christine, faithful to her word, never once clouded their serenity by the slightest unkind allusion to the past. Yet, and she knew not why, there was a something that prevented her from feeling as she once did towards Bertrand. In vain she struggled with this repugnance; in vain she condemned it; in vain she reasoned with herself and strove to command back the unbounded love and devotion of the first years of their marriage. She was conscious they had abated; but it was her consolation to know, (as she believed she did,) that Bertrand was not conscious of it.

One day, when he was out, her father came. It was the first time he had crossed the threshold of her door since his return. She welcomed him joyfully, though, from his manner, she saw his visit was for no pleasing object. But what was her consternation, her horror, when she learned wherefore he had come? when she learned it was to wither her incredulous mind with this frightful annunciation—that Bertrand was an impostor, and not her husband!

At first she would fain have treated it as a bitter jest; but, alas! she had hideous forebodings of a fatal truth that lurked behind. There had been moments since the return of Bertrand, when strangely horrible misgivings had possessed her own soul; misgivings which she dared not, for her life, heed, the after-thoughts were so terrible. She sought refuge rather in the belief that she herself was altered; or that seven years of wandering and severe trials had wrought inexplicable changes in her husband; or that so long an interval had obliterated in both, feelings, affections, and habits which could not now be revived. In short, what could she not believe sooner than the monstrous fable of her father?

The old man, however, was clear and positive in his statement, much as it grieved him to afflict his child. He had his evidence, too, which, at the earnest entreaty, nay, the almost frantic command of Christine, he produced. This was the Sieur d'Anglade, a man who had known Bertrand in Spain, when he was serving there with the French army, and where he went by his proper name, that of Arnaud du Tilh. The Sieur d'Anglade was well acquainted also with the father of Arnaud du Tilh, and his whole family, who lived at Caen, in Normandy. This, if true, was the circumstance that most staggered the miserable Christine; for till it was mentioned, she hoped it might turn out, though Bertrand had never told her so, that he had assumed the name of Arnaud du Tilh during his absence, the better to prevent all discovery of himself.

It was proposed by M. Boissard, and assented to by Christine, that the Sieur d'Anglade should remain till Bertrand returned, and they would then be able to judge, from their meeting, of the truth of his statement.

"Not at all, Madame," said the Sieur d'Anglade. "Arnaud du Tilh is master of himself, and has studied too well the part he has to play. I have been in Thoulouse above a month; I have met du Tilh several times in the streets; I have spoken to him; but his dissimulation was admirable. Were he indeed Bertrand de Rols, he could not have received my salutations with a more perfect absence of all recognition. He is an excellent actor, Madame!"

While they were discoursing, Bertrand entered. He evinced some surprise at seeing Christine's father; none at the presence of the Sieur d'Anglade. The latter advanced towards him, his hand extended, which he took with the unembarrassed air of a person who is receiving a stranger under his own roof.

"Well met, Arnaud du Tilh!" exclaimed the Sieur d'Anglade.

"I give you welcome, Sir," replied Bertrand calmly, "but there is some mistake. I do not know *your* name—it is evident *you* do not know *mine*."

"And yet we knew each other well at Barcelona: and long before that, I was an intimate friend of your family at Caen, where I have spent many a pleasant hour with your father, Urban du Tilh."

Bertrand smiled as he turned towards his wife, and said, "Christine, you knew my father here in Thoulouse."

"You are an impostor!" exclaimed M. de Boissard, "and you shall answer for this before the Criminal Judge."

"I know, Sir," rejoined Bertrand, "you have never pardoned my long desertion of your daughter; but let not your wrath dishonour itself by making injustice the instrument of its satisfaction."

"Look at me!" said the Sieur d'Anglade sternly.

"I do," replied Bertrand, fixing his eyes upon him with a calm expression of countenance.

"Can you do so," continued the Sieur d'Anglade, "and persist that you do not know me?"

"As truly, and therefore as fearlessly," replied Bertrand, "as I would say no to the man who accused me of parricide."

"Were you at Barcelona during the autumn and winter of 1654, now five years since?"

"I was not," answered Bertrand firmly; and as he spoke, his eyes met those of Christine. "He is wrong, love," he continued; "I read your thoughts. I have told you I served at Barcelona, but it was in the summer of 1652."

"Were you not born at Caen, in Norman-

dy? and is not your father's name Urban du Tilh?" demanded the Sieur d'Anglade.

"I was born in the city of Thoulouse, and my father's name was Auguste de Rols," answered Bertrand: "I am known here of my friends, and here my three sisters still live, who welcomed, with tears of joy, the brother they had sorrowed for as lost. My wife too—"

"Bertrand!" exclaimed Christine wildly, "heed well what you say! Before this hour, —I cannot tell wherefore,—I have been tormented with dark suspicions. They came unbidden—I dashed them from me—I loathed myself for them, because they branded me with innocent guilt! But now, Bertrand,—now, it seems as if a thick veil were dropping off, and before my uncovered sight there stood a dismal yawning gulf. Oh God! grant this may prove delicious phantasy, and not the other!"

"Sir!" said Bertrand, in an agitated voice, and turning round to the Sieur D'Anglade, "a choleric man, with half this provocation, would strike you dead upon the spot! By what right come you here to disturb my quiet home with the sick dreams of your bewildered mind? I have borne to be catechised by you, as I would have borne to be asked of any crime of which I knew myself guiltless; but since my answers satisfy you not, since you have succeeded in poisoning the mind of that gentle creature, and since this honourable person, her father, has been cajoled by you so far as to talk largely of my answering for myself before the Criminal Judge, it is time I should meet you with another spirit.—Begone!"

The Sieur d'Anglade, not a jot daunted by this indignant reprimand, prepared to depart with M. Boissard, when Christine, rising from the seat where she had been leaning on the bosom of Henriette, in a state of indescribable distress, addressed Bertrand:—

"I go with my father!" said she; "and with me, my daughter. Bertrand! there is a mystery I cannot fathom—and beneath its baleful influence the current of every affection of my heart seems to turn from you. God forgive me, if what I do is wrong! And if thou art wronged, may he so order it that it shall appear manifest to my eyes, vouchsafing also that with my knowledge of the truth may come again those feelings which now are chilled into fears that drive me almost mad!"

She buried her face in the grey hairs of her father, as he bent over her, and pressed her to his bosom.

"This does, indeed, amaze me," exclaimed Bertrand; "but" added he, sarcastically, as he glanced at M. Boissard, "I begin to understand matters. A sentence of the Criminal Court, if bold-faced fraud should prosper, would be a quick conveyance of the estate at Artigues. I shall baffle you, however, by the aid of Heaven and a righteous cause."

"It concerns not me, Arnaud du Tilh," said the Sieur d'Anglade, offering his arm to

Henriette, who was in tears; "neither have I sought this; but wherein I can be useful to my good friend M. Boissard, and to his abused daughter, therein will I, according to my power."

They then left the house, and Bertrand remained in it alone, for the servant refused to stay.

The rumour of this discovery spread in a few hours through the whole city of Thoulouse; and it no sooner became rife, than many who knew Bertrand, and had never doubted his identity, began to grow suddenly dubious, remembering sundry remarkable circumstances which they now said had excited their suspicions from the first; though, as it was no business of theirs, they held their tongues. Others wondered how Christine could have been deceived; while some made merry with the tale, concluding that Bertrand must have bewitched her with love-charms, or else, that she cunningly practised a seeming imposition on herself, to solace her widowhood, fearing to marry again, till she were assured of her husband's death.

The next day, Bertrand was apprehended upon a warrant of the Criminal Court, and carried to prison. The ground of his arrest was a *Bill of Complaint* preferred before the Criminal Judge, by M. Boissard, in his daughter's name, setting forth that he had "falsely, rashly, and traitorously imposed upon Christine de Rols in assuming the name, and passing himself upon her as Bertrand de Rols;" and praying, in conclusion, that "he might be condemned to make satisfaction to the King for the breach of his laws, to demand pardon of God, the King, and Christine, with his head bare, his feet naked, and in his shirt, with a lighted torch in his hand; and that he should be further adjudged to pay the said Christine de Rols two thousand livres for the injuries he had done her."

To the astonishment of all parties, Bertrand, in his *Answer* to this "Bill of Complaint," made no confession of the offences alleged against him, but boldly asserted he was the person he had represented himself to be. He declared the whole affair was a wicked conspiracy contrived by the father of Christine, with the aid of the Sieur d'Anglade, for the purpose of obtaining speedier possession of certain property which would fall to him at his (Bertrand's) death, and that they had prevailed upon his wife, Christine de Rols, who was a person of weak understanding, to join with them. He entered into an account of the reasons which had induced him to leave his home; set forth the various adventures he had gone through; stated how, at the end of seven years, he was seized with an ardent desire to return to his wife and child, and doing so, with what joy he had been received by Christine and his relations, notwithstanding the alterations which time, great fatigue, and the cutting off his hair, had caused. At the close

he prayed that "his wife might be confronted with him, because he could not possibly believe she would persist in denying the truth; that his calumniators, according to the laws of equity, might be condemned to suffer the punishments they called for upon him; that Christine should be taken out of the hands of his enemies, and be restrained from dissipating his effects; and finally, that he should be declared innocent of all the crimes laid to his charge."

The Criminal Judge cited Bertrand to appear before him, and subjected him to a rigorous private examination. He questioned him as to various matters which had happened in Thoulouse, when he must have been a boy; the place of his birth, his father, mother, sisters, and other relations; his marriage with Christine; the persons who were present; their different dresses, the name of the priest who performed the ceremony, &c. To all these interrogatories Bertrand answered clearly and distinctly; and, as if not satisfied to have done thus much, he voluntarily spoke of his daughter Henriette, of the day she was born, of his own departure, of the persons he met on the road, of the towns he passed through on his way to Spain, and of numerous persons whom he knew in that country.

The next step was to obtain from Christine, her father, and others whom Bertrand had named, their answers to the same points. There was, substantially, a perfect correspondence between them; the discrepancies being of so insignificant a character that they could not be said to invalidate the truth of what Bertrand had asserted.

Thirteen witnesses were next examined, who declared upon oath, that the accused was Bertrand de Rols; that they had known him from his infancy, and that they were well acquainted with his person, manners, and tone of voice. On the other hand, an equal, if not greater number, declared he was *not* Bertrand de Rols; while the *Sieur d'Anglade* positively swore his name was *Arnaud du Tilh*, that he was born at Caen in Normandy, and that his family still resided there. A third class of witnesses were ready to swear, that if he were not Bertrand de Rols, there was such a wonderful resemblance between him and the true Bertrand, that it would be impossible to say which was which, were they standing side by side; thus seeming to confirm an observation of *Lope de Vega*, that Nature, sometimes weary of designing new faces, copies, now and then, with admirable exactness, from those she has already produced.

The last attempt to solve this curious mystery, after the Court had occupied several weeks with receiving evidence and hearing eloquent and ingenious counsel on both sides, was an order by the Criminal Judge to have two reports laid before him; the one as to the resemblance or non-resemblance of *Henriette*

to the accused; the other, as to her likeness, or otherwise, to the sisters of *Bertrand de Rols*. These reports were accordingly made, and by the first, it appeared that *Henriette* did not resemble the accused at all; by the second, that she was very like her father's sisters.

At length the Court named a day for pronouncing its sentence. It was in the following words:—

"That *Arnaud du Tilh*, is guilty and convicted of being an impostor; for which crime he is condemned to lose his head; and further, that his body be afterwards divided into four quarters."

Every one cried out upon this sentence—every one asked, "What grounds has the judge for pronouncing it,—unless, indeed, he has had the benefit of some divine inspiration to reveal the truth in a matter beset with doubts to all except himself?"

Bertrand complained vehemently of its injustice; and, without loss of time, appealed from the Criminal Court to the Parliament of Thoulouse. This extraordinary cause having now excited intense interest, the appeal and the probable judgment of the Parliament were the only subjects talked of throughout the city.

That august assembly, as soon as the necessary documents were properly before them, determined to make their inquisition not only with all due solemnity, but in a manner which should present the case in a new form, and with the best chances for unravelling its mystery.

In the first place, they ordered Christine, her father, and the *Sieur d'Anglade* to be confronted with the accused in open court; but singly, one after the other. In these confrontations, Bertrand maintained the same unperturbed countenance, the same air of confidence, and answered every question with the same calm promptitude that he had evinced throughout his former examinations. But *M. de Boissard*, and especially the timid, shrinking Christine, whether from being abashed by the awful dignity of the tribunal, or from terror, lest the dreadful sentence of the inferior court should be confirmed, betrayed so much confusion and hesitation in their replies, that a strong feeling was created, at the very outset, in favour of the prisoner. It was not sufficient, however, to have before them the accusers and the accused merely. They directed that evidence should be heard as to the principal facts in dispute, but with this limitation, that none but *new* witnesses should be examined.

Several weeks were consumed in these inquiries, carried on, as they were, with the most minute attention to every circumstance that could by possibility tend to establish the necessary facts on either side. But instead of doing so, they seemed to involve it in tenfold confusion.

When the judicial investigation terminated,

the President went through an elaborate recapitulation of the depositions of the witnesses. The evidence stood thus:—

Five and forty witnesses affirmed positively that the accused was *not* Bertrand de Rols; and among them was a shoemaker of Thoulouse, who deposed, that he had made shoes for the true Bertrand de Rols, whose foot reached to the twelfth mark upon his rule, whereas the prisoner's foot reached no farther than the ninth mark. In addition to the testimony of the *Sieur d'Anglade*, as to his name being *Arnaud du Tilh*, an uncle of the accused was brought forward, who recognised and owned him for his nephew. One witness swore that the real Bertrand de Rols was an expert wrestler, while the accused knew nothing of wrestling. Two persons swore that a soldier of the regiment of Rochefort, passing through Thoulouse, was surprised at hearing the prisoner call himself Bertrand de Rols, he not only knowing his true name to be *Arnaud du Tilh*, but, what was more extraordinary, declaring that the real Bertrand de Rols was actually living in Flanders, with a wooden leg, having lost one of his legs during the wars in that country. Great exertions were made to find out this soldier, whose direct testimony would have been so important, but in vain.

On the other hand, there was nearly an equal number of witnesses who swore that the accused *was* the true Bertrand de Rols, and among these were his three sisters, and the husbands of two of them! Persons also, who had been present at the marriage of Bertrand and Christine, deposed in favour of the accused; and the greater part of the witnesses were unanimous in affirming, that the true Bertrand de Rols had two flesh marks under his left eyebrow, that his right eye was blood-shot, the nail of the first finger on the left hand crooked, and that he had three warts on his right hand. Every one of these was found to be on the person of the accused! It was considered a strong circumstance, likewise, in his favour, that though his wife now joined with her father in demanding justice upon him as an impostor, not only had she at first welcomed him as her husband, but had continued to live with him as such for three years, while many of the chief inhabitants of the city had eagerly given honourable testimony as to her moral character and other amiable qualities. This remarkable circumstance in favour of the accused, could not, therefore, be got rid of by any insinuations of licentious motives operating a feigned deception, if deception there were, upon Christine.

Such being the singular aspect of this extraordinary case, after the Parliament of Thoulouse had spent nearly two months in investigating it, the general opinion was that the judgment of the inferior court would be reversed. The Parliament, however, (determined to give the subject the full benefit of

mature and dispassionate deliberation,) deferred for fourteen days pronouncing its sentence.

Before the time expired, there was a rumour that the real Bertrand de Rols had arrived in Thoulouse. This report reached the ears of Christine. She devoutly prayed it might be true. She wished to see her husband once more, to receive his pardon, and then, if it were heaven's will she should continue to live, to pass the remainder of her days in a convent, expiating by hourly orisons and frequent penance her involuntary crime.

The fact was, emissaries had been secretly despatched by the President of the Parliament into Flanders, with instructions to use every possible means for discovering whether, as the soldier had declared, Bertrand du Rols was serving with the army there. They were successful in finding a person of that name, and with a wooden leg; and he declared himself to be the individual they wanted. He affirmed moreover, that he was well acquainted with *Arnaud de Tilh*, and had heard of the process carrying on before the Parliament of Thoulouse; but believing his wife had played him false, in pretending she was the dupe of an impostor, he had resolved to let the matter end as it might, with a determination never to return to his native place. It was with great reluctance, consequently, he consented to accompany the officers back, (or rather yielded to the coercion they were prepared to use, if he resisted,) a circumstance which tended to create the suspicion that perhaps he would turn out to be the impostor, and not the reputed *Arnaud du Tilh*.

When he arrived at Thoulouse he underwent many private examinations upon all the matters to which the latter had spoken. His answers were exactly the same; but he mentioned two or three rather particular circumstances, with respect to which no questions had been put to the accused, who was therefore immediately examined upon those new points, when it appeared he was perfectly acquainted with them. As to personal resemblance, it was so wonderful, that the President himself could not refrain from exclaiming—"Methinks I must forgive my own wife's bedding with another, if she could show me such a likeness of myself for her apology!"

Hitherto they had not been confronted; but when the reputed *Arnaud du Tilh* was informed of the arrival of Bertrand, he not only boldly denounced *him* as the impostor, but declared he would consent to be hanged if he did not prove him such.

It was now ordered by the Parliament that the two men should be attired exactly alike; and, on a day appointed be placed side by side in open court, when all the witnesses who had been examined should be brought in, one after the other, and point out which was the true Bertrand.

The day came. The court was crowded.

Never had any occurrence in Thoulouse excited such an absorbing interest. Elevated on a platform, hung round with black, sat the true Bertrand and the counterfeit; but which was the true, and which was the counterfeit, it seemed hardly possible to determine. All eyes were fixed upon them; while a confused murmur of voices, and the words—"That is he!"—"No, that is Bertrand."—"I tell you, that is Arnaud du Tilh—the other is Bertrand de Rols," were heard in half whispers from a hundred different tongues.

Silence was proclaimed. The witnesses, one by one, were introduced, a long white staff being placed in their hands, with which they were ordered to touch the person whom they recognised as Bertrand de Rols, but without speaking. The clerk took down the number of each; and when the whole had gone through the ceremony, it appeared that forty-four witnesses declared Arnaud du Tilh to be Bertrand de Rols, while fifty-one pronounced upon the identity of the other. The three sisters of Bertrand were next introduced. The eldest of them, the moment she cast her eyes upon the two men, rushed towards the platform and threw her arms round the neck of him she had not seen for ten years.

"Behold!" said she, turning round to the President, "THIS is my brother! I acknowledge the error into which that wretch (pointing to Arnaud du Tilh) has betrayed me by a multitude of artifices."

Bertrand returned her embraces, mingling his tears with hers. The other two sisters recognised their brother in the same manner, and bestowed upon him the same marks of affection. A buzz of astonishment, mingled with exclamations of delight and rage, pervaded the court; but silence was commanded, for there was yet another evidence to be produced. It was Christine herself!

She is led trembling to the platform by her venerable father and the tender devoted Henriette. Her head and face are shrouded in the thick folds of a black veil. At first, every look is directed towards him whom every heart has already pronounced to be her husband. He is much moved; but on his countenance there dwells a stern and wrathful expression. Then the general gaze is turned upon Christine, whose long-drawn sighs and heavy sobs are audible. She has reached the platform—she ascends it. Henriette whispers something in her ear. She lifts her veil—she raises slowly her eyes and fixes them for a moment upon him she thought her husband, who shrinks from their scrutiny. There is a pause: He who is her husband has caught a glimpse of her pallid features, and his agitation is extreme. Her eyes meet his—a convulsive shudder runs through her veins—as if smote by death, she sinks lifeless at his feet, exclaiming, in a tone of piercing anguish, "God! God! I am guilty!"

"Bertrand de Rols! Bertrand de Rols!"

burst forth on all sides, with cries of "justice! justice!" The emotions of the spectators were wound up to the highest pitch, and many vented loud execrations upon the impostor, whose countenance was as a mask to the terrible pangs which now fastened on his soul.

When silence was restored, the President ordered Arnaud du Tilh to be removed into the little iron cell in which criminals were placed to receive sentence. With a firm step, and an undaunted air, he descended from the platform, still asserting his innocence. Christine, meanwhile, was carried out of court, followed by her husband and several friends, who crowded round him to offer congratulations, which he received very coldly.

The President, after a solemn admonition, and dwelling with eloquent emphasis upon the irrefragable testimony of nature, afforded by the joyous feelings of the sisters, and the remorse of the innocent, though self-accused, Christine, pronounced the following sentence upon the prisoner:—

"That he, Arnaud du Tilh, should make *amende honorable* in the market place of Thoulouse in his shirt, with his head and feet bare, a halter about his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted torch; that he should there demand pardon of God, the King, and the Justice of the Nation; also, of Bertrand de Rols, and Christine his wife; which being done, the said Arnaud du Tilh should be delivered into the hands of the public executioner, who, after making him pass through the streets and other public places of the city of Thoulouse, with a rope about his neck, should conduct him before the house of the said Bertrand de Rols, where, on a gallows set up for the purpose, he should be hanged and strangled, and afterwards his body to be burned."

This sentence was executed to the letter on the following day. But before the wretched criminal was led out to undergo it, he made a full confession of his guilt, declaring that his thoughts were first directed to the crime for which he was about to suffer from having been mistaken for Bertrand de Rols by some of Bertrand's most intimate friends, while he was in camp in Picardy. From them he learned many circumstances concerning his father, wife, sisters, and other relations of Bertrand, together with various things which had happened to him before he left Thoulouse. Having also a sort of brotherly acquaintance with Bertrand himself, the moment he conceived the design of representing him, he had used that acquaintance to obtain from him at various times a multitude of particulars which enabled him, with the aid of a quick invention and profound artifices, to practise so successfully the fraud he had.

Christine did not long survive. Innocent though she knew herself to be of all that could really constitute the guilt of her unhappy condition, she could not purify her thoughts;

she could not cleanse her memory ; while she shrunk with loathing from the idea that there might be some who, in the grossness of their own conceptions, would refuse to believe she had not wantonly favoured the deception. Bertrand himself, indeed, was one of these ; for when her father, without the knowledge of Christine,—(she only wished to be forgiven by her husband, who had been wronged on a point where reparation, she knew, was impossible,)—touched once upon the extenuating circumstances of the case, the bitter mockery with which he repelled the old man's kindly-meant endeavours, convinced him there was a persuasion ranking in his mind which nothing could assuage. "Spare your words," said he. "Intimate friends, nearest relations, father and mother even, may be deceived ; my sisters, my friends have been ; but a wife—tush ! a wife can be deceived only as a man may swear he does not see the blazing sun at noon, when he shuts his eyes because he will not see it !"

Entreaties were equally vain to prevail upon Bertrand to continue at Thoulouse. Either he was still enamoured of the roaming and adventurous life which first tempted him to leave it, or his mind was incurably diseased by what had occurred ; for after making a legal settlement of his little property upon Henriette, he disappeared one morning without taking leave of her, his wife, or his sisters ; and in less than six months from that time, Christine, the victim of a self-accusing spirit, went to her grave unblamed of any tongue save her husband's !

[A writer who taxed his invention to imagine such a case as the above, would run no small hazard of having Horace flung in his teeth :—

"Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi."

But we are as innocent as our friend Dogberry in having used any art, except in the characters, situations, sentiments, and catastrophe. The main incidents, of a man being so personated, the trial of the impostor, the conflicting testimony of the witnesses, the sentence of the Criminal Court, the appeal to the Parliament of Thoulouse, and the execution of the criminal, actually occurred in the sixteenth century. They are to be found among *Les Causes Célèbres*.]

From the London Literary Gazette.

PRINCE LEOPOLD.*

"The royal subject of this memoir," observes the writer, "is one of those extraordinary instances of singular fortune, which occur but

* The National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages ; particularly of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs, by William Jerdan, Esq., F. S. A.
Museum.—Vol. XIX.

rarely even in the widely-spread annals of mankind ; and seem to proclaim to us, with an authority not to be mistaken, that

".....There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will!"

The leading incidents of the life of Prince Leopold have not only been remarkable in themselves, but still more remarkable in their coincidence with, and effects upon, the destiny of another exalted individual. We allude to the Prince of Orange, between whom, and two crowns, it has been the fate of His Royal Highness to step, while, as if to render his own career yet more wonderful, a third has been offered to his acceptance. In ancient and in superstitious times, the genius, or ascendant star of the House of Cobourg would have been recognised in these striking events—in our enlightened times they cannot but excite admiration and wonder."

After tracing his birth, advance to manhood, &c. ; at the period of Buonaparte's return, discomfited, from Russia, the narrative proceeds.

"The Prince Leopold was among the first to start from an inactivity which was so irksome to him ; and long before the campaign had commenced, he was in the midst of the Russian army, leaving all that was most dear to him at risk, for the great cause of his 'father-land.' He accompanied the allied army to Silesia and Saxony ; was engaged in the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen ; and, on the expiration of the armistice, proceeded with the army to Bohemia, and thence to the Saxon frontier where he particularly distinguished himself with the division of cavalry under his command. For his eminent services on those days, the Emperor Alexander invested him, on the field of battle of Nollendorf, with the Cross of St. George, and the Emperor of Austria subsequently conferred on him the order of Maria Theresa. He was at Leipsic, and throughout the whole of the campaigns which ended in the capture of Paris, in 1814. Many of our countrymen formed their first acquaintance with the Prince when he was in the French capital, at this period 'the gayest of the gay.' Hence he passed over to England with the allied sovereigns, in a natural anxiety to witness the land which had aided so greatly the great cause which had been so nobly consummated. At this time the Prince Leopold was a young man, twenty-four years of age, remarkable for his good looks, and distinguished from the crowd of princes with whom he was associated, for great amenity of manners, equanimity of temper, and every accomplishment of good society. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was, at that time, in her eighteenth year, and remarkable above her years, for great insight into the characters of those with whom she associated. It is not, therefore, surprising that she should have been captivated with the qualities of Prince Leopold ; nor is it necessary, at this time of day, to doubt the excellence of her judgment in her preference of an individual, who made her, without any dispute, the happiest of women, during the short period which she was permitted to call happy, in her short

but eventful life. It is well known that her hand had been destined for the Prince of Orange, by the policy of the British cabinet, as well as at the desire of her royal father; and the Princess had so far yielded to these wishes, as to consent to appear with him in public at the Queen's drawing-room, this year. She was not however, of a disposition to be willingly made an instrument of others in a matter so near her heart, and when she found a man more suited to her mind, she at once broke off a forced attachment, and loved him alone with all the intensity of a woman's affection. The British people, unaccustomed to marriages of convenience, admired the spirit which influenced her conduct; and she felt encouraged by their approbation to carry her point with all the resolution she inherited from her family. When, one day, her equerry, Colonel Addenbroke, returned from Kew to Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park, where the Princess at that time resided, and told her the report of the day, that Her Royal Highness was to marry Prince Leopold, she at once evinced the settled determination of her breast, by the reply, 'He is the only man I ever will marry.'

We pass to the conclusion.

"His last act upon quitting England, was to announce to the Ministry his determination, as sovereign of Belgium, to draw no portion of his parliamentary annuity. A degree of indecent haste has been shown by the public, relative to his intentions in this respect; and this had even been reflected within the walls of the Upper House of Parliament. His claim to this grant (which, as far as His Royal Highness was concerned, was the unsolicited liberality of the country) was as undisputed and as firm as that of the public creditor: but in truth, he had always been made to suffer for the sins of those who had been thus prodigal in their desire to obtain his early favour. The man, however, whom his enemies had declared to be the most avaricious and miserly of men, actually relinquished the certainty of the affluence, as well as the comfort of a private station—before he knew what endowment would be made on a crown which he had accepted—upon public grounds alone. Here, then, we close this rapid glance over a life which, for its duration, has been more than ordinarily eventful. The King of the Belgians is still in the maturity of his life, and in the full vigour of his faculties. He has undertaken a task which must be difficult and laborious, and which many people think is not capable of a successful result. He may, however, reflect that he occupies a throne, the right to which is less capable of dispute than any one in history—for the hereditary sovereigns of the land renounced their claim to Austria, or to France; and the right of conquest alone, and that not a conquest over Belgium, gave it to the kingdom of the Netherlands. He is one of the few sovereigns who, without even the birthright to the land of his rule, has obtained a crown without the sword having been drawn, or a drop of blood spilled, in the acquisition of it. If he should happily succeed, he will deserve the gratitude of four millions of subjects, and the applause of surrounding nations,—if he should fail, he will

lay down a sceptre which he never sought, and return to that private station, the splendid prospects of which few could have had the virtue to have quitted, although the object were to retain the blessings of peace to Europe, and to consolidate the principle of constitutional government."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PLAINT OF ABSENCE.

BY DELTA.

I THINK of thee at morning, when the shades
Fly off like spectres from the blessed sun;
I think of thee, when twilight's march per-
vades

The world, and wraps it in her mantle dun;
Beneath the moon, and when the midnight
skies

Sparkle o'er earth, with their bright myriad
eyes:—

Life seems a wilderness; I look around
In vain for thee, who spake to me of heaven;
My thoughts are mantled in a gloom profound,
And o'er my heart grief's furrowing plough
hath driven;

I see no beauty in the shining day,
But peak in loneliness and pine away:
Wrapt in the past, mine ardent longings flee
To dwell with thee!

I think of thee in Spring-time, when the
flowers

Expand in beauty to the wooing sun,
When sing the small birds 'mid the greening
bowers,

And from the hills the ice-freed waters run;
Amid the summer's wealth, and when the hues
Of Autumn gentlest pensiveness infuse;
And when is howling the tempestuous gale

Of winter o'er the desolated heath;
When floods the rain-shower, or the rattling
hail

Mantles the mountain in a robe of death;
From the bleak pasture and the leafless tree
I turn my weary gaze—and think of thee—

I think of thee—and lo! before my sight
Thou comest in beauty bright!

I think of thee—I muse on thee—and then
Thou stand'st before me, idol of my heart,
In thy subduing loveliness, as when,
Though link'd in spirit, Fortune bade us
part;

On thy sweet presence Hope and Peace await,
And in thy melting eyes I read my fate;
Thy voice comes o'er me like the lulling sound
Of desert fountains to the traveller's ear;
Again this dim earth grows enchanted ground,
I cling to life, and feel that thou art near;
The present disappears, the past returns,
And with the light of love my bosom burns,
But when I name thee, the illusions fade
To silence and to shade!

I think of thee—of all thy beauty's glow,
Such as, when flashing on my raptur'd sight,
With bright brown hair and alabaster brow,
With cheek of roses, and with eyes of light,
Thou stoodst before me in thy cloudless prime,
An angel pilgrim sanctifying time!
And then I think, since we are sunder'd, pass

How languidly the listless hours away!
While memory comes, in slumber, with her
glass.

When hush'd to peace is all the strife of day,
To pour upon my visions richly bright
Joys that have been, and hopes that set in
night;

And in the virgin glory of thy charms,
I clasp thee in mine arms.

I think of thee, as when, in happier hours,
Thou stoodst in smiles, a heaven-descended
guest,

When life seem'd like a garden, strewn with
flowers,

And sorrow fled at thy benign behest.

Alas! we little dreamt how soon the cloud
Of disappointment pleasure's sky may shroud.
Oh Fortune! wilt thou ever take delight

To tear asunder heart that grows to heart
In mutual faith—Affection's blooms to blight—
To step between link'd souls and bid them
part,

Hope's Eden-tinted landscapes to destroy,
And mingle poison in Love's cup of joy:—
Alas! when shall the flowers of Pleasure's
tree

Unshaken pass by thee?

I think of thee at morn,—at noon,—at eve,—
'Mid cities and in solitude—I call

Thine image up, while Hope delights to weave
Love's rainbow hues, and clothes thee in
them all;

Of thee I think upon the shore and sea—
Awake and in my dreams I pine for thee!

For 'mid the changes of this changeful world

Thou hast been steadfast as the lucid star
Duly on Evening's radiant map unfurl'd

The first, and shining through the dusk afar.
I gaze from out the deep abyss of care
To greet that ray, and ever it is there;

Then bow, renew'd in faith, to Heaven's
decree,

The Heaven which gave me thee!

From the Monthly Magazine.

MAXIMS BY A MIDDLE-AGED GEN- TLEMAN.

THERE are two ways of looking at any thing remarkable in this remarkable world: if you look at it with the left eye it is one thing; with the right, it is another; with both, it is itself, or more than itself. An artist, looking even at an old post by the high-way side, will perceive in it something picturesque—a plain man will see nothing more in it than a piece of wood, misshapen and rotten. You may look at things serious and turn them into humour; at things humorous, and they become grave; in fact, there are two sides of every thing; but maximists generally have looked with their favourite eye only on the favourite side of things, an economy of their visual organs which I disdain to imitate; on the contrary I shall use all the eyes I have by nature, and shall look as often at the reverse as the obverse of "things in general."

DULL MEN.—Blessings be on dull men—I do not mean the dull men who won't talk, but the dull men who will. They are sleep's physicians—her ministers, preaching peace and sound slumbers to all men. Take an example, one of this good sort of persons sops with you at eleven, talks at you till one; you in the mean time compose yourself in your arm-chair, sit your elbows comfortably in the corners, cross your legs, mix your grog, light your cigar, and resign yourself, like a philosopher, to a late lecture. At two you have perhaps had occasion to say "Yes," thrice, "No sure?" twice or so; "Indeed!" about the same number of times; and this is all it has cost you for a soporific, which, made up of medical materials, would come to a crown, at least. From two till half-past two, he is himself somewhat silent; his whiffs and his words come forth like the companions of the ark, two and two; and you observe, without surprise, that he is run down. In a few minutes more, he looks at his watch and remarks that "It is time to go"—that is, he perceives that you are super-saturated with sleep: you persuade the other glass; he refuses it; then you yawn your widest, beg his pardon, and bid him "good night." He goes home happy that he has been listened to with so much of deferential silence; you stumble up to your chamber with such an entire resignation to the inevitable necessity of sleep, that pulling off your clothes seems an absurd delay; and you are off in a minute to the district of dreams, and rise, next day, with no headache, and with a serenity of mind which is unknown to the lovers of clubs and such like noisy congregations of men. But for the senseless prejudices of mankind, such a man as I have described would be "taken" as willingly as we take spring physic, and courted, not cut; for a

"Blessing goes with him whereso'er he goes."

—the blessing of sleep.

CHILDREN.—If you are a father, prevent, if possible, your daughters from squinting or lisping, and your sons from growing up with *caret* knees—thus Λ —or legs like parentheses—thus ()—for these defects, if allowed to "grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength," are sure to infatuate them with the stage as a profession. I have assisted, as the French say, at some few private plays, and never met with an amateur Romeo or Juliet but had one or other of these defects in high perfection, if not some one more impossible and provoking. As a general rule, keep your children's legs straight, and learn them to look right before them, and they may become useful members of society; reverse the rule and you make them vagabonds.

WAITERS.—I always endeavour to be liberal with waiters and "such small deer," and I reckon that I save ten pounds a year by so

doing; for if you will not pay them they will pay themselves. I get the freshest chops, the best segars, and a civil good night, with the use of an umbrella when it rains, by this simple expedient: whereas I observe that your niggardly rewarders are always "to seek" for some one or more of these comforts of life. It is the way of the world, from the peer to the post-boy; we serve those persons with most pleasure, from whom we derive most profit.

AUTHORS.—Young authors are a very sore race, if you touch one of their faults, though with ever so tender a finger: I know not wherefore. If a man mount a pedestal to attract notice to himself, we should not wonder if, having a hole or two in his hose, he is told of them by the standers by.

Young authors are in general very gluttons of praise, and ostriches in the digestion of it: nothing sits uneasily on their stomachs but censure. They will bolt any given quantity of praise you can bring them—"the total grain unsifted, husks and all." But if you add a morsel or so of dry advice, or hint an amendment, phew! the entire gunpowder of their genius is fired off the instant, and beware of the explosion. Yet indiscriminate praise is certainly the ruin of young ability. As there are some men so cynical, that they will tell you only of your errors, so there are others who will only flatter you for your merits, and conceal your faults. This is like praising the cut of your coat, and winking at the hole in the elbow.

SECRETS.—The easiest way of keeping a secret is to forget it as soon as communicated. You may have a considerable reputation for confidence in this matter, thus easily acquired. The only secret worth knowing in this life is, how one man contrives to be better than another; all the rest is mere alchemy.

SELF-PRaise.—I never believe in the virtues of a man who makes an inventory of them, and boasts of the items, for three reasons: the first is, I can't.

TABLE PROFESSIONS.—I make it a rule not to do more than politely listen to second-hand professions of friendship and proffers of service "to the last shilling." It is true, I render myself liable to the suspicion of doubting that the light of a Will o' the Wisp is not so safe to steer by as that of Eddystone, and that a shooting star is not so sure a guide as a fixed one; but no matter: we are all, every Smith of us, heterodox in some article or other: bottle-friendships and bottle-professions are those in which I have not faith so large as a grain of mustard-seed. I leave them both to the house-maid, to be carried away with the corks when she clears the table, and to be let out at the window when she ventilates the room next day.

BIBULOUS ACQUAINTANCES.—Never proffer your services to see a stranger home who is *Bacchi plenus*; for after pulling your shoulders from their sockets, in efforts to support him,

or rolling you in the mud when he chooses to refresh therein himself, it is ten to one but he charges you with picking his pocket of something he never held in fee in his life, or else abuses you for refusing to see him to his door, though it is five miles further out of your way, and you have conveyed him six. Above all, if he *looks married*, never see him quite home. I need not explain why.

COMPLAINTS OF LIFE.—Those who most complain of life are those who have made it disagreeable. Some men stuff their beds with the thorns of remorse, instead of the down of repose, and when they lie on them, they roar with the agony they have inflicted on themselves. As reasonably might the ass complain of the thistles which wound his mouth when he persists in chewing them. Those who most feel the load of life complain the least of it.

Our sourest disappointments are made out of our sweetest hopes, as the best vinegar is made from the best wine. It were happier if men would hope less, that they might be less disappointed; but who shall set the mark, and who would keep within it if it were set?

CONVERSATION.—In conversation, eschew that poor penny-farthing pedantry of suggesting etymologies, and being curious about the origin of this or that expression. Words are the current coin of conversation; take them as they are told down to you, and pay them away as they are demanded. It would be as rational for a man to be curious to know through what hands every shilling in his purse had passed, as whence this word is derived, and whence the other.

Avoid quotations, unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend —, the other day, looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sandpit, and admiring and wondering at the structure even of that despised animal, made a very mal-adroit use of one. "Ah!" said he with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

In argument you need not trouble yourself to contradict a positive man; let him alone and he will very soon do it for himself.

Do not allow your friend, because he cannot convince you, and you have convinced him against his will, to compress your nostrils, or kick you out of his chambers, for if you once allow such liberties, there is no knowing what next he may offer at.—C. W.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

AMONG the friends I acquired during my residence at Constantinople, there was nobody I valued so much, and with whom I passed so much time, as Mr. C. Z—, a native

of the place, descended from an Armenian family, and informed by travel, and the constant society of the better class of Franks that frequent Pera. The following details I gleaned almost entirely from him, and he is himself the fond, devoted father—the hero of his own tale. Madame W——, his daughter, had been some two or three years married to an Englishman attached to our Consular establishment at Constantinople, and was recently the happy mother of a lovely infant. A father might be partial, but his praises of his daughter's beauty, and talent, and goodness of heart, I have often heard confirmed by others, and all who had known Madame W—— seemed to preserve the most affectionate and admiring recollections of her. She must, indeed, have been one of those gentle beings we occasionally hear of, in our passage through life, whose names are never mentioned without eliciting emotion and melancholy regret—who seem to be a portion of the heart of every speaker, and of whom it is constantly said, "Ah! if you had known her!" One evening that Madame W—— was entertaining her sisters, and other near relations and some friends at Pera, she felt of a sudden seriously indisposed. The plague was known to be in Constantinople, but it was not raging to any great extent, and had scarcely crossed the Golden Horn to the Christian suburb. So little did the party apprehend that the dread malady was among them, that they nearly all felt her pulse, and came in the closest contact with her. She cut in for a game at whist, and when the family party broke up, she shook hands with all her friends, and embraced her father and her sisters. That night her fever increased, and the next morning, as daylight broke into the room and allowed her to see, Madame W—— discovered a small, dark-red spot about the joint of the hand. She knew the fatal token, but she said not a word to her husband, who was sleeping at her side; she took her little girl that was lying on her bosom, and placed it in a cradle, and then waited until such time as she could send for her father.

When Mr. C. Z—— entered the room she was alone. She mournfully held up her hand, and he saw with horror the plague spot on her wrist. Still, however, there was a hope that it might not be the plague—a feeble hope indeed, but it served to cheer him, as he took the sad road to the dwelling of one of those professors who are called Plague Doctors, and who, by constant practice, are supposed to be able to detect the malady in its earliest stages. The doctor soon came to her bedside, and filled the hearts of all the household with consternation, by declaring that Madame W—— had indeed the plague. No sooner had the word passed his lips than every body turned to flee—the servants, who were Christians of Pera, and far from feeling

the indifference to the plague and the conviction of fatalism common to the Turks, would not stay another moment in the house, and her husband, who was almost petrified with fear, was among the first to leave the perilous spot. As the noble-hearted woman, who had borne the doubt and the conviction that she was attacked by the fatal malady, with the courage of a heroine, saw this desertion, and that her infant daughter, too, was taken away, her strength of heart failed her, and while burning tears came to her eyes, she said to her father who stood close to her, hanging over her with an expression of anguish on his countenance—"Tout le monde m'abandonne, mon pere! mais vous ne m'abandonnez pas."—"Jamais! ma fille," was the answer of the parent, who had not a thought to give to his own safety, but who, as he spoke, embraced his darling, suffering child, and caught her infectious breath on his lips. By this time the house was cleared by all save the father and daughter, the plague doctor, and an old Turk, who, fortified by the predestinarian doctrines of the Koran, volunteered his services and attendance on the sick, whom no Frank in Pera would have approached for a mine of wealth—whom husband, sisters, brother—all the nearest and dearest connexions abandoned—all, but her good old father!

When the plague doctor retired, the house was placed in quarantine, nobody entering its doors but people supplying the objects that might be wanted by its inmates from a distance. No condition can well be imagined more calamitous than this—to see oneself avoided by one's fellow creatures—to feel that to approach a human being would be a crime—to watch the rapid progresses of a disease that so rarely fails to kill, in the person of one dearer to us than all the world beside—to count the dull hours as they pass on, and to know, almost to a certainty, that in so many hours the dear object of all one's solicitude, will be rendered insane by the scorching fever, and insensible to one's attentions and caresses—in so many hours more will be a discoloured corpse—in so many more the food of worms, of loathsome worms, though that flesh is of our flesh, and fair, and dear, and most precious to our hearts and eyes!

In declaring Madame W——'s disorder to be the plague, the doctor had remarked that it did not seem the most virulent class of that disorder—that it was rather what he termed "*la peste benigna*," but unfortunately before the malady was ascertained, she had been copiously bled by a European practitioner. I say *unfortunately*, because it seems to be established that nothing is more prejudicial in plague cases than the use of the lancet, and her poor father was always of opinion that had she not been bled she would have recovered.

When the bubo broke on her arm, her

devoted parent bathed it with his own hands, and even when it had burst, entirely regardless of his own life or death, he dressed the festering, revolting wound; whilst she was burning with the most horrid fever, and writhing with pain, he often supported her in his arms, and her aching head would recline on his bosom, and her breath, hot as the vapour from an oven, would mingle with his. But yet he caught not the infection.

Frequently did the affectionate young woman express her fears that her dear father would be seized with the fatal disorder—frequently did she entreat him earnestly to leave her to her fate; and as long as she retained her reason she testified her sense of his truly paternal affection and devotedness in words whose recollection seldom failed to make my stout-hearted friend's eyes overflow with tears. But it was most piteous when the heat that raged at her brain destroyed her fine intellect, and she remained either mute as in a lethargy, or uttered words void of meaning, or sentences of the wildest and most confused import. The predominant object in the mind and heart of the young mother was her infant daughter, and at times she would implore in a tone the most piteous, that they would restore her child. At other moments she would clasp her arms over her scorching breast, as though she held the little cherub in her arms, and her parched lips would move as though she blessed it. Sometimes her haggard eye, as it glared across the apartment, seemed to be filled with imaginary objects, and she would smile or frown as these fantasies of her diseased brain were agreeable or otherwise. Meanwhile her afflicted father, whom now she could not even know, much less recognise his fond unwearying cares of her, scarcely left her bed-side for a moment, but sat sometimes with her burning hand in his, sometimes gazing fixedly on the form of his darling daughter that might almost be seen consuming itself away like a statue of wax before a glowing fire. The old Turkish menial went and came, and supplied him with that food which he could hardly be said to taste in the bitterness of his grief, and which he scarcely would have thought of himself. My friend always described the nights he thus passed as something most awful. Every thing would be still in Pera and the adjoining suburbs of Tophana and Galata—so still, so silent the sick room that the breathing of his dying child was dreadfully audible; and when this silence was interrupted by the barking of some of those innumerable dogs that stray about Constantinople without any master, and with whatever home the corners of the streets, or the ruins of houses may afford them; or when the Beckdji, or Turkish watchman, going his round, struck at intervals the stone pavement of the streets with his club, which is always heavily loaded with an iron ferule,

and the hollow noise echoed through the long, narrow, dark street of Pera, the sounds only served to render deeper still, and more grave-like the solemn silence that succeeded them. The tall white minarets of the mosque of Tophana were immediately below the house and visible from Madame W——'s chamber. They rose stark in the deep blue sky of night like sheeted ghosts, and in addition to the sounds I have mentioned as interrupting at intervals the solemn silence, there proceeded from them, at the Moslem's hours of prayer, the low, impressive chaunt of the Muezzin, which, and more particularly at the midnight Ezann,* at the stillly hour of darkness and sleep, broke on the ear like a voice from another world. At these summonses to prayer, the poor old Turk, who was always near at hand, and who had contracted a reverence and affection for the Christian that so loved his daughter, would retire to a corner of the room and mumble his devotions. It might be that the Christian father and daughter were included in those prayers; the petitions of the Mussulman might be as efficacious at the throne of Heavenly grace and mercy, as purer and sounder homilies; but it was not the will of Providence that Madame W—— should be restored to health and to her fond father, whose life seemed to depend upon hers.

I believe it was on the fourth day of her dreadful malady that death released her from her sufferings. For some hours before the awful moment her reason was restored, and though weak and faint and with but the "shadow of a sound" for her voice, she spoke composedly and most affectionately to her dear parent, who had grown pale, and thin, and haggard, in watching over his darling child. She recommended—and what is there on earth so sacred as the recommendation of a dying mother in behalf of her offspring?—she recommended her infant to the protection of her sisters; she spoke of the difficult and dangerous career of a girl deprived of a mother's care, and she hoped that her dear Marie would supply a mother's place. At intervals, when she saw her poor father bowed down with grief, she would make an attempt at composure and even gaiety; and her fine countenance would sparkle for a moment with its former vivacity, and her bright intellect still exercise that influence which when in health and happiness irradiated every society she frequented. It was after one of these efforts, that my friend, whose eyes were constantly riveted on her, saw a sudden change in her countenance—there was an awful something flashed over it—a flitting shadow of mystery and solemnity—the reflection of coming immortality—a something like the shade of a bird high up in the heavens cast on a deep and solitary lake. The fond father pas-

* The call to prayer.

anionately grasped her hand as though by physical force he would prevent that spirit's eternal retreat. She fixed her large black eyes on his anxious face, and muttered "Je meurs." His arm was then round her attenuated waist, he clasped her closer to his bosom, he grasped her hand still firmer; a gentle pressure—so gentle that it would scarcely have discomposed the down on a feather, returned the paternal pressure, and she breathed forth her soul in his embrace, and her pale, cold face fell like marble upon the now desolate bosom of her father.

From the first disclosure of her disorder—from the first moment when on entering that room which he had scarcely ever left since for an instant, she had silently raised her hand and showed the small, dark-red spot on her wrist, he had felt that his child must die: for days and sleepless nights he had watched the approaches of death, which he had every hour seen coming nearer and nearer and more rapidly; the voice of hope had long been mute in his affectionate heart; the grave was before his eyes; but now that she was dead, he could not comprehend how it could be—how she, who but now, breathed, and spoke, and looked love and life, should be an inanimate, cold, cold mass—how she, his own flesh and blood, should be senseless to his caresses and his despair—how she, so exquisitely sensitive in body as in mind, should now feel no more than the couch on which she reclined, or the wooden floor on which he trod. But she was dead! and all was over! As long as the light of life flickered in the socket, though void of hope, he could find occupation; and it was a relief to his fond and aching heart to busy himself about the person of his child, to wash her plague ulcer, to sponge her burning neck and breast, to humect her scorched lips, to administer her medicine or her nutriment, to smoothen her bed, to raise her in his arms, to support her on his bosom, to press her burning, bursting forehead with his hands, and to render, which he did alone, the very office of a nurse to his daughter—but now he had nothing to do, no service to render, no exertion to make; a fearful void had fallen upon his heart, and he could only groan in impotent despair! But there was yet one office to perform—there was yet another and the last—the last he could render on earth! and when the old Turk brought into the room the coffin which had been procured for the "mortal coil," the all that remained of so much beauty, and intelligence, and moral worth, the devoted father took the disfigured form of his child in his arms—in the affectionate arms in which she had breathed her last, and himself laid her in that coffin, which he closed and secured with his own hands.

In the countries of the East, even when there is no plague raging, interment rapidly follows dissolution. On the evening of the day of her death, Madame W—— was carried

to the Frank burying-ground above the extensive cypress-grove, the Turkish cemetery of Pera, than which, with its views of the rapid Bosphorus that laves the foot of that hill, of the sea of Marmora with its group of islands, and occasional glimpses at sun-set of the Bithynian Olympus, there can scarcely be a fairer spot on earth. Some few attached friends, who had been apprized of the melancholy event, attended at the place of interment, to render their last testimonials of respect to a most amiable woman, and though they could not come in contact with him, they spoke words of condolence and comfort to the bereaved father, as he arrived slowly following on foot the remains of his daughter.

Among these gentlemen was Mr. C——, the British Consul-General, an old and dear friend of Mr. Z——. When the coffin was lowered into the narrow grave—as the first earth was thrown on the coffin which returned that hollow sound, the most awful and desolating the ear of affection can hear, this dear friend renewed his offices of consolation. Up to this moment the fond father had borne himself with astonishing firmness and composure:—by the dying bed—by the lifeless body of his child, he had not let a tear escape him; in danger and death he had done all that man could do, and the feelings of nature—a parent's feelings—had been controlled by the stoicism of a man whose lot it had been to drink his full share from the ever brimming bowl of human calamities; but now that familiar and friendly voice of Mr. C——, added to the effect of the desolating sounds from the disappearing coffin, unnerved him completely; the strength of heart and of head gave way before them, and with a cry of anguish, and a momentary access of insanity, the father rushed from his daughter's grave, and ran towards the Turkish cemetery, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. His friend, however, had every care taken of him: one of Mr. C——'s Janissaries followed him, and after the first burst of nature, easily induced him to return to Pera, where he was obliged to condemn himself to a lonely and sorrowful quarantine, ere he could seek alleviation to his sorrows in the bosom of his remaining family, or the society of his friends.

When I was in Turkey, some three or four years had passed since this sad case of plague, and the infant of Madame W—— had survived, and grown to a lovely little girl, who was often my pet companion.* But not only did the child who was sleeping on her mother's bosom, and my friend Z—— who received her mother's dying breath, escape the dreadful contagion, but all those relatives

* At Therapia, a village on the Bosphorus, I was shown a little Greek girl who had been taken from sucking at her mother's breast, whilst she had the plague in full activity. The mother died of the disorder, which never attacked the infant!

and friends who had been with Madame W—— and in close contact with her, when of a certainty she had the plague upon her, were equally exempt from the contagion.

This was in every way a striking case; it was held by many who had no pretensions to medical science, as a proof of the non-contagion of the plague, and strongly assumed as such by a scientific man, the late Dr. McLean, who devoted much of his time, and finally lost his life in endeavours to ascertain the real nature of this destructive and most mysterious disorder. But Dr. McLean was guilty of an improper omission, for in writing an account of Madame W——'s case, he never mentioned that a Greek servant girl some weeks after caught the plague in the chamber in which she had died, and followed her mistress to the grave. Mr. Madden, who was at Constantinople at the time, and acquainted with the family, and who has mentioned the case in his book of Travels,* says "that several weeks after Madame W——'s death, when two servants were sent to open the apartment, which had been closed, and to remove the bedding, one of them, immediately on entering, complained of the closeness of the chamber; next day she had plague, and died in some few days;" but Mr. W——, the husband of the unfortunate lady, added to me, in reference to the Greek girl, that, fatigued by the labours she had undergone in opening and purifying the house, and oppressed by the heat of the day, she had thrown herself down and reposed some time on the mattress on which her mistress had expired. In cases like these every accompanying circumstance, every detail, however

minute, should be noted and given; and the additional fact stated by Mr. W—— will not perhaps be considered unimportant.

The result of my inquiries into the history of the plague at Constantinople and elsewhere, would certainly go generally to confirm the remarks with which Mr. Madden closes the case of Madame W——. "This is one of the many proofs (he alludes, of course, to Mr. Z—— her father,) I have had of the influence of the mind over this disease. In no other complaint is this influence so marked. The man who is apprehensive of contagion is always the first to take this disease; fear is the predisposing cause of plague; bad living and bodily debility are the proximate causes of the susceptibility of pestilence. I have always observed that those who were most deeply interested in the patient's fate; his father, mother, or wife, and who were constantly by his bed-side, were seldom attacked, while the servants and strangers, who entered the room now and then, were generally infected." Yet after this assertion of the prevalence of mind and affection, Mr. Madden is obliged to subjoin that he has known many Turkish houses in Constantinople which have been shut up after the death of every individual within their walls; this also has been pointed out to me at Smyrna as well as at the capital, and I have noted, that the houses that had been so desolated, were nearly without an exception the houses of Turks, who take no precautions against the plague, and can hardly be said to be possessed of the *predisposing cause of fear*."

C. M. F.

VARIETIES.

Insensibility of the Insect Tribe.—The Opposition are exceedingly angry because Ministers do not answer them. What delusion! they have been answered a hundred times before they spoke.

The Children in the Wood say to *Walter*, who has slain their trustee's bravo, "Kill him again! such a villain can't be too dead"—we should say, too, of our trustees' tools, "Kill them again, such rogues can't be too dead"—but we know it would be waste of time and trouble. It is true, that if the brains are out the man will die; but there is a secret in natural history which explains the vitality of the Faction after they have been a hundred times knocked on the head in argument. Shakespeare was in error when he supposed that beetles were as sensitive as giants. It is proved that the insect tribe will resist the very strongest provocations to die. In a very useful little publication, called "Knowledge for the People, or the Why and Because," (which the Opposition would be much better employed in improving their minds from, than in raising objections without cause or

effect) we find many curious facts illustrative of animal economy mentioned. "The naturalist, Leuwenhoeck, had a mite which lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point for microscopical observation."—p. 229. This was a mighty opposition to death—the great reformer, indeed! People improperly talk of dying hard like a man. The boroughmongering faction is dying hard like a mite. It has been already five months stuck on the point of the Bill for microscopic observation; and it bids foul to fill up the mite's age of struggling.

"Vaillant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton, and stuck a steel-pin through the thorax; yet the feet and antennæ were

* It will be seen from the daily papers, and more fully from an interesting communication from Constantinople, in the United Service Journal, for July, that the Sultan has lately established a Quarantine, is preparing a magnificent Lazaretto, and is determined, despite of Mahometan prejudice, to adopt all those precautions against the plague which are in use in civilized states. He has associated Christians and Franks in this truly salutary task.

* See Travels in Turkey, &c., by R. R. Madden, Esq. vol. i. p. 262. The death of the servant, it must be remarked, happened after Mr. M. had left the Turkish capital.

in full play after the lapse of five months." The story of Vaillant's barbarity is disgusting; but the parallel in all, save that respect, is exact. Our loudest of boroughmongery is caught, and at the Cape of Good Hope—its greedy abdomen is excavated and filled with something less smooth than cotton—the king and country have run a pin through its thorax, and yet its feet and antennae make motions in the House of Commons after a lapse of five months.

"A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognise a precipice on approaching the edge."

This is exactly what our people without heads cannot do—they walk without heads as well as any beetle, but they have no perception of precipices when on the very edge of them. In this respect the insects have a vast superiority.

Colonel Pringle decapitated several libellulæ, or dragon-flies, one of which afterwards lived for four months, and another for six; and, which seems rather odd, he could never keep alive those with their heads on above a few days."

Thus it is, too, with the Opposition—those dragons who have no heads are the stoutest; while Sir Robert Peel, who has a head on, will not hold out above a few days. He goes to bed, because a man with a head has need of a pillow; but the dragon-flies without heads, keep bumping, and stinging, and moving, night and day.

It is clear, then, that to dissect insects is a waste of time. Smoking, then, is the only process of destruction—and that is our plan.

Reach of Voice.—Extent of Churches.—The Romanists build large churches—it was enough if they heard the murmur of the mass, and saw the elevation of the host; but ours are to be fitted for auditories. I can hardly think it practicable to make a single room so capacious, with pews and galleries, as to hold above 2,000 persons, and all to hear the service and see the preacher. The position of the pulpit requires consideration: a moderate voice may be heard 50 feet distant before the preacher, 30 feet on each side, and 20 behind; and not this, unless the pronunciation be distinct and equal, without dropping the voice at the last member of the sentence. A Frenchman is heard farther than an English preacher, because he raises his voice at the last words of a sentence, like the Roman orators. A church should therefore be 90 feet long and 60 broad, besides a chancel at one end, and a belfry and portico at the other.—*WREN, Lives of Architects.*

Fischer, the Oboe-Player.—When Fischer, the celebrated oboe-player, who was remarkable for the oddity of his manner, played concertos at the grand concerts given fifty years ago at the Rotunda in Dublin, a noble lord, who had been enraptured at the rare talent he displayed, gave him a pressing invitation to sup with him the following evening, adding, "You'll bring your oboe with you." Fischer, who was a little nettled at that sort of invitation, hastily replied, "My Lord, my oboe never sups."

Count Mazarin, kept a complete collection of the libels written against him; it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes!

Polish Proverb.—"You may strip a Pole to his shirt—but if you attempt to take his shirt, he will regain all."

Poland.—The Swiss historian, Johannes Mul-

ler, once met at Vienna with a document of the secret archives, relating to the first division of Poland. That great princess, Maria Theresa, had inscribed on this sketch of the projected division, with her own hand:—"Place, because so many great and learned men desire it; but after I have been long dead, men will learn the consequence of this violation of all that, till now, was held just and sacred."

Lafayette.—The Marquis de la Fayette, while confined in the dungeon of Olmutz, was offered his liberty as the price of a retraction, not of all his opinions, but of that, at least, which related to the abolition of nobility. He refused compliance with these terms; and he threatened if any false construction was put on his word, to give the lie to the public officer who recorded it. Chains were the reward of his constancy; and the fortitude and consistency he displayed at this period were quite admirable. The utter annihilation of liberty, which seemed now to be effected, did not dishearten his courage; nor did the dreadful abuse which he had suffered, blind him to its true value. He continued to consider it as the most precious of blessings, and maintained this sentiment both before his oppressors, who had loaded him with chains, and in his private letters to his old friends. "Cherish," said he, to the latter, "cherish always a love of liberty, in spite of the excesses it has apparently led to, and devote yourself to the service of your country."

THE RAINBOW.

Oh! look you on the rainbow, in its first
Exceeding faintness, like a rising thought,
Or a fine feeling of the beautiful,
An evanescence! so you fear must be
The slight-tinged silence of the showery sky,
Nor yet dare name its name; till breathing out
Into such colours as may not deceive,
And undelusive in their heavenliness,
O'er all the hues that happy nature knows
Although it be the gentlest of them all
Prevailing the celestial violet,
To eyes by beauty made religious, lo!
Brightening the house by God inhabited,
The full-form'd rainbow glows! beneath her arch
The glittering earth once more is paradise:
Nor sin nor sorrow hath her dwelling there,
Nor death; but an immortal happiness
For us made angels! swifter than a dream
It fades—it flies—and we and this our earth
Are disenchanted back to mortal life;
Earth to its gloom, we to our miseries.

Patriotism and Eloquence.—When, at the instigation of Russia, the Prussian authorities thought fit to raise the people of Germany against the retreating armies of the French, Körner took up at once the lyre and the sword, stimulated the levy-in-mass of the nation, became the Tyrtæus of the land-storm, and enlisted as a private in one of the volunteer corps, which attended assiduous drills, and were to elect their own officers. He thus informed his father of this resolution:

"Germany is rising: the Prussian eagle is waking in every faithful bosom, by the bold flapping of his wings, the mighty hope of German freedom. My heart sighs for a country—let me be its worthy disciple. Now that I know what happiness may ripen in this life, now that all the stars of my destiny shine down upon me in lovely mildness, now is the time—it is a noble feeling that actuates me—now is the time for an energetic conviction, that no sacrifice can be too great for

that highest of human goods, the freedom of one's country. Great times require great hearts, and I feel the strength within me to be a rock amid this surf of the people: I must wade forth, and stem with bold breast the storm of waves. Shall I only sing with idle inspiration to my conquering brethren? I know that you will have to incur some anxieties on my behalf, that my mother will be in tears—God comfort her. I cannot do otherwise. To risk life is little—but to risk a life, round which love and friendship and joy have twined their flower-garlands, and to risk it gladly with the sweet feeling, that no sacrifice can be too costly for so high a prize; this is a self-devotement, which has a right to claim from you some corresponding concession."

On the 26th of August, 1813, (about five months from the date of the above noble epistle) in the road between Gadebush and Schwerin, a meeting took place with the enemy. Sharp-shooters lay in ambush, concealed by a contiguous wood. Körner was on horseback: a ball from a rifle grazed the neck of his charger, entered his abdomen, wounded his liver, and shattered his spine. Death ensued almost immediately. * * * The Lutzow volunteers were successful in their attack, and after dispersing the French, they buried Körner with military honours, under an oak, near the milestone at Wobelin, in the road from Lubelow to Dresden. A monument of cast-iron, on which is embossed a lyre and a sword, distinguish the site of his grave.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE THE HIGHEST PHILOSOPHY.

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young Imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warn'd: and know that
pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. O be wiser, thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect; and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

WORDSWORTH.

The Boulevards of Paris.—The most remarkable feature in the general appearance of Paris, is the inner inclosure formed by the celebrated road called the "Boulevards." On the north side of the river, the Boulevards follow a line nearly midway, on an average, between the river and the wall. The space which they comprehend therefore, is but a small portion of that included within the outer boundary of the city. The length of this part of the road is about 5,200 English yards, or somewhat under three miles. That on the south side of the river is of far greater extent, approaching, as it does, throughout its whole sweep, very much closer to the wall, and in some parts entirely coinciding with it. It measures about 16,000 yards, or above nine miles in length. Each of these lines, although in reality forming an uninterrupted road from its commencement to its termination, is divided into a succession of parts, each having its particular name.

The northern Boulevards are twelve in number, the southern seven. We have nothing in England like the Parisian Boulevards. They may be generally described as a road or street, of great breadth, along each side of which are planted double rows of elms. But these shady avenues do not present merely a picture of rural beauty. Rising as they do in the heart of a great city, they partake also of its artificial elegance and splendour, and are associated with all the luxuries of architectural decoration. Considered merely as a range of streets, the Boulevards are hardly rivalled by any other part of Paris. Those to the north of the river are lined on both sides throughout their whole extent, by buildings more uniformly handsome than are those of almost any other street in the city, and by many which may be even described as magnificent. Some of these are private residences; others are shops, cafes, public hotels, and theatres. The crowds by whom so many parts of these Boulevards are frequented chiefly give to the scene its singular liveliness and brilliancy. The southern Boulevards, though equally beautiful, are far from being so much the habitual resort of the citizens; but the walks, on this very account, have a charm for some moods of mind which the others want. Another road, planted in a similar manner, has more recently been carried round the exterior walls of the city. It is distinguished from the inner Boulevards by the name of the "Boulevards Extérieurs."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Niebuhr, the Roman Historian.—Berthold George Niebuhr, the son of Carsten Niebuhr, the Arabian traveller, was born at Copenhagen, on the 27th of April, 1776, but he was removed from that city, while yet an infant, in consequence of his father's appointment to the post of administrator at Meisdorf, the principal town of a canton of Southern Dithmarsch, in the Duchy of Holstein. A constitution, originally delicate, was weakened, rather than otherwise, by the injudicious cares of a too fond mother. From his infancy he manifested a strong predilection for studious pursuits, and when only thirteen years of age, was already master of several languages. He was inexpressibly delighted with the reading of the poets, especially those of antiquity, and used to shut himself up for whole days, in order to get through with a Greek tragedy. His father, however, sent him to Hamburg, to be initiated into commercial pursuits; there he was honoured by the notice of Klopstock; from thence he went to the University of Kiel, where he studied law, and to that of Edinburgh, where he devoted himself to natural philosophy and chemistry, without diminishing his attachment to philosophy, which always continued to be his favourite pursuit. In this he had been encouraged by the celebrated friend of his father, the poet Voss, to whom

German literature is indebted for enriching it with translations of the noblest and most elevated productions of classical antiquity.

After spending eighteen months in Scotland and England, and familiarizing himself with English institutions, he returned in 1801 to Denmark. Shortly after he was appointed secretary and sub-librarian to the minister of finance, Schimmelmann, and his advancement was so rapid, that in 1805, at the period of his first marriage, he was one of the directors of the Bank of Copenhagen. His first productions were administrative and financial reports. Meanwhile, however, he began to feel dissatisfied with the political situation of Europe, and with the conduct of the Danish government; he dreaded the effects of the conquests of Napoleon, and published a German translation of the first Philippic of Demosthenes, to which he added notes directed against the ambition of the modern Philip. The views of the Prussian government of that day according with his own, and the complaisance of Denmark towards Napoleon exciting his disgust, he was induced to abandon the service of the latter, and to enter into that of Prussia. Scarcely, however, had he repaired to Berlin, and received the appointment of director of the commerce of the Baltic, when the battle of Jena

obliged him to take to flight, along with the rest of the court, and successively to take refuge at Koenigsberg, Memel, and Riga. In 1806, the King of Prussia sent him to Holland, to negotiate some commercial transactions with that country, and he incurred some danger by communicating with the agents of England. When he returned to Berlin, a regenerating ministry, under M. de Stein, had the direction of affairs. Niebuhr was consulted by them in all their generous projects; his *Memoirs on the Roman Colonies* paved the way for a system of agricultural colonization, and his profound views contributed to the establishment of the University of Berlin. This was the period when he became the friend of Savigny, of Buttmann, of Spalding, and of Heindorf. Niebuhr read lectures on Roman history in the University, and the success attending them was probably the main incentive to the publication of the two first volumes of the *Roman History*, in 1811 and 1812, which were, in fact, little more than the substance of his lectures. In 1813, when the disasters of the Russian campaign liberated Germany from the yoke of Napoleon, Niebuhr took an active part in quickening the patriotic movement, edited a journal in conjunction with Arndt, and was employed by the king in negotiations with the English government. In 1814 he was strongly opposed to the union of Belgium with Holland, his acute and penetrating spirit foreseeing the consequences which have since developed themselves, and of that unnatural junction. In 1815 he lost his father and his wife, nearly at the same time, and found consolation in the composition of his interesting memoir of the former, and shortly after in exerting his influence in favour of the defenders of the national cause, whom the absolutists were then beginning to calumniate, because they called for a fulfilment of the royal promise of the Constitution. This conduct created him many enemies; his credit was shaken in consequence, and while he might have aspired to the highest offices of the state, his only recompense was an honourable exile. Prince Hardenberg, to whom he had given umbrage, sent him to Rome, to negotiate a concordat with the Pope, and settle the relations of the See of Rome with the new Catholic subjects of Prussia. Niebuhr had just before that entered into a second matrimonial union with the grand-daughter of the celebrated physician Hemster. Before his departure, he published, in conjunction with Heindorf and Buttmann, a reprint of the *Fragments of Froese*, which had been discovered by the Abbe Mai. In passing through Verona, he himself discovered there the fragments of Gaius. At Rome, where he remained seven years, he was enabled to devote his attention, in a great degree, to those favourite pursuits, his taste for which had been one of the inducements with him to accept the mission. The general esteem which surrounded him, his family affections, and some fortunate discoveries, all contributed to diffuse an indescribable charm over his existence while he resided there. In 1823, in consequence of the state of his wife's health, which was seriously injured by the climate of Rome, he sent in his resignation as ambassador, and, followed by the regrets of his Holiness, who highly esteemed him, and of all the literary society of Rome, he set out on his return to Germany. He stopped for some time at St. Gall in Switzerland, in the monastery of which he discovered the fragments of *Manu-haude*; from thence he proceeded to Heidelberg, and afterwards to Bonn, where accidental circumstances induced him finally to fix his residence. From that time, indeed, till the day of his death, he was only twice absent from it, the first time to go to Berlin and the second to pay a visit to his eldest sister, in Holstein. It is only due to truth to declare, that Niebuhr's presence at Bonn mainly fecundated the germs of prosperity which existed in that recently-established university. He gave there, without being attached to any particular chair, courses of lectures on Greek and Roman history. With no pretensions to eloquence, and wholly unprejudiced in his manner, Niebuhr, notwithstanding, captivated the attention of his auditors; he possessed more than most men the art of moving them solely by the interest of the subject. He carried his zeal so far as to establish prizes for questions of philology, the funds for which were supplied out of his own pocket. But his principal occupation was the continuation of his *Roman History*; to the composition of the third volume he devoted the whole of the winter of 1824; but having then applied himself to the revision of the first two, the result was such a complete change, or rather remodelling of them, that he determined to suspend the publication of the third, and it has never yet made its appearance.

Niebuhr was preparing to bring out the Second Volume, when a violent fire broke out in the upper part of his house, which destroyed a great quantity of his papers. Again had he to recommence his labours, to combine fresh researches with the publication of the *Byzantine Authors*, the new edition of which he had originated, and was most zealous in forwarding its progress.

Scarcely had he recovered from the effects of the burning of his house, and the labour of replacing and completing

the publication of his second volume, when a fresh source of uneasiness arose; the French Revolution of July, the principle of which he approved, threatened to spread over the whole of Europe, and menace the asylum which he had chosen for his old age. His constitution had never been strong, his health had always been delicate, and his nervous irritability was such as seriously to influence his disposition and his opinions of persons, which were changeable, and at times bordered on caprice. The combination of so much anxiety, so many losses, and so much labour, acting on such a disposition, was a great deal too much for him, and he sunk under the weight. On the 16th of December he wrote to M. Golbery, the French translator of his *Roman History*, *I am going on in the midst of continual obstacles; the late events have impaired my faculties, and weakened my memory to a degree of which it is impossible for me not to be sensible.* Before his correspondent's answer could arrive, Niebuhr was no more. On the 25th of December he returned home very much affected by reading the report of the pleadings of MM. Martignac and Sauzet in favour of the French ex-ministers, then on their trial. A slight fever just showed itself, joined to a catarrhal affection; the disease made rapid progress, and on the 2d of January last, at two in the morning, Niebuhr breathed his last. Nine days after his widow followed him to the tomb, and their four children, thus left orphans, were immediately received into the houses of their friends, and afterwards removed to Holstein, to be placed under the protection of their nearest relatives.

The lamented death of Niebuhr, it was feared, would occasion some delay in the great collection, which he was editing, of the *Byzantine Historians*. It is therefore with much pleasure we learn that this important undertaking will experience no interruption on this account, but will proceed, chiefly owing to the personal care and forethought, with the same regularity as before.

The Revolution in Belgium has, like that in France, been a most calamitous event for literature, whatever may be its ultimate political benefit. Very few works of any importance have appeared since its commencement.

As may easily be supposed, several books have been written on the events of the Revolution. There are two of them, however, which deserve to be mentioned, rather on account of the authors than of the works themselves.

The first of them, *Les Quatre Journées de Bruxelles*, (1 vol. 8vo.) is written by the famous general, Van Halen, who has been denounced in the *Memoirs of Marshal Suchet*, as guilty of forgery, treason and desertion in Spain. This same person, after having been commander-in-chief of all the troops of Belgium, was a second time accused of treason, and tried judicially. The object of his book being to disculpate himself, the author has, as might be expected, introduced too many facts relative to himself, and very little information as to the Revolution. In other respects, it displays a spirit of tolerable impartiality.

The second work, entitled, *Précis des Opérations Militaires pendant les Quatre Memorables Journées de Septembre*, is written by a species of Gil Blas, whose adventures would afford materials for a romance of some interest. Educated for the military service, he abandoned it for a paltry situation in the civil service at Ostend, urged by motives which it is not quite convenient to disclose. A whale happening to be stranded on that coast, he contrived to purchase it, without any one knowing where the money came from; he then set up a carriage with two horses, kept several servants, and made a prodigious noise in both East and West Flanders. Soon afterwards, his resources failing him, he determined on making a tour with his whale; he proceeded to Paris, where he gained a great deal of money, got into debt, obtained the decoration of the Legion of Honour—God knows how—and was preparing to travel over the rest of France, when the Revolution broke out in Belgium. Professionally an adventurer, and naturally enterprising, he returned to his own country, was named captain of artillery, soon afterwards rose to the rank of major, and ended also by being accused of high treason and tried by a court-martial. His book contains little more than a description of the military operations round Antwerp, although the title made us look for a great deal more; it is written with some degree of liveliness, but unfortunately, his partiality is too notorious to allow much credit to be attached to his statements.

Mr. Moke, of whose character and talents as a novelist we have spoken in a former number, with the praise which we thought they deserved, is about to publish a new historical romance under the title of *Herman, ou les Cherusques*, description of the manners and customs of those courageous but barbarous tribes which overthrew the Western Empire.

The same author has also in the press an important work (from which the romance we have just mentioned is an offshoot, like M. Sismondi's *Julia Severa*, from his *History of*

France) on the *History of the Franks*, the first volume of which will soon appear.

A *Life of Charles the Good, Earl of Flanders*, translated from the Latin of Gualbertus, a monkish chronicler of the middle ages, whose work has been hitherto buried in the immense collection of the Bollandists, has just appeared at Bruges. It contains some important and valuable materials for the history of the Belgic Commonwealth.

The first volume of Mr. Molbech's *Anthology of the Danish Lyric Poets*, from *Ewald* to the present time, has recently appeared; the work will extend to three or four volumes. A separate *Life of Ewald*, by the same author, has also been just published.

Besides the three great libraries at Copenhagen, there are now public libraries established not only in all the Danish provinces, but also in the most distant countries which own the Danish sway. Three libraries have been just founded in Greenland, Iceland, and the Faro Islands, to which many patriotic Danes have contributed, and some valuable additions have been made from England.

Under the title of *La Littérature Française de la Renaissance*, Mademoiselle Henriette Amey, of Geneva, has published a work of no small value to the juvenile as well as grown-up amateurs of French literature. She has traced it back to its infancy, and followed its course through all its different stages to the revolution in 1789. She has occasionally rescued from oblivion authors forgotten by their contemporaries, as well as by posterity, and brought again into notice the names and works of several which, we fear, were hardly worth the trouble of revival. But she writes conscientiously, and never offends against good taste. Her criticism is always guided by good sense, delicacy and propriety, and her style is not less remarkable for its elegance than for its vigour of expression.

The length of her critical observations is not always proportioned to the importance of the works themselves. Those on Brantôme, for instance, are very long, those on Massillon extremely short. But Corneille, Voltaire, and Rousseau, are all pointed in a manner which shows how deeply their qualities have been felt and appreciated.

Mademoiselle Amey proposes to publish a sequel to the present work, which will include the French authors from the revolution to the present time. She will then bring the *classiques* and the *romantiques* face to face, appreciate the merits of each school, and those of their partizans, with freedom and independence. If she succeeds in completing her plan, Mademoiselle Amey will be doing an immense service to both Frenchmen and foreigners, and we sincerely hope that the success of the present volumes will encourage her to proceed.

The friends of Greek literature will be glad to learn that the first livraison of the edition of Henry Stephens's *Thesaurus Lingue Græcæ*, has just made its appearance. A notice prefixed gives an account of the numerous improvements which have been made in it. It is still calculated that the extent of it will not exceed 22 or 30 livraisons, of about 320 pages each, in small folio.

NECROLOGY.—France has just lost one of her most distinguished artists. M. MELLING, draftsman and architect of the Sultana Hadjeh, and of Sultan Selim III., and subsequently landscape-painter of the king of France's cabinet, died at the beginning of this month (July) at the age of 62, the victim of a long and painful disease. He was a native of the duchy of Baden, and very early exhibited a decided turn for landscape painting; he left his father's house, while quite young, in order to devote himself entirely to the study of the fine arts. After travelling in different countries of Europe, he undertook a voyage to Asia Minor, and from thence repaired to Constantinople, the picturesque beauties of which had never yet found an artist capable of doing them justice. M. Melling was so much captivated by the attractive novelty of the subjects which the Turkish capital presented, that he determined to fix his residence there; favoured by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, he found occasion for the constant exercise and development of his talent. After several years' residence at Constantinople, he formed a plan by which he contrived to distribute, among a series of his pictures, every picturesque point of view and interesting object which the city and the banks of the Bosphorus presented, connected with each other as parts of one whole, but each offering a distinct and complete view by itself.

This collection of pictures, of a very large size, which he brought with him subsequently to Paris, and afterwards copied in water-colours with remarkable talent, drew the attention of the French artists upon him. It is a collection quite unique in its kind, worthy of a place in the richest cabinet, and which, from the faithful representation of the subjects, the excellent distribution of the drawings, the mel-

lowness and truth of the local colours, will always be an object of admiration to connoisseurs.

Since the completion of this first-rate work, which occupied three-fourths of his lifetime, M. Melling devoted his attention to a series of views of the Pyrenees, and the adjoining departments, in which he was assisted by his beloved daughter, Madame Clerget, the worthy heiress of her parent's virtues and talents.

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, a memoir was read by M. Humboldt, on the great Botanical work published by him, in conjunction with Messrs. Bonpland and Kunth, and on many subjects of general science, particularly on Climate, Terrestrial Magnetism, and Volcanic Geography. He pointed out, at some length, the various disturbing causes, which have modified, in the distribution of heat over the globe, the non-parallelism (inflections) of isothermal lines.

The only Italian translation that has yet appeared of Lord Chancellor Brougham's Essay on the Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science, was published this year by Fomba, of Turin, and forms part of his Universal Library for General Instruction.

The same bookseller announces a General Biographical Dictionary, in 12 vols. 8vo.

A small posthumous volume of Poetry by the late professor Merziakov, consisting of Songs and Ballads, published a few months ago, is one of the most successful attempts by any modern writer at imitating the national ballad style. Without the rusticity, these pieces exhibit all the simple feeling of their originals; they retain their beauties apart from their defects, and will add fresh lustre to the memory of their author, who may be cited as one of those instances where the impulse of native talent has surmounted the difficulties of unpropitious circumstances. Merziakov was born at Perm in 1778, where his father was a petty tradesman; at the age of fourteen he addressed an Ode to the Empress Catharine on the conclusion of the Peace with Sweden, and was by her order placed in the University of Moscow, in which he was afterwards appointed Professor of Eloquence and Poetry (1807). Both as a judicious critic, and as the translator of Homer, Virgil and Tasso, his merits are undeniable; nor is he unworthy of the distinction of a poet monument, a subscription for which has been set on foot.

A new literary journal, entitled the "Teleoscope," was commenced at Moscow at the beginning of the present year, and if we may judge from the few numbers that we have as yet seen, bids fair to become a spirited and useful periodical.

Among the historical works that issued from the Russian press last year, was a new edition of Bantush Kamensky's History of Little Russia, 3 vols. 8vo. with a Map and Plates. It is a performance of considerable interest and importance, contains much curious matter, both statistical and ethnographical, and has been greatly improved by the author.

Pushkin's long and eagerly expected new Dramatic Poem of Boris Godunov has at length appeared, and for the beauty of its language and the rich vein of poetry that pervades, is generally allowed to be superior to any of his former productions.

At the last general meeting, in May, of the Asiatic Society of Paris, the following Orientalists were appointed to superintend the works specified below, as about to appear under the auspices of the Society:—

Georgian Grammar	M. Saint Martin.
Mandchou Dictionary	M. Abel Remusat.
Chinese Dictionary	
Abulfeda	M. Reinard.
I. King	M. J. Mohl.
Vendidad Sade	M. Burnouf.
Yu Kiao Li	M. Kiaproth.
Laws of Menu	M. Stahl.

M. Remusat has also resumed, with fresh activity, his inquiries into Buddhism, and announces the speedy appearance of an extensive memoir on the subject; his principal object being to show how far the researches of Europeans have extended on this sect, and to point out what still remains to be done to place the principal dogmas of its followers in their proper light.

M. Abel Remusat, the celebrated Orientalist, has been engaged for many years in collecting materials relative to the Botany, Zoology, Mineralogy, Medicine, and the other practical sciences of the Chinese, Japanese, and Tartars. Hitherto the natural productions of these vast countries have been very imperfectly known. The works of this description, which are numerous in China and Japan, will form the basis of M. Remusat's, which will form 2 vols. in 4to.





A TIDDER OF THE NEEDERS OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE

